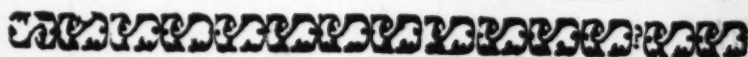


A  
COLLECTION  
OF OLD  
BALLADS, &c.

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VOL. III.



REPRODUCED FROM THE

COLLECTION

OF THE

DAVIDSON & CO.

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1877

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A

COLLECTION  
OF OLD  
BALLADS.

Corrected from the best and most  
Ancient COPIES Extant.

WITH  
INTRODUCTIONS  
HISTORICAL and CRITICAL.

---

*Illustrated with* COPPER PLATES.

---

VOL. III.

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*Omne malum Cantu vinoq; levato. Hor.*

---

The SECOND EDITION.

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LONDON:

Printed for J. ROBERTS in *Warwick-Lane*; C. CORBET  
in *Fleetstreet*; and J. WOOD in *Pater-noster-Row*.

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COLLECTION



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THE  
P R E F A C E  
TO THE  
THIRD VOLUME  
O F  
B A L L A D S.

 Have at length  
finish'd a Work I  
had long since  
promised, the publica-  
tion of which has been  
retarded by divers Ac-  
cidents.

A 3

cidents. My two former Prefaces I wrote in a ludicrous manner; but would willingly take leave of my Readers in a more serious Stile; I am not very fond of the Title of a Buffoon, nor do I think common Civility inconsistent with an Author or Editor, let his Concern for the success of his Works be never so great or small.

The Design of this Work I have more than once mentioned in the  
course



*Preface.* iiij

course of it; our old Songs I think ought to be preserv'd, and some of them are really valuable. But I was determin'd not to give a bare Collection of Ballads, but chose to illustrate them with Historical Introductions for the particular Instruction of the younger, and the general Benefit of my Readers. What success it may meet with I cannot say, but I am sure the Design is good, and was well timed: History, e-

A 4 specially

pecially our own, has for many Years been too much neglected, and the generality of *English*-Men are such strangers to ancient Facts and the Customs of their Kingdom, that they are easily misled by any Sixpenny Pamphleteer ; and indeed I was once afraid that this Study wou'd be utterly discarded and contemn'd; but those Fears are entirely vanish'd, since the wisest of Monarchs (in this particular giving us a fresh



*Preface.*

v

fresh Instance of his Wisdom) has thought fit to encourage it in so Royal a manner.

I cannot indeed say as much in justification of the Copper Plates, which by some have been thought too light and trifling for the Subject; but these were not inserted without a view: I have known many a young Body drawn in to read a Book merely because they have liked the Pictures; if it had

A 5

not

not been for this Reason, I can assure those who condemn them, that I should have been as glad as they possibly could be, to have had them omitted. That Additional Charge was not at all necessary in a Work that without it has cost dear enough.

It may perhaps be objected, that there are still a great Number of old Songs which are not inserted. This I am very ready to confess, and

can add that I have even omitted some of the most antique, but they were either little to my purpose, or written in so old and obsolete a Stile that few or none of my Readers would have understood them.

There are a great number of good Songs too, which were written under the Reign of King *Charles* the First, and during *Oliver's* Ufurpation, which at this time of Day could not be

be call'd Modern ones; but I would not come down so far as that time, it being impossible to have inserted any thing of that kind, but what wou'd by some one or other have been term'd Party Strokes; an Accusation I wou'd always carefully avoid.

In my last I promised a good Collection of drinking Songs, but my own private Business obliging me to defer the Work some time, this

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s; opportunity was taken  
ne for thrusting several of  
e, those Songs into the  
to World; upon which I  
ng was desired by some of  
at my Acquaintance to al-  
or ter the Method I had  
n'd proposed; to make a-  
ac mends for these, I have  
ys publish'd at the latter  
end of this Book, a far  
better Collection of  
Fed *Scotch* Songs than that  
of in either of the former  
my Volumes.

che As to the Introducti-  
his ons themselves, I would  
op not



not say any thing in  
praise of them that  
shou'd favour too much  
of Vanity; and yet I  
must beg room for a few  
words. I could have  
particularized every  
Fact much more than I  
have done, but I have  
endeavour'd, as often as  
the Subject would per-  
mit, to be very short;  
nor has my manner of  
telling a Story I hope  
prov'd disagreeable; at  
least I designed to do it  
in as easy and familiar a  
Stile as possible, never  
aiming

in aiming at a witty Turn  
or bombast Expression.  
I have to the best of my  
Judgment too, always  
related Fact, for which  
I have search'd the most  
authentick Historians,  
never contenting myself  
with the Account given  
us by any one Writer:  
Where I have found  
them of different Opini-  
ons, I have endeavour'd  
to reconcile them as  
near as possible, and  
have ventur'd to con-  
tradict receiv'd Notions.  
I have not advanced  
what

what I said upon my own Authority, but in such Cases have always quoted my Author, and given some Reason why I was rather inclin'd to follow his Notions than another's. I have at the same time deliver'd the Opinion of him who wrote on the contrary side, and then left the Reader to judge for himself; and thus much I am fully satisfied of, let the other Objections be as many as they will, no body can accuse me of the least Partiality.



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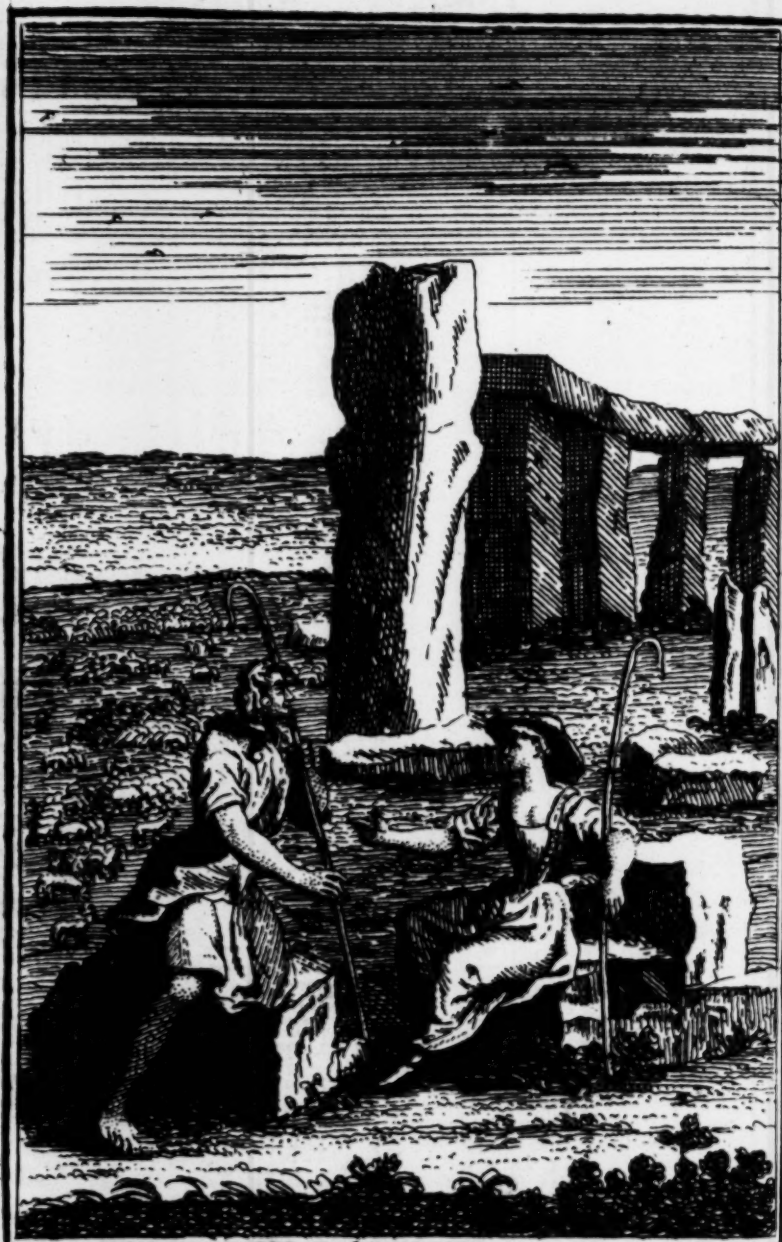


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Vol. III





A  
COLLECTION  
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BALLADS.

V O L. III.

- I. A Song of the strange Lives of two young Princes in *England*, who became two Shepherds on *Salisbury Plain*, and were afterwards restored to their former Estates.

---

To the Tune of *The Merchant-Man.*

---

*The following Song has something too Romantick in it to be taken for Fact; or if it be grounded upon History, it has been so very much altered, that there is scarce a Possibility of knowing it again. Certain it is, there is no*

Vol. III.

B

discover-

discovering any Trace of such a Story under the Reign of King Stephen ; but I am apt to imagine, the Ballad owed its Birth to something that happened under that of his immediate Successor King Henry II. The Story is this. Dermot, one of the Irish Princes (for Ireland, as well as Wales, was still under the Government of several petty Monarchs) having been driven out of his Dominions, applied himself to King Henry, who being at that time in his Norman Dominions, and engaged in War, could lend him no Assistance ; but permitted such of his Subjects, or those of his Tributaries as were willing, to do him what Service they could. With this License Dermot returned into England ; but it proved of no Service to him. Upon this he went to the Confines of Wales, and there sought for Aid a long while in vain, till Richard Strongbow, Earl of Striguil, (now Chepstow in Monmouthshire) agreed with the King to raise a sufficient Number of Men to recover his Dominions, upon Condition that Dermot should give him his Daughter in Marriage, and declare him his Heir, which he promised. But not thinking this Aid speedy and sufficient enough, he agreed with one Robert Fitz Stephens, Brother to the Bishop of St. David's, and a near Relation of Prince Reese, one of the Welsh petty Monarchs, that if he and his half Brother, Maurice Fitzgerald would

would raise him a Number of Men; he would give them the Town of Wexford, with the two adjoining Hundreds. They promised, and kept their Word; sending their Forces under the Command of young Raymund, their elder Brother's Son, a Gentleman of great Conduct and undaunted Courage. Before his Departure for Ireland, he went to wait upon his Chief, the Earl of Striguil, and there saw his Sister Basilina, a young Lady of incomparable Beauty, with whom he fell deeply in Love. As soon as he arrived in Ireland, he attacked his Foes, and behaved himself with such unparallel'd Bravery, that he had almost reconquer'd half Dermot's Kingdom before the Arrival of the Earl's Troops, who in Gratitude appointed him his General; and Raymund finished his Work as gloriously as he begun it. The Earl perceived his Passion for his Sister, but probably thought her too great a Match for him, especially now he had married Dermot's Daughter, and was declared his Successor. Not long after this William Fitzgerald died in Wales, and the News being brought to Raymund, he left Ireland to go take Possession of his Father's Estate. No sooner was he out of that Kingdom, but Dermot's Foes, who dreaded Raymund's Name, re-attacked that Monarch and his Son-in-Law, and with such Success, that they reduced them to the utmost Streights; upon which the Earl

immediately dispatch'd an Express to desire  
 Raymund's Assistance; and fearing a Refu-  
 sal, he offer'd him a Bribe he was sure he  
 could not withstand, his Sister in Marriage.  
 Fired with the Offer, Raymund flew to Ire-  
 land with the Wings of an impatient Lover,  
 attacked his Foes, routed them again, entred  
 Wexford in Triumph, and was there married  
 to the fair Basilia in the Year 1174. with whom  
 he afterwards return'd into his own Country.  
 Whether Tradition had altered this Story be-  
 fore it came to our Poet's Hands, or whether  
 he himself thought to tell it thus, in order to  
 beautify it, or to shew his Skill in Pastorals,  
 I will not say; nor indeed will I venture to  
 affirm positively, that this is the Story he had  
 in view; all that I can advance being only  
 Conjecture. If I am mistaken, I should be  
 obliged to any one who would set me right.  
 Be it as it may, I have given my Readers my  
 Thoughts, and have told a Story as agreeable  
 perhaps as the real one would be, could we  
 discover it.



IN Kingly Stephen's Reign,  
 Two royal Dukes there was,  
 That all our other English Lords,  
 For Greatness far did pass.  
 The one of Devonshire nam'd,  
 That had a Daughter fair,  
 Which he appointed at his Death,  
 To be his only Heir.

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And her in Love commits  
 Unto the *Cornwall* Duke,  
 Whom he with Tenderneſs and Care,  
 Moſt kindly undertook :  
 The Promise being made,  
 The Duke of *Devonſhire* dies,  
 And all that *Cornwall* vow'd to do,  
 He afterwards denies.

Yet well he educates the Maid,  
 That *Maudlin* ſhe was grown  
 The faireſt Lady under Heaven,  
 For Beauty being known :  
 And many Princes ſought for Love,  
 But none might her obtain,  
 For covetous *Cornwall* to himſelf  
 The Dukedom ſought to gain.

Upon a time Prince *Raymund* chanc'd  
 This comely Dame to ſee,  
 With whom he fell ſo deep in Love,  
 As any Prince might be :  
 Unhappy Youth, what ſhould he do ?  
 He ſtill was kept in mew,  
 Nor he, nor any of his Friends,  
 Admitted to her View.

One while he melancholy pines  
 Himſelf with grief away,  
 Anon he thinks by force of Arms,  
 To win her if he may :  
 Until at length commanding Love  
 Became to be his Judge,  
 And chang'd him ſoon from Lordly State,  
 Into a Kitchen Drudger.

And ſo Acceſs he had, good Prince,  
 His Purpose to bewray :  
 But ſtill fair *Maudlin's* Answer was,  
 She handſome would ſtay :



Mean while her Guardian beat his Brains,  
 Her Dukedom to atchieve,  
 Not caring what become of her,  
 So he by her might thrive.

And so resolving that she should  
 Unto some Peasant wed,  
 And *Raymund* then suppos'd a Drudge,  
 Should stand him in that stead :  
 But *Maudlin* marking his Intent,  
 Unkindly takes that he  
 Should bar the noble Match from her,  
 Thus for a base Degree.

The Lady shifting out of Doors,  
 Departed then by Stealth,  
 Than thus with Baseness for to match,  
 That might have liv'd in Wealth.  
 When *Raymund* heard of her Escape,  
 With sad and grieved Heart,  
 He left the Palace of the Duke,  
 And after did depart.

Forgetful of himself and Birth,  
 His Country, Friends, and all,  
 And minding only her to seek,  
 That thus had prov'd his Thrall :  
 Nor meant he after to frequent  
 The Court, or stately Towns,  
 But liv'd with pinching Cares and Grief,  
 Amongst the Country Grounds.

A Brace of Years upon that Plain,  
 Near *Salisbury* that lies,  
 In great Content with feeding Flocks,  
 A Shepherd's Life he tries,  
 In hopes his Love thereby to waste ;  
 But then began again,  
 Within his Heart a second Love,  
 The worser of the twain.

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A Country Wench, a Neat-Herd's Maid,  
 Where *Raymund* kept his Sheep,  
 Did feed her Drove, with whom this Prince  
 In Love was wounded deep :  
 Where sitting on the downy Plain,  
 And having small to do,  
 These Shepherds there in friendly sort,  
 Thus plainly 'gan to wooe.

I know, fair Maid, quoth *Raymund* then,  
 And thou as well as I,  
 No Maid there is that willingly  
 With Maidenhead would die :  
 The Ploughman's Labour hath no end,  
 And he will churlish prove,  
 The Tradesman hath more Work in hand  
 Than doth belong to Love.

The Merchant venturing abroad,  
 Suspects his Wife at home :  
 A Youth will still the Wanton play,  
 An old Man proves a Mome.  
 Then chuse a Shepherd, bonny Gir',  
 Whose Life is merriest still,  
 For merrily he spends his Days,  
 Thus on the fair green Hill.

And then at Night when Day is done,  
 Goes home from thence betime,  
 And in the Fire turns a Crab,  
 And sings some merry Rhime ;  
 Nor lacks he Tales, while round about  
 The Nut-brown Bowl doth trot,  
 And sitting singing Cares away,  
 Till he to Bed be got.

There sleeps he soundly all the Night,  
 Forgetting Morrow's Cares,  
 Nor fears the blasting of his Corn,  
 Nor uttering of his Wares:

And this I know full well, fair Lafs,  
More quiet Nights and Days  
The Shepherd sleeps and wakes, than he  
Whose Cattle he doth graze.

A King I see is but a Man,  
And so sweet Lafs am I,  
Content is worth a Monarchy,  
And Mischiefs shoot full high ;  
As late it did unto a Duke,  
Not dwelling far from hence  
Who had a Daughter, save thy self,  
On Earth the fairest Wench.

With that, good Soul, she stay'd and sigh'd,  
Speak on, quoth she, and tell  
How fair she was, and who she was,  
That thus did bear the Bell.  
She was, quoth he, of stately Grace,  
Of Countenance most fair,  
No Maid alive for Beauty's Prize,  
May well with her compare.

A Glove-like Head, a golden Hair,  
A Forehead smooth and high,  
A seemly Nose, on either side  
Did shine a greyish Eye :  
Two rosy Cheeks, and ruddy Lips,  
White Ivory Teeth within,  
A Mouth in mean, and underneath  
A round and dimpled Chin.

A Snow-white Neck with bluish Veins,  
To make her seem more fair,  
Yea, all her Body fram'd so fine,  
That Earth had none more rare,  
For Life, for Love; for Form, for Face,  
None fairer was than she,  
And none but only she alone  
So fair a Maid could be.

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I knew the Lady well (quoth she:)

But worthless of such Praise:

But credit me, no Shepherd thou,

Thy Speeches thee bewrays:

With that he wept, and she was wot,

And both did Silence keep,

And equally perplex'd in Love,

They set them down to weep.

In sooth (quoth he) I am not such

As seeming I profess,

To be a Prince's Son by Birth,

My Liking shews no less;

In *Scotland* is my Father's Court,

And *Raymund* is my Name:

With *Cornwall's* Duke I liv'd in Pomp,

Till Love controll'd the same.

And did this Lady dearly love,

Although she lov'd not me:

But now that Love is wasted quite,

And now I die for thee.

I grant (quoth she) you lov'd her well,

If that your Love were such,

Yet think of me your second Love,

In Love to be as much.

Your twice beloved *Maudlin* here

Submits herself to thee,

And what she could not at the first,

The second time shall be:

In Fortune, not in Person chang'd;

For I am still the same,

In Heart and Mind as chaste and true

As first to me you came.

Thus sweetly surfeiting in Joy,

They tenderly embrace,

And for their wished Wedding-day,

Found fitting Time and Place:

And so these lovely Princes both  
Each other did befriend,  
Where after many a hard Mishap,  
Their Loves had joyful End.



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## II. A Princely Song of King *Richard Cordelion*, and of his bold Courage, and lamentable Death.

---

To the Tune of *You Batchelors*, &c.

---

Richard I. surnamed *Cœur de Lion*, succeeded his Father Henry II. and coming over to England (for he was at the time of his Father's Death, carrying on a War in his Norman Dominions) was crowned at Westminster by Baldwin Archbishop of Canterbury, on the Third of September, 1189. The Differences which had long reigned between Henry and Philip II. of France, were immediately upon Richard's Accession to the English Throne accommodated by the Mediation of the Pope, and at his Persuasion these two Monarchs undertook the Holy War; and within four Months after his Coronation, Richard went over to France, had an Interview with the French King at Rheims, and there concluded a solemn League. This done, he sent Officers over into England to raise Men and Money for this holy Expedition,

tion, who were obliged to sell and mortgage great Part of the Crown Lands, and to raise the rest by laying burthensome Taxes upon the People. To prevent any Disturbance in his Absence, he ordered his natural Brother, the Archbishop of York, one of fair Rosamond's Sons, to wait his Return in Normandy. Nor would he give any Part of the Administration to his Brother John, who after succeeded him, knowing him to be of a restless and ambitious Spirit; but he appointed the Bishop of Ely Chief Justice of England, Keeper of the Tower, and of one of the Seals; and to confirm his Power, got the Pope to name him his Legate. And indeed this Man proved very zealous in his Master's Service; for to supply his Master's Wants, he neglected Popularity, and oppressed the People with heavy Taxes. The Bishop of Durham was appointed supreme Commander of the North from Humber to Scotland, and Keeper of Windfor Castle. Things thus order'd, the King determin'd to set forward; and his own Ships not being ready, he hired some Gallies at Marseilles to transport him and his to Sicily. He had not long waited there before his Ships arrived, and on Board them his Mother Eleanor, with Berengera, Daughter to the King of Navarre, to whom Richard was there betrothed, and she went forwards with him, whilst on the other band, Eleanor returned to England. At  
Cyprus

Cyprus they refused to let him land, which made him turn his Arms against them, and he conquered the Island, and there married Berengera. The first Place the two Kings set down before in Judea, was Acon, which they took in the Year 1191. And here they found the Ensign of Leopold Duke of Austria, which Richard ordered to be taken down, and his and the King of France's to be set up in its stead. But here the Two Kings, who had hitherto agreed, began to side with different Parties, and to pursue different Interests. Nor could they or the Armies enjoy their Healths in that Country; Numbers of their Men died of the Bloody-Flux, which brought even the two Monarchs almost to Death's-door. These Inconveniencies joined together, made the King of France heartily sick of his holy Expedition: he would willingly have returned Home, but durst not violate their Treaty, which set forth, that neither of them should leave the War, without the other's immediate Permission, which Richard at first absolutely refused. At length, with much Difficulty, the French King obtain'd it, having first taken a solemn Oath, that he would not attempt ought against Richard's Dominions; and he then return'd home, leaving our English Monarch the Honour of fighting alone in the great Christian Cause; which Richard did, not without giving Offence to some European Powers;



Powers; for there were amongst the Christians of that Country several Pretenders to the Principalities of Palestine; and Richard sided with one of them against a Relation of the Emperor of Germany, by which he was so highly provoked, that he fully determined to lay hold on the first Opportunity to revenge himself. Mean while, the intestine Troubles of England grew very great (of which some little Notice has already been taken in the 64th and 65th Pages of the first Volume) chiefly fomented by the King of France, and Earl John, who caball'd for the Crown. The Powers of the two governing Prelates clash'd, and neither would give way to the other. At length the Bishop of Ely was deposed by Earl John and his Faction, and he fled over to King Richard, to give him an Account of all that had passed. The King, by his Story, judging his Presence absolutely necessary in England, ordered his Men to follow with all convenient Speed; and in the mean time, hired three Gallies to carry him to England, with a small Retinue, intending to perform his Voyage Inccognito; but being discovered by the Masters of the Galleys, and having Reason to apprehend that they had form'd some treacherous Designs, he took an Opportunity of leaving them at the first Port where they put in for necessary Refreshments; and attended by one Person only, he made the best of his way by Land; but coming into  
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the Duke of Austria's Dominions, he was betray'd by his Servant, and seiz'd by Order of Leopold, who bore him a deadly Grudge for taking down his Ensign at Acon; but he did not long detain King Richard, selling him to the Emperor Henry VI. for 60000 Marks. Earl John laid hold of this Opportunity to carry on his Rebellion very vigorously. Proposals were made by the King's Friends for his Ransom, which were oppos'd by the King of France and Earl John, who offer'd the Emperor a Thousand Pound a Month as long as he would detain Richard: However, his Liberty was at last procured for 100000 Marks ready Money, and Security for the Payment of 50000 more in six Months after: And thus was he set free, after having been kept Prisoner a Year and six Weeks. At his Return, he soon put an End to the Rebellion. And forasmuch as the Emperor had caused him to make some Promises which he never designed to perform, to free himself from them, he was again crowned at Winchester the 17th of April 1194, and soon after left England to visit his Norman Dominions. He had not spent many Years there, before Widamore, Viscount of Limoges, found a considerable Treasure, part of which he sent to King Richard, as to his Sovereign Prince: But our Monarch not content with that, demanded it all; and thinking it hid in his Castle, he besieged it; and the Castle hold-  
ing

ing out, the King, with Merchand, who commanded under him, went round it, to see which was the properest Place for beginning a general Assault: but whilst he was viewing it, he was shot in the Arm with a bearded Arrow, by one Bertram de Gurdom. This did not hinder him from giving the necessary Orders for the Attack, who commanded that when they had carried the Castle, every Soul in it should be put to the Sword, except the Man by whom he was shot, who should be reserved, and brought to him, which was accordingly done. When Bertram appear'd, the King ask'd him what provok'd him to do that Deed? To which he reply'd, thou didst kill my Father and two Brothers with thy own Hand, and now orderest me to be slain. Take what Revenge thou wilt upon me, I willingly endure any Torment thou canst inflict, since I have slain thee, who hast done such and so much Mischief to the World. King Richard, pleased with his Courage, order'd him to be set at Liberty: but dying of the Wound, Bertram was retaken by Merchand, and slayed alive. This Monarch reigned nine Years and nine Months, of all which Time, he spent only eight Months in England. The Story of this King's Reign to an unprejudic'd Reader, must appear very romantick; yet, spite of this, he is cry'd up by the Legend Writers for his holy Expedition. Our Poet writ the following Song as a Satire

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Satire upon those pious Encomiums; and to that end, has made his Story much more romantick than it actually was. The Point he seems most to dwell upon is, The Love of the Lady, who saves his Life; which we may plainly see is design'd for the highest Piece of Satire upon that Monarch's Life, he not having lived with his Queen in that loving manner which would have become so pious a Prince, or which so virtuous a Princess as she really was, might have expected. This I thought necessary to premise, to prevent the petty Cavils of Wittings and wou'd-be Criticks, who, not capable of examining such a Piece, might judge it by its first outward Appearance, which indeed is but very indifferent. And had the Song really been no better than a first Sight of it would persuade us, yet would I have inserted it, intending these Books not barely for a Collection of Ballads, but for the Instruction of those who have not Leisure or Inclination to search historical Transactions; and whomay, I hope, learn as much from these Abridgments, as may give them a tolerable Insight into the History of their Country.

**A** Noble Christian Warrior,  
 King Richard of this Land;  
 For Fame amongst our Worthies brave,  
 Now orderly may stand:  
 The God of Battels gave him still  
 A gallant great Command,  
 To fight for our Saviour Jesus Christ.

Richard

*Richard Cordelion* in this Land,  
 A noble *English* Name;  
 It fills the World with Wonders great,  
 With Honour and with Fame:  
 Then gallantly good Soldiers all,  
 Come thunder out the same,  
 That fights, &c.

When as fair *Jerusalem*,  
 The City of our Lord,  
 Lay mourning all in heaviness,  
 Consumed by the Sword;  
 To succour her, all *Christendom*  
 Did willingly accord:  
 And to fight, &c.

Then marched forth most brave and bold  
 King *Richard* from the Land,  
 Of noble Knights and Gentlemen,  
 With him a warlike Band;  
 To fight for Jesus Christ his Name,  
 So long as he could stand:  
 All Soldiers of our Saviour, &c.

But by the Way such Chances there  
 King *Richard* did betide,  
 That many of his Soldiers  
 For want of Victuals dy'd:  
 A new Supply this noble King  
 Was forced to provide,  
 To fight for, &c.

The mighty Duke of *Austria*  
 To whom he came for Aid,  
 For all his kingly Courtesies,  
 His Succours were deny'd;  
 But took him Prisoner cowardly,  
 And basely him betray'd;  
 Not fighting for, &c.

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His noble Knights and Soldiers then,  
 With Sorrows went away,  
 Wofully complaining all,  
 That e're they saw that Day :  
 That such a noble King as he,  
 A Prisoner there should stay,  
 And fight not for, &c.

When they were here providing  
 A Ranfom for his Grace,  
 The Duke's own Son unreverently,  
 King *Richard* did abase;  
 For which with one small Box o'th' Ear,  
 He kill'd him in that Place :  
 In Honour of our Saviour, &c.

With that into a Dungeon deep,  
 This noble King was cast :  
 Wherein a Lion (all in Rage)  
 Provided was in halte,  
 To combat with this famous King,  
 So long as Life did last :  
 The Soldier of our Saviour, &c.

But gentle Pity moved much  
 The Daughter of that Duke,  
 Who deeply wounded was with Love,  
 Proceeding from his Look :  
 For which to save his princely Life  
 She kindly undertook,  
 In honour of our Saviour, &c.

A rich embroider'd Scarf of Silk,  
 She secretly convey'd  
 Into the Dungeon where the King,  
 For Execution staid ;  
 The which to save his gentle Life,  
 An Instrument was made,  
 In honour of our Saviour, &c.

For



For-when the hunger-starved Beast  
 Into the Dungeon came,  
 With open Mouth to swallow him,  
 He nimble took the same,  
 And stoutly thrust it down his Throat  
 The Lion thus to tame;  
 In honour of our Saviour, &c.

And so with valiant Courage he  
 Pull'd out the Lion's Heart;  
 Which made the Duke and all his Lords  
 In fearful manner start,  
 To see this Royal *English* King  
 To play so brave a Part,  
 In honour of our Saviour, &c.

I am no Prisoner, said the King,  
 For I am now set free,  
 The Country, and our Law of Arms,  
 Commands it so to be:  
 And thus to *England's* blessed Land,  
 Most joyfully went he,  
 In honour of our Saviour, &c.

But left his dearest Love behind,  
 That gently sav'd his Life,  
 With Promise to return again,  
 To make her then his Wife;  
 But still Revenge and bloody War,  
 Did breed them further Strife,  
 In fighting for our Saviour, &c.

The noble Hearts of *English* Men,  
 That could endure no Wrong,  
 For good King *Richard* mustered then  
 A valiant Army strong,  
 To pass the Seas to *Acen* Walls,  
 To lay the same along.  
 In honour of our Saviour, &c.

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So fierce consuming Fire and Sword,  
 Into that Country came;  
 Destroying all the Cities brave,  
 And Towns of antient Fame,  
 Till those the Wrongs King *Richard* had,  
 Were righted by the same,  
 In honour of our Saviour, &c.

But in his Prime of Martial Worth,  
 This noble King was slain;  
 For wounded with a pois'ned Shaft,  
 That pierc'd his Princely Brain:  
 Such sorrowing Moan was long time made,  
 Amongst his warlike Train,  
 Still fighting for our Saviour, &c.

But chiefly by his Lady fair,  
 So loyal and so kind,  
 That nothing but Revenge thereof  
 Possessed still her Mind;  
 To know the Caufer of his Death,  
 Were rich Rewards assign'd,  
 To the honour of our Saviour, &c.

Upon the Murtherer (being found)  
 Much Cruelty was shewn,  
 By her Command his Skin alive  
 Was flead from Flesh and Bone:  
 And after into Dust and Air,  
 His Body it was thrown,  
 In honour of our Saviour, &c.

Yet ended not this Lady's Grief,  
 For him she lov'd so dear,  
 Deep Sorrows even broke her Heart,  
 As plainly did appear:  
 And both were buried in one Grave,  
 Thus true Love's End you hear,  
 That died for our Saviour, &c.

Did

Did ever Lady for her Love,  
 More strangely undertake?  
 Did ever Daughter in this kind,  
 A grieved Father make?  
 Did ever Princess end her Life  
 Thus for her true Love's sake?  
 And all for our Saviour, &c.







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II. A Song of the Deposing of King  
*Richard II.* and how after many  
 Miseries he was murder'd in *Pomfret*  
*Castle.*

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To the Tune of *Regard my Sorrows.*

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*Richard II.* the Grandson of the beloved  
*Edward III.* came to the Crown of England  
 the 25th of June 1377, in the eleventh Year  
 of his Age, but his Infancy was no Obje-  
 ction, so extreamly was his Family beloved by  
 the People; besides which he had several Un-  
 cles capable of managing the Affairs, the  
 two oldest of whom were the Dukes of Lan-  
 caster and Gloucester, the former Lord High  
 Steward of England, and the latter a Man  
 of great Sway among the Nobility, and to  
 whom they entrusted the chief Administra-  
 tion when Lancaster went over into Spain  
 with the Title of King of Castile. But,  
 spite of all these Advantages, Richard as it  
 were took Pains to alienate the Affections of  
 his People from him, by declining the Advice  
 of those who were his faithful Friends, and  
 beark-



hearkning to the pernicious Flattery of Mi-  
 nions, who fill'd him with Notions of Ar-  
 bitrary and Despotick Power, the Bane  
 many an English King. His first Quar-  
 rel was with his Parliament in the Year 1380  
 for impeaching Michael de la Pole, a Me-  
 chanic's Son, but now Earl of Suffolk, and  
 Lord Chancellor. However, this Difference  
 was made up, and the Parliament sought  
 gentle Means to disperse some of his Favo-  
 rites, ordering that Robert Vere, who had  
 been created Duke of Ireland, should go to  
 Possession of what the King had given him  
 of that Kingdom; and the better to enable him  
 so to do, they order'd him a Supply of 3000  
 Marks, and gave him till the Easter follow-  
 ing to prepare himself: But Sir Simon  
 Beuley, another Minion, was condemn'd and  
 beheaded for Treason, which highly incens'd  
 the King. Mean while, the French Monarch  
 intending to take Advantage of our intestine  
 Troubles, fitted out a Fleet to invade Eng-  
 land; but being hinder'd by contrary Winds,  
 the English fitted out a sufficient Force to op-  
 pose them, which sailed under the Command  
 of the Earls of Arundel and Warwick,  
 who falling upon the Enemy, took from them  
 several Ships, a great Number of Prisoners,  
 some of them Men of Note, and a conside-  
 rable Quantity of Wines; then landing upon  
 the adverse Shore, they relieved Brest, and  
 destroyed two Forts the French had built for

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the Defence of the Coast ; but, spite of all their gallant Actions, they were at their Return very coldly receiv'd by the King and his Favourites, which very much incens'd them and the rest of the Nobility. But the Insolence of the King's Favourites grew to an extravagant Height ; the Duke of Ireland not only declin'd leaving the Kingdom, as the Parliament had order'd ; but at this time, without Cause, divorced his Wife, who, by her Mother's side, was a Grandaughter of King Edward's, and a Lady of great Beauty and Virtue ; and in lieu of her he married a Bohemian Woman of mean Birth. Sir Robert Trevilian too, another Favourite, and Chief Justice, behaved himself in a manner very unbecoming his Office ; and the King, by their Advice, impeached several of his faithfullest Nobles, who oppos'd these evil Counsellors, amongst them his Uncle, the Duke of Gloucester ; but the Parliament not joining with him, he went into Wales, and afterwards into the North with Vere, endeavouring to raise Men, but in vain ; and the Barons convinced him how much too weak a Match he was for them. However, by the Interposition of his Uncle, the Quarrel was made up ; but the Duke of Ireland went down into Cheshire to raise Forces, and the King sent a Commission to Sir Thomas Molineux to assist him. The Barons apprized of this, sent their Army down against

VOL. III. C him,

him under the Earl of Derby, and the met in Oxfordshire. Here the Duke be hav'd himself as cowardly, as he had inso lently before, and would have fled away, but Sir Thomas Molineux dissuaded him from it. But as soon as the Armies were actually engag'd, the Duke clapp'd Spurs to his Horse, and Sir Thomas being slain, the Earl of Derby obtain'd an easy Victory. The fugi tive Duke coming to Radcot Bridge, found it broke down, upon which he threw off his Armour and swam through; and getting a length over into Holland, he led an Exile's Life between two and three Years, and then died at Louvain in Brabant. Upon the News of his Defeat, Suffolk flew to Calais but was deliver'd up to and sent back by the Lord Beauchamp, Governor of that City. The King, in Acknowledgment of his Fidelity removed him, and set Suffolk at Liberty who was soon after obliged to go over again and in less than two Years died in Banish ment. At the beginning of 88, another Par liament met, determin'd to redress the Grievances of the Nation; and after a full Hear ing, all the Judges, and several others of the King's Favourites, were tried and condemn'd but at the King's Request, their Lives were spared, and they sent Prisoners into Ireland with a small Subsistence: And this Sentence was confirm'd into a Statute, and made Treason for any one to offer to repeal it; and

every thing being set to rights, the King anew took the Coronation Oath. The Year following those Skirmishes happen'd between England and Scotland, which I have related in the 109th and 110th Pages of my first Volume, and which gave Birth to the Story of Chevy Chace. In 89, the Duke of Lancaster, Father to Henry IV. return'd from his Castile Expedition immensely rich, and by his Interposition several new Differences that were arising between the King and his People were pacified: the chief Source of which were, that the King a little after his coming to Age, dismissed all his Ministers and Council, again supplying their Places with his Minions. In 96, the King, who had been a Widower near two Years, married the French King's Daughter; but upon Terms that his Uncle of Gloucester could by no means relish, and he vigorously opposed the Match; upon which the King, who had long bore him a deadly Hatred, resolved to get rid of him; and coming one Evening to his Castle, he supped with him, and desired the Duke to accompany him to Town, to be present at a great Council to be held the next Day; but on the Road he fell into an Ambush laid for him, and being that Night sent on Shipboard, was carried Prisoner to Calais, and shortly after, by the King's Direction, stisted between two Feather-Beds. In 97, the King got a Parliament chosen to his Mind, who re-



vers'd the Judgment against the Judges, recall'd the Exiles, and executed the Earl of Arundel, and imprison'd the Earl of Warwick, and several other antient Nobles. In 1398, happen'd that famous Quarrel between Hereford and Norfolk, of which I have already given so ample an Account. After this the King went on with his old arbitrary Proceedings, charging seventeen whole Counties at once with Treason; a thing he had often done by particular Persons, and by the City of London, to extort Money. But such violent Proceedings could not last for ever, and the People were grown heartily tired of his Government. I will not repeat the Reasons that induced the young Duke of Lancaster to attempt against his Crown, nor the Manner in which the King was forsaken; having already given an ample Account of these Things in Vol. I. p. 121, 122. to which I now refer my Readers. After his Deposition, he was sent to the Tower of London, from whence he was remov'd to a Castle in Kent, and thence to Pontfract, or Pomfret Castle in Yorkshire, where he soon after died; but the Manner of his Death is very variously related. Some tell us, that his Plot against Henry IV. having miscarried, and the Earls of Kent, Salisbury, and Huntington, who took up Arms for him, being defeated, he took it so much to Heart, that he would never after

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eat or drink, but starved himself and pined away. Others, that he was starved by the King's Orders. Some, that he was privately assassinated by Henry's Direction in Prison. And a fourth Opinion is, that the King having expressed some Uneasiness at his living so long, Sir Pierce Exton, with eight Followers, hasten'd to Pomfret, and entring his Chamber, shew'd their Design; but that Richard snatching a Halbert from one of them, kill'd four of the Assassins, but Sir Pierce getting behind him, slew him. After his Death, he was brought up to Town, and exposed to View (as they call'd it) in St. Paul's Church; but his Body was all wrapt in Lead, and no Part of him but his Face could be seen.

**W**hen Richard the Second in England was King,  
 And reigned with Honour and State,  
 Six Uncles he had, his Grandfather's Sons,  
 King *Edward* that ruled of late:  
 All Counsellors noble and sage;  
 Yet would he not hear  
 Their Precepts dear,  
 So wilful he was in this his young Age.

A sort of brave Gallants he kept in his Court,  
 That train'd him to wanton Delights,  
 Which Parasites pleased him better in Mind,  
 Than all his best Nobles and Knights:  
 Ambition and Avarice grew  
 So great in this Land,  
 That still from his Hand,  
 A Mass of rich Treasure his Parasites drew.

His Peers and his Barons dishonoured were;  
 And Upstarts thus mounted on high:  
 His Commons sore taxed, his Cities oppress'd,  
 Good Subjects were nothing set by;  
 And what to his Coffers did come,  
 He wantonly spent,  
 To please with content  
 His flattering Upstarts, still sporting at home.

When thus unto Ruin this Kingdom began  
 To fall from the highest Estate,  
 The Nobles of *England* their Prince's Amis,  
 By Parliament soon did rebate:  
 And likewise those Flatterers all,  
 They banish'd the Court,  
 That made but a Sport  
 To see this so famous a Kingdom to fall.

But after these Gallants degraded were thus,  
 King *Richard* himself was put down,  
 And *Bullinbrook*, *Lancaster's* noble born Duke,  
 By Policy purchas'd his Crown.  
 Thus Civil Wars here begun,  
 That could have no End,  
 By Foe nor by Friend,  
 Till seven Kings Reigns with their Lives were out-run.

But *Richard*, the Breeder of all these same Broils,  
 In Prison was wofully cast,  
 Where long he complained in sorrowful sort,  
 Of Kingly Authority past:  
 No Lords nor no Subjects had he,  
 No Glory, no State,  
 That early and late  
 Upon him attending had wont for to be.

His Robes were converted to Garments so old,  
 That Beggars would hardly them wear,  
 His Diet no Comfort at all to him brought,  
 For he fed upon Sorrow and Care.

And

And from Prison to Prison was sent,  
 Each Day and each Night,  
 To work him Despight,  
 That wearied with Sorrows, he still might lament.

Poor King thus abused, he was at the last  
 To *Pomfret* in *Yorkshire* convey'd,  
 And there in a Dungeon full low in the Ground,  
 Unpitied he Nightly was laid:  
 Not one for his Misery grieved,  
 That late was in Place  
 Of royallest Grace,  
 Where still the distressed he kindly relieved.

King *Henry* usurping then all his Estate,  
 Could never in Heart be content,  
 Till some of his Friends in secrecy sought  
 To kill him by cruel Consent;  
 Who soon to *Pomfret* hied,  
 Whereas the Fear,  
 That touch'd him so near,  
 They finished as soon as King *Richard* there died.

There dy'd this good King, for murder'd he was,  
 That might well have lived full long,  
 Had not ill Council betray'd his best Good,  
 And done his high Fortunes this Wrong:  
 But Blood for Blood still calls,  
 No bloody-stain'd Hand,  
 Can long in this Land  
 Stand surely, but soon into Misery falls.

*Lancaster* thus the Diadem gain'd,  
 And won his Title by Blood,  
 Which afterwards by Heaven's high Power,  
 Not three Generations stood,  
 But yielded to *York* again:  
 Thus Fortune shows  
 Their proud Overthrows,  
 That cunningly climb an imperial Reign.

IV. A Song of the Wooing of Queen Catherine, by Owen Tudor, a young Gentleman of Wales. Translated out of the *Welsh*.

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To the Tune of *Light in Love Ladies*.

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Whilst King Henry V. was pursuing his Conquests in France, Charles VI, unable to resist his victorious Arms, came to a Treaty with him, and in the Year 1420, the seventh of his Reign, King Henry was married to Catherine, the Daughter of Charles; by virtue of which the latter acknowledg'd King Henry Regent of France during his Lifetime, and after his Death absolute Sovereign of that Kingdom. The Christmas following King Henry brought his Queen over to England, where she was crowned on the 24th of February 1421. The Season of taking the Field being come, and the Dauphin having levied fresh Forces, King Henry hasten'd over to France, whither his Queen could not accompany him, being at that time with Child, and on the 6th of December following

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lowing she was deliver'd at Windsor of Prince Henry, who succeeded his Father. The April following she passed over into France with large Reinforcements for her Husband, but he was past making use of them, being at that time very ill of the Bloody-Flux, of which he shortly after died. What followed there is wide of my Purpose; suffice it, that amongst others, Queen Catherine return'd to England. It was impossible that a young handsome Widow, with her Fortune, could live without a Number of Admirers; and in the foremost Rank appear'd Owen Theodore, or Tudor, a Gentleman of Wales, of no great Birth or Fortune, but of a graceful and most beautiful Personage, who won and married her, and by him she had three Sons; of whom Edmund, the eldest, by her Interest, was made Earl of Richmond, and married \* Margaret Daughter and sole Heir of John Duke of Somerset, by whom he had Henry Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII. Queen Catherine survived this Husband also, and then retired into the Nunnery of Bermondsey in Surrey, where she died in the 14th Year of the Reign of her Son Henry VI.

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\* Her Descent from John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, by which Henry VII. took the Title of Heir to the House of Lancaster, may be seen in the 106th and 107th Pages of the Second Volume.



OWEN TUDOR.

I Salute thee, sweet Princess, with Title of Grace,  
For *Cupid* commands me in Heart to embrace  
Thy Honours, thy Virtues, thy Favour, and Beauty,  
With all my true Service, my Love and my Duty.

QUEEN CATHERINE.

Courteous kind Gentleman, let me request,  
How comes it that *Cupid* hath wounded thy Breast,  
And chain'd thy Heart's liking my Servant to prove,  
That am but a Stranger in this thy kind Love?

TUDOR.

If but a Stranger, yet Love hath such Power,  
To lead me here kindly into the Queen's Bower;  
Then do not, sweet Princess, my Good-will forsake,  
When Nature commands thee a true Love to take.

QUEEN.

So Royal of Calling and Birth am I known,  
That matching unequal, my State's overthrown:  
My Titles of Dignity thereby I lose,  
To wed me and bed me my Equal I'll chuse.

TUDOR.

No Honours are lost (Queen) in chusing of me,  
For I am a Gentleman born by degree,  
And Favours of Princes my State may advance,  
In making me noble and fortunate Chance.

QUEEN.

My Robes of rich Honours most brave to behold,  
Are all oe'r imbossed with Silver and Gold,  
Not therewith adorn'd, I lose my Renown,  
With all the brave Titles that wait on a Crown.

TUDOR.

My Country, sweet Princess, more Pleasure affords,  
Than can be expressed by me here in Words:

Such

Such kindly Contentment by Nature there springs,  
That hath been well liked of Queens and of Kings.

QUEEN.

My courtly Attendants are Trains of Delight,  
Like Stars of fair Heaven all shining most bright :  
And those that live daily such Pleasures to see,  
Suppose no such Comfort in Country can be.

TUDOR.

In *Wales* we have Fountains, no Crystal more clear,  
Where murmuring Musick we daily may hear,  
With Gardens of Pleasure, and Flowers so sweet,  
Where true Love with true Love may merrily meet.

QUEEN.

But there is no Tilting nor Turnaments bold,  
Which gallant young Ladies desire to behold,  
No Masks, nor no Revels, where Favours are worn,  
By Knights or by Barons without any Scorn.

TUDOR.

Our Maypole at *Whitfontide* maketh good Sport,  
And moves as sweet Pleasures as yours do in Court,  
Where on the green dancing for Garland and Ring,  
Maidens make Pastime and Sports for a King.

QUEEN.

But when your brave young Men and Maidens do  
(meet,  
Whilst Silver-like Melody murmuring keeps,  
Your Musick is clownish and soundeth not sweet,  
And locks up your Senses in heavenly Sleeps.

TUDOR.

Our Harps and our Tabots, and sweet humming  
(Drones,  
For thee, my sweet Princess, make musical Moans:

Our

Our Morris Maid-marrians desire to see  
A True-love Knot tied between thee and me.

QUEEN.

No Pleasure in Country by me can be seen,  
That have been maintain'd so long here a Queen,  
And fed on the Blessings that daily were given  
Into my brave Palace, by Angels from Heaven.

TUDOR.

Our green leav'd Trees will dance with the Wind,  
Where Birds sit rejoicing according to kind:  
Our Sheep with our Lambs will skip and rebound,  
To see thee come tripping along on the Ground.

QUEEN.

What if a kind Princess should so be content,  
By Meekness thus moved to give her Consent,  
And humble her Honours, imbase her Degree,  
To tie her best Fortunes, brave *Tudor*, to thee?

TUDOR.

If to a Kingdom I born were by Birth,  
And had at Commandment all Nations on Earth,  
Their Crowns and their Scepters should lye at thy  
(Feet,  
And thou be my Empress, my Darling so sweet.

QUEEN.

I fear not to fancy thy Love-tempting Tongue,  
For *Cupid* is coming, his Bow very strong,  
Queen *Venus*, once Mistress of Heart-wishing Plea-  
(sure,  
We over-kind Women repent us at Leisure.

TUDOR.

May never fair Morning shew forth his bright Beams,  
But cover my Falshood with greatest Extreame,  
If not as the Turtle I lye with my Dove,  
My gentle kind Princess, my Lady, my Love.

QUEEN.

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QUEEN.

Hie then into *Wales*, and our Wedding-provide,  
For thou art my Bridegroom, and I'll be thy Bride;  
Get Gloves and fine Ribbons, with Bride-laces fair,  
Of Silk and of Silver for Ladies to wear.

TUDOR.

With Garlands of Roses our Housewifely Wives,  
To have them adorn'd most lovingly strives;  
Their Bride-cakes be ready, our Bag-pipes do play,  
Whilst I stand attending to lead thee the way.

*Both together.*

Then mark how the Notes of our merry Town-bells,  
Our Ding-dong of Pleasures most chearfully tells;  
Then Ding-dong fair Ladies and Lovers all true,  
This Ding-dong of Pleasure may satisfy you.





V. The Life and Death of the Great Duke of *Buckingham*, who came to an untimely End, for consenting to the deposing of the two gallant young Princes, King *Edward* the Fourth's Children.

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To the Tune of *Shore's Wife*.

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*When Richard Duke of Gloucester had resolved to deprive his two Nephews of the Crown, to put it upon his own Head, he gain'd the Duke of Buckingham over to his Interest, who zealously espoused his Cause, not so much out of Love to Richard, as to gratify his own Ambition: nor did he in carrying on the Work, stick at any thing, removing those out of his way, who would not side with him. One of the most difficult Tasks was to gain the City of London, which the Duke of Buckingham undertook. To this end, he made a Friend of Shaw the Lord-Mayor, Brother to that Dr. Shaw who had been employed to preach up the Bastardy*  
of



of Edward's Issue, and he undertook to prepare the Citizens for such an Overture. On the Day appointed, the Duke came to the Guildhall of the City, and in a studied Oration inveighed against some Mismanagements of the late Reign, then reflecting on a Marriage Contract Edward had made with another Lady before his marrying his Queen, he concluded, that the Protector was undoubted Heir to the Crown, and that the Lords of the Kingdom had resolved to set him upon the Throne. The Duke expected the People would have cried out, Long live King Richard; but, contrary to his Expectation, they all continued in a profound Silence. Upon this, turning about to the Mayor, he ask'd him the Meaning of what he saw: To which he (also surpriz'd) answer'd, he believ'd the People had not rightly understood him. The Duke arose a second time, repeated what he had said, and endeavoured to explain every thing to them, but not a Man opened his Mouth in answer. The Mayor then told the Duke the People were always accustomed to have such Overtures made them by the Recorder, and perhaps now expected it. The Recorder therefore was order'd to make the Motion to the People; he was obliged to obey, and repeated the Duke's Speech, taking care not to add a Word of his own, and even by his manner of speaking, sufficiently shewing, that he was proposing a thing he utterly disliked. He ended,  
and

and had the Satisfaction of seeing the People continue in the same profound Silence. The Duke, very much nettled at this, rose up a third time, and said that he was come thither to persuade them to concur in an Affair, where their Assistance perhaps would not be necessary, for the Nobility, and Commons of the other Provinces would do it without them; but having a particular Affection for that noble City, he desired that they might have the first Share of the Honour; and therefore he desired to know, whether in Conformity to the rest of the Kingdom, they would nominate the present Protector for the King. The Duke would have been as much mortify'd as before, had not some of his own, and of the Protector's Servants, who stood at the lower end of the Hall, determin'd to try what they could do, by crying aloud, A King Richard, a King Richard. The Citizens, surpriz'd at this, look'd about them with Confusion; which the Duke perceiving, laid hold of the Opportunity, and said; that he was transported to find such Unanimity in their Voices for making that noble Prince their King, with which he would acquaint him, so as to make it turn to their Advantage; and desired they would come and accompany him to the Protector the next Morning. Accordingly the Mayor and a few of the Citizens, who were willing to swim with the Tide, came to the Duke's the next Day, and he went with them

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them to Baynard's Castle, where the Protector resided; and the Duke, at the Head of the Citizens, made him a Proffer of the Crown, which Richard seemingly refused. Upon this the Duke consulting with the Mayor and Citizens, as well as with the Lords who came to be present at this Ceremony, the Duke made the Protector a second Speech, and acquainted him, that they were determin'd to reject a Bastard Issue, and put one upon the Throne who was able to reign; that if he continu'd obstinate in his Refusal, they must apply to some one else. This Proffer, join'd with their Threats, made Richard comply, and he ascended the Throne. The Duke of Buckingham now thought nothing could be denied him; and the first thing he ask'd for, was the Duke of Hertford's Estates, which had been annex'd to the Crown Lands: But Richard knowing his ambitious Temper, and thinking such an additional Fortune would make him too powerful, denied his Suit; though, 'tis said, he had promis'd him those very Lands, provided he could work up the City of London to his Purpose. This enraged the Duke so much, that he retired from Court to his Country Seat, and there enter'd into a strict Friendship with Dr. Moreton, Bishop of Ely, who had some little time before been deliver'd into his Custody, and by them Richard's Ruin was first contriv'd. Ely plotted to recall the Earl of Richmond, and

to

to make a Match between him and Lady Elizabeth, Edward's Daughter. But their Designs being discovered before they could be effected, Richard sent for old Buckingham up to Court, which he declin'd, well knowing the Consequence of such a Journey; and Richard, who was determin'd to take no Denial, laid his absolute Commands upon him, which the other slighted, and prepared to oppose him with open Force: and to that purpose, raised an Army; but not having wherewith to pay them, they disbanded themselves. Upon which the Duke of Buckingham fled, and having disguised himself, got to the House of one Humphry Banister, formerly his Servant, but he had preferr'd him, and made his Fortune. Here the Duke, in Labourer's Attire, work'd in his Garden; but King Richard issuing out a Proclamation, making it Death to shelter the fugitive Duke, and promising a Reward of a Thousand Pound to any one who should discover him, Banister sold his Master; who, by Richard's Order, was carried to Shrewsbury, and on the 1st of November 1483, was beheaded in the Market-Place, without any manner of Process; it being very customary, as Authors tell us, to execute in those Days without ever bringing the Accused to a Trial. Sir Thomas Moore gives us a long Account of the Misfortunes that befell Banister and all his Family, in the manner they are related in the follow-

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following Song. I shall say nothing of the Ballad it self, it being able to speak its own Praise. I shall only observe, that I do not believe the two last Stanza's genuine; they seem to have been added long since, though not both at the same time, or by the same Hand; but they put me in Mind of the Story told of a Country Stone-Cutter, who used to add Noses, Hands, and Feet to the Maimed Works of a Phidias or Praxiteles.

A Tale of the Grief I must unfold,  
A Tale that never yet was told,  
A Tale that might to Pity move,  
The Spirits below, the Saints above.

When Wars did plague this Maiden Land,  
Great *Buckingham* in Grace did stand,  
With Kings and Queens he ruled so,  
When he said Ay, none durst say No.

Great *Gloucester's* Duke that wash'd the Throne  
With Blood of Kings to make't his own,  
By *Henry Stafford's* Help obtain'd  
What Reason will'd to be refrain'd.

If any Noble of this Land,  
Against Great *Gloucester's* Aim did stand,  
Old *Buckingham* with Might and Power,  
In grievous Woes did him devour.

He hop'd when *Richard* was made King,  
He would much greater Honours bring  
To *Buckingham* and to his Name,  
And well reward him for the same.



In *Clarence* Death he had a Hand,  
And 'gainst King *Edward's* Queen did stand,  
And to her Sons bore little Love,  
When he as Bastards would them prove.

King *Edward* swore him by his Oath,  
In true Allegiance to them both,  
Which if I fail, I wish, quoth he,  
All Christians Curse may light on me.

It so fell out on *All-Souls* Day,  
By Law his Life was ta'en away :  
He had his Wish, tho' not his Will :  
For Treason's End is always Ill.

In *London* having pleaded Claim,  
And *Richard* thereby won the Game,  
He challeng'd Honour for his Gain,  
But was rewarded with Disdain.

On which Disgrace within few Hours,  
Great *Buckingham* had rais'd his Powers :  
But all in vain, the King was strong,  
And *Stafford* needs must suffer Wrong.

His Army fail'd, and durst not stand,  
Upon a Traytor's false Command.  
Being thus deceiv'd, old *Stafford* fled,  
And knew not where to hide his Head.

The King with speed to have him found,  
Did offer full Ten thousand Pound :  
Thus *Richard* sought to cast him down,  
Whose Wit did win him *England's* Crown.

The plain old Duke his Life to save,  
Of his own Man did succour crave ;  
In hope that he would him relieve,  
That late much Land to him did give.

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Base *Banister* this Man was nam'd,  
 By this vile Deed for ever sham'd:  
 It is, quoth he, a common Thing,  
 To injure him who wrong'd his King.

King *Edward's* Children he betray'd,  
 The like 'gainst him I well have plaid:  
 Being true, my Heart him greatly grac'd,  
 But proving false that Love is past.

Thus *Banister* his Master sold  
 Unto his Foe for hire of Gold;  
 But mark his End, and rightly see,  
 The just Reward of Treachery.

The Duke by Law did lose his Head,  
 For him he fought to do most good;  
 The Man that wrought his Master's Woe,  
 By lingring Grief was brought full low.

For when the King did hear him speak,  
 How basely he the Duke did take,  
 Instead of Gold gave him Disgrace,  
 With Banishment from Town to Place.

Thus *Banister* was forc'd to beg,  
 And crave for Food with Cap and Leg,  
 But none on him would Bread bestow,  
 That to his Master prov'd a Foe.

Thus wandring in this poor Estate,  
 Repenting his Misdeeds too late,  
 Till starved he gave up his Breath,  
 By no Man pitied at his Death.

To woful End his Children came,  
 Sore punish'd for their Father's Shame:  
 Within a Channel one was drown'd,  
 Where Water scarce could hide the Ground.

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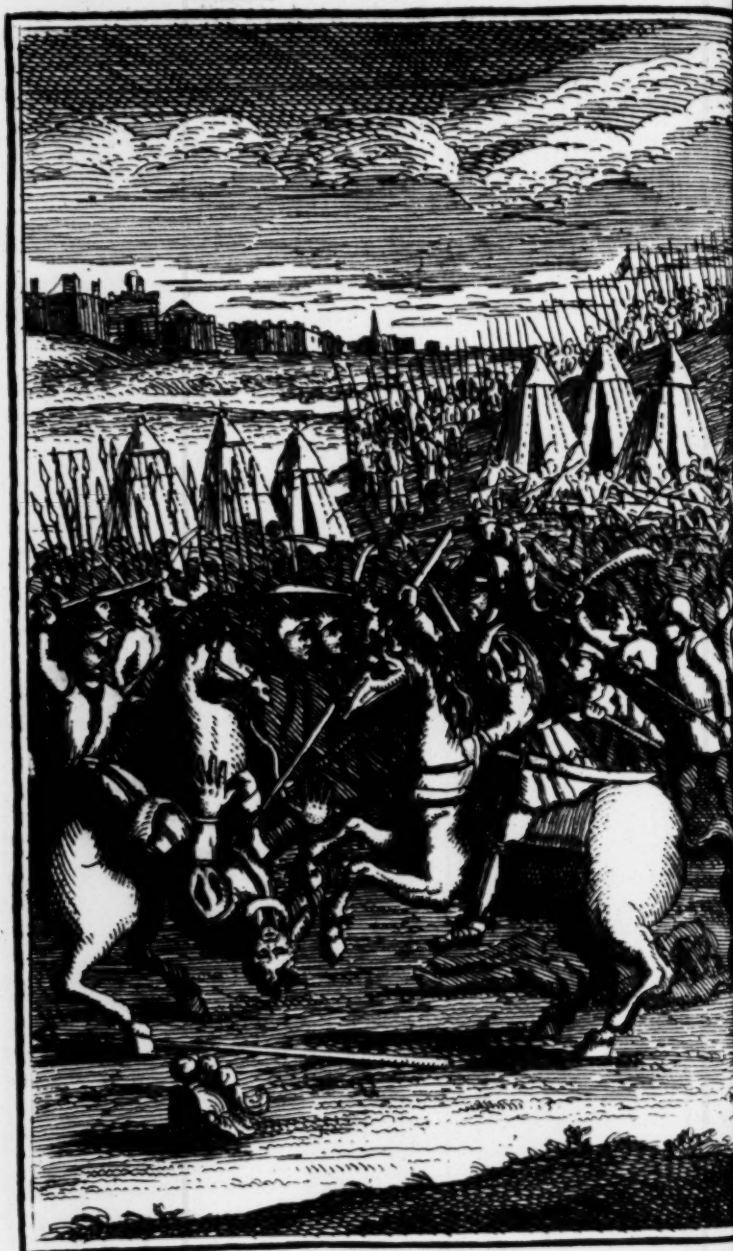
Another by the Powers divine,  
 Was strangely eaten up of Swine:  
 The last a woful Ending makes,  
 By strangling in an empty Jakes.

Let Traytors thus behold and see,  
 And such as false to Masters be;  
 Let disobedient Sons draw near,  
 The Judgments well may touch them near.

Both old and young that live not well,  
 Look to be plagu'd from Heaven or Hell;  
 So have you heard the Story then  
 Of this great Duke of *Buckingham*.







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VI. A Song of the Life and Death of King *Richard* the Third, who, after many Murthers by him committed upon the Princes and Nobles of this Land, was slain at the Battel of *Bosworth* in *Leicestershire*, by *Henry* the Seventh, King of *England*.

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To the Tune of *Who list to lead a Soldier's Life*.

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I have already twice spoke of the little Credit that some People give to several Passages in the Life of this King (Vol. 1. p. 146. and Vol. 2. p. 100.) and therefore shall not now repeat it; but enter upon his most remarkable Actions, as they are deliver'd down by far the greater Majority of Historians. When *Edward the Fourth* died, his eldest Son was at *Ludlow Castle*; the King hoping that his Presence would have some Influence upon the *Welsh*, who ever and anon proved very troublesome. Several Expresses were dispatched to him with the News of his Father's Death, and his Uncle *Richard Duke of Gloucester* hasten'd him with all possible Speed,

Speed, and brought him from thence by way of Northampton, where part of the Retinue was left one Night, while the King and Duke came as far as Stony Stratford. The next Morning Earl Rivers, the King's Uncle by his Mother's Side, was arrested with some other faithful Persons; nor could the young Monarch help himself, being then but twelve Years and five Months old. Upon this the Queen, with her other Son the Duke of York, who was but nine Years old, took Sanctuary in Westminster-Abby; but Richard, partly by artful Persuasions, and partly by Threats, got him from thence, and sent him with his Brother to the Tower, under Pretence of providing the better for their Safety. Then it was that some Priests were employ'd to insinuate in their Sermons, that Edward's was a Bastard Issue, and Richard the undoubted Heir. The Council, who at first had thought his Meaning good, had invested him with the Power of Protector, which Richard made use of to remove those, who did not seek to advance him to the Throne; and therefore on the 13th of June, 1483, the same Day that Rivers, and others of the Queen's Friends and Relations were beheaded at Pomfret, the Lord Hastings, Lord Chamberlain, was beheaded upon Tower-Hill, without any manner of Process, but carried directly from the Council to the Block: His Accusation and Sentence by Richard, are

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faithfully represented in Mr. Rowe's *Jane Shore*. Four Days after this, Richard was proclaimed King, the Duke of Buckingham having made the City offer him the Crown, in the manner related in the preceding Introduction; and on the 6th of July he was crowned with his Wife, Anne Daughter to the Earl of Warwick, and Relict of Prince Edward, Henry the Sixth's Son, whom Richard himself slew. The better to secure his Title to the Crown, Tirrel, with twomore, were employed to make away with the young Princes, whom they stifled between two Feather-Beds, but their Bodies were never found till the Year 1674. When the Duke of Buckingham, with Morton, had resolved upon recalling the Earl of Richmond, and marrying him to Lady Elizabeth; Richard, to break their Measures, is said to have privately made away with his Wife, that he might marry his own Niece, and in her Right then enjoy the Crown: And the Queen was almost brought to give her Consent to it. But Richmond armed with all possible Expedition, the Duke of Bretagne and the King of France assisting him; but a Storm met him at Sea, dispersed his Forces, and wreck'd his Ships. However, his Friends again belp'd him, and on the 15th of August 1484, he landed in Wales with two thousand Soldiers; and the People of England, dissatisfy'd with Richard's Reign,

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flock'd in to his Assistance; so that in his March his Army was considerably increas'd. Richard thought it most adviseable to meet him as early as he could; and therefore with his Army he encamp'd at Bosworth in Leicestershire, where on the 22d of August the two Armies engag'd: The Battel was bloody, and bravely fought on both Sides; but Richard's Party was at length routed, and he himself slain, after a Reign of two Years, two Months, and four Days. Earl Richmond's Title to the Crown, and his Marriage to Princess Elizabeth, may be seen in the 106th, and following Pages of the second Volume.

**I**N England once there reign'd a King,  
 A Tyrant fierce and fell,  
 Who for to gain himself a Crown,  
 Gave sure his Soul to Hell:  
 Third Richard was this Tyrant's Name,  
 The worst of all the Three;  
 That wrought such Deeds of deadly Dole,  
 That worser could not be.

For his Desires were still (by Blood)  
 To be made England's King,  
 Which He to gain that golden Prize,  
 Did many a wondrous thing:  
 He slaughter'd up our noble Peers,  
 And chiefest in this Land,  
 With every one that likely was  
 His Title to withstand.

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Four bloody Fields the Tyrant fought,  
 E'er he could bring to pass  
 What he made lawless Claim unto,  
 As his best liking was:  
 Sixth *Henry's* princely Son he slew,  
 Before his Father's Face,  
 And weeded from our *English* Throne,  
 All his renowned Race.

This King likewise in *London* Tower,  
 He murdering made away:  
 His Brother Duke of *Clarence* Life,  
 He also did betray,  
 With those right noble Princess twain,  
 King *Edward's* Children dear,  
 Because to *England's* Royal Crown  
 He thought them both too near.

His own dear Wife also he slew,  
 Incestuously to wed  
 His own dear Daughter, which for fear  
 Away from him was fled:  
 And made such Havock in this Land,  
 Of all the Royal Blood,  
 That only one was left unslain,  
 To have his Claims withstood.

Earl *Richmond* he by Heaven preserv'd,  
 To right his Country's Wrong,  
 From *France* prepar'd full well to fight,  
 Brought o'er an Army strong:  
 To whom Lord *Stanley* nobly came,  
 With many an *English* Peer,  
 And join'd their Forces all in one,  
 Earl *Richmond's* Heart to chear.

Which News when as the Tyrant heard,  
 How they were come on Shore,  
 And how his Forces Day by Day,  
 Increased more and more:



He frets, he fumes, and ragingly  
 A madding Fury shows,  
 And thought it but in vain to stay,  
 And so to Battel goes.

Earl *Richmond* he in Order brave,  
 His fearless Army led,  
 In midst of whom these noble Words,  
 Their valiant Leader said,  
 Now is the Time and Place, sweet Friends,  
 And we the Soldiers be,  
 That must bring *England's* Peace again,  
 Or lose our Lives must we.

Be valiant then, we fight for Fame,  
 And for our Country's Good,  
 Against a Tyrant mark'd with Shame,  
 For shedding *English* Blood:  
 I am right Heir of *Lancaster*,  
 Entitl'd to the Crown,  
 Against this bloody \* Boar of *York*,  
 Then let us win Renown.

Mean while had furious *Richard* set  
 His Army in Array,  
 And with a ghastly Look of Fear,  
 Despairingly did say,  
 Shall *Henry Richmond* with his Troops  
 O'er-match us thus by Might,  
 That comes with fearful Cowardice,  
 With us this Day to fight?

Shall *Tudor* from *Plantagenet*  
 Win thus the Crown away?  
 No, *Richard's* noble Mind foretels,  
 That ours will be the Day:

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\* *Richard was usually called the Boar of York, by reason of the Boar he had in his Coat of Arms.*

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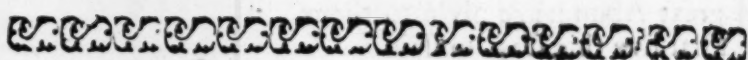
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For golden Crowns we bravely fight,  
 And Gold shall be their Gain,  
 In great Abundance giv'n to them,  
 That live this Day unslain.

These Words being spoke, the Battels join'd,  
 Where Blows they bravely change,  
 And *Richmond*, like a Lion bold,  
 Performed Wonders strange;  
 And made such Slaughter through the Camp,  
 Till he King *Richard* 'spies,  
 Who fighting long together there,  
 At last the Tyrant dies.

Thus ended *England's* woful War,  
 Usurping *Richard* dead,  
 King *Henry* fair *Elizabeth*  
 In Princely fort did wed:  
 For he was then made *England's* King,  
 And she his crowned Queen:  
 So 'twixt these Houses long at Strife,  
 A Unity was seen.





VII. The Story of Ill *May-Day*, in the Time of King *Henry* the Eighth, and why it was so called; and how Queen *Catherine* begged the Lives of Two thousand *London* Apprentices.

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To the Tune of *Essex* good Night.

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*The following Song is founded upon a Fact; nor has the Writer taken many Liberties in altering it, having only magnified and illustrated the Story. The Thing happened on the May-Eve, of the Year 1517, the Eighth of Henry VIIIth's Reign. Numbers of Foreigners were at that time settled in England, with particular Privileges; and, as our Author justly observes, run away with the greatest Part of the Trade, whilst several of the Natives wanted. The English Nation, I mean the Commonalty, is not apt to be over-civil to Strangers, and need no great Provocation to abuse them; but when they suffered by them in this manner, 'twas with*  
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a great deal of Difficulty that they were restrain'd. Several were for encouraging a Tumult, but particularly one Lincolne, a Broker, who hired a certain Preacher, called Dr. Bele, to inflame the People by his Sermons. The Court perceiv'd what the Citizens would fain be at, but to prevent them, an Order was sent by the King and his Privy-Council to the Lord-Mayor and Aldermen, that they required every Housekeeper, under very severe Penalties, to take care that all his Servants and his whole Family should be within-doors by Nine at Night; and this the Magistrates were to see punctually perform'd. This Order was for some time very well observ'd, but still they wanted only an Opportunity of Rising, which an Accident gave them. Two Apprentices playing in the Streets about Eleven a-Clock on the May-Eve, the Alderman of the Ward came to arrest them; but they thinking they had more Privilege on that Night than any other, began to call out to their Fellows for Assistance, and so many came running out of Doors from the Neighbourhood, that the Alderman was forced to fly. Encourag'd by this, and seeing their Numbers increase as the Rumour of their being up spread, they hastened to the Prisons where some had been committed for abusing Strangers, and these they first deliver'd. The Lord-Mayor and Sheriffs, and Sir Thomas Moore, who had been their Recorder,

and was very much beloved by them, could not with all their Persuasions restrain them, and Force they had not sufficient to oppose to them; but furiously rushing on to the House of a very rich Foreigner, whom, as he was a great Trader, they particularly hated, they broke open his Doors, kill'd every one they met with there, and rifled all the Goods; and in other Places they committed divers other Outrages. At length the News of this Disorder reaching the Ears of the Earls of Shrewsbury and Surrey, they rose, and taking with them all the Inns-of-Court Men, they clear'd the Streets of the Rioters, and took Numbers of them Prisoners. Shortly after, the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Surrey, with 1300 Soldiers, came into the City, and joining the Lord-Mayor and Aldermen, proceeded against the Criminals. Two hundred and seventy eight were found guilty, but whether through the Intercession of Queen Catherine, or through a merciful Disposition of King Henry, not above twelve or fifteen suffered; Lincolne, with three or four more of the most guilty, were hang'd, drawn and quarter'd; about ten more were hang'd on Gibbets in the Streets, and the Lord-Mayor, Aldermen and Recorder appearing on the Behalf of the rest at Court, they receiv'd a Check, as if some of the Magistracy had conniv'd at the Riot; and the rest of the Criminals were ordered to appear before the King

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King at Westminster in white Shirts, and  
 Halters about their Necks; and with them  
 mixed a great Number of People, who were  
 not before suspected, that they might be enti-  
 tled to a Pardon; which the King having  
 granted, he also order'd the Gibbets which  
 had been erected to be taken down, and the  
 Citizens were again restored to Favour. What  
 Services these Apprentices afterwards did the  
 King in War I know not, but our Poet seems  
 to be a very good Moralist: He first shews  
 us the Danger of suffering Strangers to settle  
 here, and take the Bread out of the Mouths  
 of our Artisans: In the next place, he has  
 exposed the many Mischiefs proceeding from a  
 Riot, and the Impossibility of suppressing it till  
 much Blood has been shed. After having spoke  
 of the King's Mercy, he observes the good Ef-  
 fect it had; those Men whose Lives he spared,  
 proving afterwards of the greatest Service to  
 him in his French War, and being the  
 foremost in the Battel, or in the Sacking of  
 Towns.

**P**eruse the Stories of this Land,  
 And with Advise ment mark the same,  
 And you shall justly understand

How Ill May-day first got the Name.  
 For when King Henry th' Eighth did reign,  
 And rul'd our famous Kingdom here,  
 His Royal Queen he had from Spain,  
 With whom he liv'd full many a Year.

Queen Catherine nam'd, as Stories tell,  
 Sometime his elder Brother's Wife:  
 By which unlawful Marriage fell  
 An endless Trouble during Life:  
 But such kind Love he still conceiv'd,  
 Of his fair Queen, and of her Friends,  
 Which being by *Spain* and *France* perceiv'd,  
 Their Journeys fast for *England* bends.

And with good Leave were suffered  
 Within our Kingdom here to stay:  
 Which Multitude made Victuals dear,  
 And all things else from Day to Day;  
 For Strangers then did so increase,  
 By reason of King *Henry's* Queen,  
 And privileg'd in many a Place  
 To dwell, as was in *London* seen.

Poor Tradesmen had small Dealing then,  
 And who but Strangers bore the Bell?  
 Which was a Grief to *English*-Men,  
 To see them here in *London* dwell:  
 Wherefore (God-wot) upon *May-Eve*,  
 As Prentices on Maying went,  
 Who made the Magistrates believe,  
 At all to have no other Intent.

But such a May-game it was known,  
 As like in *London* never were;  
 For by the same full many a one,  
 With loss of Life did pay full dear:  
 For Thousands came with *Bilboe* Blade,  
 As with an Army they could meet,  
 And such a bloody Slaughter made  
 Of Foreign Strangers in the Street,

That all the Channels ran down with Blood,  
 In every Street where they remain'd;  
 Yea, every one in danger stood,  
 That any of their Part maintain'd:

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The Rich, the Poor, the Old, the Young,  
 Beyond the Seas tho' born and bred,  
 By Prentices they suffer'd Wrong,  
 When armed thus they gather'd Head.

Such Multitudes together went,  
 No warlike Troops could them withstand,  
 Nor yet by Policy them prevent,  
 What they by Force thus took in hand:  
 Till at the last King *Henry's* Power,  
 This Multitude encompass'd round,  
 Where with the Strength of *London's* Tower,  
 They were by Force suppress'd and bound.

And Hundreds hang'd by Martial Law,  
 On Sign-Posts at their Masters Doors,  
 By which the rest were kept in Awe,  
 And frighted from such loud Uproars:  
 And others which the Fact repented,  
 (Two thousand Prentices at least)  
 Were all unto the King presented,  
 As Mayor and Magistrates thought best.

With two and two together tied,  
 Through *Temple-Bar* and *Strand* they go.  
 To *Westminster* there to be tried,  
 With Ropes about their Necks also:  
 But such a Cry in every Street,  
 Till then was never heard or known,  
 By Mothers for their Children sweet,  
 Unhappily thus overthrown.

Whose bitter Moans and sad Laments,  
 Possess'd the Court with trembling Fear;  
 Whereat the Queen herself relents,  
 Tho' it concern'd her Country dear:  
 What if (quoth she) by *Spanish* Blood,  
 Have *London's* stately Streets been wet,  
 Yet will I seek this Country's Good,  
 And Pardon for these young Men get.

Or

Or else the World will speak of me,  
 And say *Queen Catherine* was unkind,  
 And judge me still the Cause to be,  
 These young Men did these Fortunes find:  
 And so disrob'd from rich Attires,  
 With Hairs hang'd down, she sadly hies,  
 And of her gracious Lord requires  
 A Boon, which hardly he denies.

The Lives (quoth she) of all the Blooms  
 Yet budding green, these Youths I crave;  
 O let them not have timeles Tombs,  
 For Nature longer Limits gave:  
 In saying so, the pearled Tears  
 Fell trickling from her Princely Eyes;  
 Whereat his gentle Queen he cheers,  
 And says, stand up, sweet Lady rise.

The Lives of them I freely give,  
 No Means this Kindness shall debar,  
 Thou hast thy Boon, and they may live  
 To serve me in my *Bullen War*.  
 No sooner was this Pardon given,  
 But Peals of Joy rung through the Hall,  
 As tho' it thunder'd down from Heaven,  
 The Queen's Renown amongst them all.

For which (kind Queen) with joyful Heart,  
 She gave to them both Thanks and Praise,  
 And so from them did gently part,  
 And liv'd beloved all her Days:  
 And when King *Henry* stood in need  
 Of trusty Soldiers at command,  
 These Prentices prov'd Men indeed,  
 And fear'd no Force of warlike Band.

For at the Siege of *Tours* in *France*,  
 They shew'd themselves brave *Englishmen*;  
 At *Bullen* too they did advance,  
 St. *George's* luffy Standard then;

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Let *Tourine*, *Tournay*, and those Towns  
 That good King *Henry* nobly won,  
 Tell *London's* Prentices Renowns,  
 And of their Deeds by them there done.

For Ill *May-day*, and Ill *May-games*,  
 Perform'd in young and tender Days,  
 Can be no Hindrance to their Fames,  
 Or Stains of Manhood any ways:  
 But now it is ordain'd by Law,  
 We see on *May-day's* Eve at Night,  
 To keep unruly Youths in Awe,  
 By *London's* Watch in Armour bright.

Still to prevent the like Misdeed,  
 Which once thro' headstrong young Men came;  
 And that's the Cause that I do read,  
*May-day* doth get so ill a Name.





VIII. A Song of an *English Knight*,  
that married the Royal Princess, Lady  
*Mary*, Sister to King *Henry* the  
Eighth, which Knight was afterward  
made Duke of *Suffolk*.

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To the Tune of *Who list to lead a Soldier's Life*.

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*Sir Charles Brandon, Viscount Lisle, the Hero of the following Song, was, for several good Services done to King Henry VIII. created Duke of Suffolk in the Year 1514, and it was thought at the time the King conferr'd this Honour upon him, he intended him a far greater, by giving him his second Sister the Princess Mary in Marriage; but just at this time Lewis XII. of France seeking the Alliance of the English King, a Match was made up between him and the Princess, to the great Grief of the Duke; who, however, though he dearly lov'd her, had Honour enough never to use the least Means for preventing the Marriage, thinking it so very much to her Advantage. The Princess,*



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Princess, with a noble Retinue, was sent over to France, where she married Lewis on the 9th of October 1514; but that Monarch did not long enjoy her, he dying the first of January following. His Successor Francis I. propos'd the Queen Dowager's Return into England, to which King Henry consented, after having made the best Conditions he could for his Sister, and taken Security for the Payment of her Dowry. This done, some of the English Nobles were appointed to go over into France to receive the Queen, and conduct her back; amongst them were the Duke of Suffolk, who, upon his Arrival, renewing his Suit, and being already in her good Graces, found it no difficult Matter to gain his Point; and wisely concluding, that King Henry might not so readily consent to his marrying the Dowager of France, as he would have done to his marrying the Princess his Sister, he would not delay his Happiness, but had the Marriage privately celebrated before he left France. When the News was brought to Henry, he seem'd much dissatisfied with it, and at first kept Suffolk at a Distance; but the King of France and others interceeding in his Behalf, he was very well reconcil'd to him, and the Duke had no small Share afterwards in the Administration of Affairs. 'Tis remarkable, that neither this Lady or her Sister had any great Pride or Ambition in them; for although they both,

by

*by the Care of their Friends, had been wedded to Monarchs, we find that the eldest Sister, Princess Margaret, after having buried her first Husband, James V. of Scotland, chose one of her Nobles for a second, and married Archibald Douglass, Earl of Angus, as I before observed, Vol. I. p. 204.*

**E**ighth Henry ruling in this Land,  
 He had a Sister fair,  
 That was the widow'd Queen of France,  
 Enriched with Virtues rare:  
 And being come to England's Court,  
 She oft beheld a Knight,  
*Charles Brandon* nam'd, in whose fair Eyes,  
 She chiefly took Delight.

And noting in her Princely Mind,  
 His gallant sweet Behaviour,  
 She daily drew him by degrees,  
 Still more and more in Favour:  
 Which he perceiving, courteous Knight,  
 Found sitting Time and Place,  
 And thus in amorous sort began,  
 His Love-Suit to her Grace:

I aim at Love, fair Queen, said he,  
 Sweet let your Love incline,  
 That by your Grace, *Charles Brandon* may  
 On Earth be made divine:  
 If worthless I might worthy be  
 To have so good a Lot,  
 To please your Highness in true Love,  
 My fancy doubteth not.

Or if that Gentry might convey  
 So great a Grace to me,  
 I can maintain the same by Birth,  
 Being come of good Degree.

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If Wealth you think be all my Want,  
Your Highness hath great Store,  
And my Supplement shall be Love,  
What can you wish for more?

It hath been known when hearty Love  
Did tie the True-love Knot,  
Though now if Gold and Silver want,  
The Marriage proveth not.  
The goodly Queen hereat did blush,  
But made a dumb Reply;  
Which he imagin'd what she meant,  
And kiss'd her reverently.

*Brandon* (quoth she) I greater am,  
Than would I were for thee,  
But can as little master Love,  
As them of low Degree:  
My Father was a King, and so  
A King my Husband was,  
My Brother is the like, and he  
Will say I do transgress.

But let him say what pleaseth him,  
His Liking I'll forego,  
And chuse a Love to please my self,  
Though all the World say no:  
If Plowmen make their Marriages  
As best contents their Mind,  
Why should not Princes of Estate  
The like Contentment find?

But tell me, *Brandon*, am I not  
More forward than beseems?  
Yet blame me not for Love, I love  
Where best my Fancy deems.  
And long may live (quoth he) to love;  
Nor longer live may I,  
Than when I love your Royal Grace,  
And then disgraced die.

But

But if I do deserve your Love,  
 My Mind desires Dispatch,  
 For many are the Eyes in Court,  
 That on your Beauty watch:  
 But am not I, sweet Lady now,  
 More forward than behoves?  
 Yet for my Heart, forgive my Tongue,  
 That speaks for him that loves.

The Queen and this brave Gentleman  
 Together both did wed,  
 And after sought the King's Good-will,  
 And of their Wishes sped:  
 For *Brandon* soon was made a Duke,  
 And graced so in Court,  
 Then who but he did flaunt it forth  
 Amongst the noblest sort.

And so from Princely *Brandon's* Line,  
 And *Mary's* did proceed  
 The noble Race of *Suffolk's* House,  
 As after did succeed:  
 From whose high Blood, the Lady *Jane*,  
 Lord *Guilford Dudley's* Wife,  
 Came by Descent, who with her Lord,  
 In *London* lost her Life.



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X. A Princely Song of the Six Queens  
that were married to *Henry* the Eighth,  
King of *England*.

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To the Tune of *Well-a-day*.

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Henry VIII. Son to Henry VII. (whose Genealogy and Title to the Crown may be seen in the 106th Page of Vol. II.) was born the 28th of June, 1491. As he was a younger Son, his Father design'd to bring him up a Clergyman, thinking to give him an Archbishoprick, thereby making a handsome Provision for him, and freeing the Nation from that Charge. This Monarch had married his eldest Son to an Infanta of Spain; but Prince Arthur dying in the sixteenth Year of his Age, Prince Henry was taken off from his Studies; and his Father, unwilling to repay the Dowry of the Princess Catherine, and she alledging that she never had carnal Knowledge of her late Husband, he determin'd to marry her to Henry, but died before he had effected it, on the 22d of April 1509. By the Advice of his Council, Henry VIII. married

married the Princess Catherine the 3d of June following. He afterwards finished the Chapel his Father had begun in Westminster-Abby, which is still shewn as Henry the Seventh's Chapel, and which cost a prodigious Sum of Money. From the above Marriage sprung but one Child that lived, the Princess Mary, who was born at the beginning of the Year 1516. In the Year 27, King Henry offer'd her in Marriage to the King of France; but the Bishop of Tarbe, the French Ambassador, refused the Offer, objecting to her Legitimacy; he also told the King, the Pope had no Power to grant him a Dispensation for marrying his Brother's Widow. This is thought to have been the first thing that alarm'd the King, and raised some Scruples in him; for those that pretend to say that he was then in Love with Anna Bullen, are palpably mistaken: nor indeed is there the least Ground for such a Suspicion; for the King had no great Command over his Passions, and had he loved Anna Bullen at that time, he would not have staid five Years for her: Besides which a Marriage was then proposed, and could the Divorce have been obtained as soon as 'twas expected, would certainly have been solemnized between the King and the Dutches of Alanzon, Sister to Francis I. of France. Great Time was spent in controverting the Validity of this Marriage, and pretty strong Proofs were

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made of Prince Arthur's having had carnal Knowledge of her, though Queen Catherine still denied it. At length a Divorce was pronounced in the Year 1532, and the King married Anna the Daughter of Sir Thomas Bollen, or Bullen, a Lady of great Beauty and Accomplishments, she having spent part of her Time in the Court of France, whither she went with Princess Mary, the King's Sister, and staid behind her there some considerable time. On the 6th of September, 33, Princess Elizabeth was born, who then was look'd upon as Heir to the Crown, in default of Issue Male, Princess Mary having been declar'd illegitimate. Queen Catherine, after her Divorce, was called Princess Dowager; but she was not long confined to that Title, for in the Month of January 1538 she died. Nor did her Successor long survive her; Anna Bullen (whether justly or no, is not my present Business) was accus'd of Adultery, and on the 15th of May, in the same Year, was tried and received Sentence of Death. At the same time were condemn'd the Lord Rochfort, Brother to the Queen, Henry Norris, Esq; Mark Smeton, of the King's Privy-Chamber, William Brereton, Esq; and Sir Francis Weston, Knt. Gentleman of the Bed Chamber; these Five were beheaded on the 17th, but the Queen was respited till the 19th, at which time she also suffer'd. Shortly (some say



say the next Day) after her Death, the King married Jane Seymour, Daughter to Sir Thomas Seymour, an Attendant on the late Queen, who, on the 8th of November, in the Year 37, was brought to bed of Prince Edward, and died in Child-Bed, as I have already related in the 115th, and following Pages of the Second Volume. And King Henry having a Son, ventur'd to declare his other Daughter Princess Elizabeth illegitimate: But this being his last Child, and fearing (as it afterwards happen'd) that Edward might die without Issue, he had the Illegitimacy afterwards repeal'd. King Henry lived some time a Widower, but at length a Marriage being propos'd between him and Anne of Cleves, Sister to the Duke of that Name, it was concluded, and they were married on the 6th of January, 1540; but the King disliked her Person before Marriage; and is said to have declar'd the next Morning, that she did not come a Virgin to his Bed. These Reasons, and her Friends not complying with their Promises, made the King resolved to get rid of her; and a Pre-contract between her and another Prince not having been cancell'd according to Agreement, the Marriage was on the 12th of July the same Year declared void, and the 8th of August following he married Catherine Howard, Daughter to Edmund, third Son of Thomas first Duke of Norfolk; but she came polluted

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to his Bed, and on the 13th of February 41-2, she was beheaded for Adultery, which was sufficiently proved against her. Some of our Historians, who are inclined to be merry, tell us, that after this, there was no Maiden Lady who would venture upon the King, insomuch that he was obliged to marry a Widow, which he did on the 12th of July 43, taking to Wife the Lady Catherine Par, Relict of the Lord Latimer, whose Life was once in the greatest Danger on account of her Religion, she having undertook to dispute on several Points at different times with the King her Husband and those about him. Articles were privately drawn up against her, but she having some Intimation given her of it, took occasion to fall into the same Discourse with the King; and in the Height of it, let him know she was far from adhering to those Principles she was maintaining; but that knowing how great a Divine the King was, she laid hold of every Opportunity to contradict what she believ'd, that she might daily be instructed in her Faith. This Speech produced the desired Effect, and he was reconciled to her, and her Enemies felt that Fury which they had endeavoured to raise against her. Nor did she long after this stand exposed to the King's precarious Humour, for this happen'd in 46, and on the 28th of January of the Year following King Henry died.

When

**W**hen *England's* Fame did ring,  
 Royally, Royally,  
 Of *Henry* the Eighth our King,  
 All the World over:  
 Such Deeds of Majesty,  
 Won he most worthily,  
*England* to glorify,  
 By the Hand of fair Heaven:

His Royal Father dead,  
 Curiously, curiously,  
 Was he then wrapt in Lead,  
 As it appeareth:  
 Such a Tomb did he make,  
 For his sweet Father's sake,  
 As the whole Word may speak  
 Of his gallant Glory.

*England's* brave Monument,  
 Sumptuously, sumptuously,  
 Kings and Queens gave Consent  
 To have it there grac'd:  
*Henry* the Eighth was he,  
 Buildd in Gallantry,  
 With golden Bravery,  
 In his rich Chapel.

And after did provide,  
 Carefully, carefully,  
 To chuse a Princely Bride,  
 For his Land's Honour:  
 His Brother's Widow he  
 Married most lawfully,  
 His loving Wife to be,  
 Royal Queen *Catherine*.

Which Queen he loved dear,  
 Many a Day, many a Day,  
 Full two and twenty Year,  
 E'er they were parted.

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From this renowned Dame,  
*Mary* his Daughter came,  
 Yet did his Bishop frame  
 To have her divorced.

When as Queen *Catherine* knew  
 How the King, how the King,  
 Prov'd in Love most untrue,  
 Thus to forsake her ;  
 Good Lord ! what bitter Woe,  
 Did this fair Princess show,  
 Unkindly thus to go  
 From her sweet Husband.

O my kind Sovereign dear,  
 Said the Queen, said the Queen,  
 Full two and twenty Year  
 Have I been marry'd :  
 Sure it will break my Heart,  
 From thee now to depart,  
 I ne'er plaid Wanton's Part,  
 Royal King *Henry*.

All this availed nought,  
 Woful Queen, woful Queen,  
 A Divorce being wrought,  
 She must forsake him :  
 Never more in his Bed  
 Laid she her Princely Head :  
 Was e'er Wife so beltead,  
 Like to Queen *Catherine* ?

Amongst our *Englishmen*  
 Of Renown, of Renown,  
 The Earl of *Wiltshire* then  
 Had a virtuous fair Daughter :  
 A brave and Princely Dame,  
*Anna Bullen* by Name,  
 This Virgin was by Fame,  
 Made Wife to King *Henry*.

From this same Royal Queen,  
 Blessedly, blessedly,  
 As it was known and seen,  
 Came our sweet Princess  
*England's Elizabeth,*  
 Fairest Queen on the Earth;  
 Happy made by her Birth,  
 Was this brave Kingdom.

When *Anna Bullen's* Place,  
 Of a Queen, of a Queen.  
 Had been for three Years Space,  
 More was her Sorrow:  
 In the King's Royal Head,  
 Secret Displeasure bred,  
 That cost the Queen her Head,  
 In *London's* strong Tower.

Then took he to Wife Lady *Jane,*  
 Lovingly, lovingly,  
 That from the *Seymours* came,  
 Nobly descended:  
 But her Love bought she dear,  
 She was but Queen one Year;  
 In Child-bed she dy'd we hear,  
 Of Royal King *Edward.*

*England* then understand,  
 Famously, famously,  
 Princes Three of this Land,  
 Thus came from three Queens:  
*Catherine* gave *Mary* Birth,  
*Anna Elizabeth,*  
*Jane, Edward* by her Death;  
 All crown'd in *England.*

After these married he,  
 All in Fame, all in Fame,  
 A Dame of Dignity,  
 Fair *Anne of Cleve:*

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Her Sorrow soon was seen,  
Only six Months a Queen,  
Graces but growing green,  
So quickly divorced.

Yet liv'd she with Grief to see,  
Woful Queen, woful Queen?  
Two more as well as she,  
Married unto King Henry:  
To enjoy Love's Delights,  
On their sweet Wedding-Nights,  
Which were her proper Rites,  
Mournful young Princess.

First a sweet gallant Dame,  
Nobly born, nobly born,  
Which had unto her Name  
Fair *Catherine Howard*:  
But e'er two Years were past,  
Disliking grew so fast,  
She lost her Head at last:  
Small time of Glory!

After her, *Catherine Parre*,  
Made he Queen, made he Queen,  
Late Wife to Lord *Latimer*,  
Brave *English* Baron.  
This Lady of Renown,  
Deserved not a Frown,  
Whilst *Henry* wore the Crown  
Of thrice famous *England*.

Six Royal Queens you see,  
Gallant Dames, gallant Dames,  
At Command married he,  
Like a great Monarch:  
Yet lives his famous Name,  
Without Spot or Defame;  
From Royal Kings he came,  
Whom all the World fear'd.

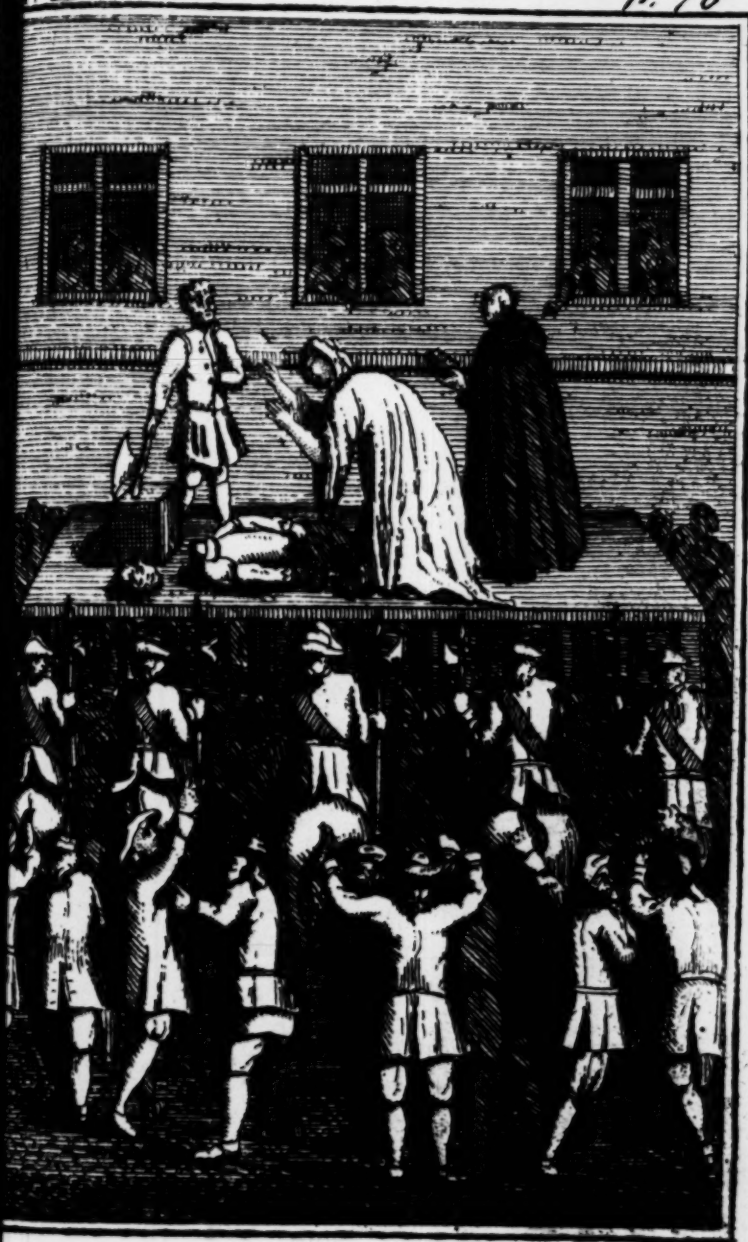
X. A lamentable Ditty on the Death of Lord Guilford Dudley, and the Lady Jane Grey, that for their Parent's Ambition, in seeking to make these two young Princes King and Queen of England, were both beheaded in the Tower of London.

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To the Tune of *Peter and Pernell*.

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To enter upon this Story, we must look backwards upon the two last Years of King Edward's Reign, from whence the Civil War at the beginning of Mary's took its first Rise. Amongst those who had any part in the Administration under King Edward, was Dudley Earl of Warwick, a Man of a very ambitious Temper, and who stuck at nothing to remove those he look'd upon as his Rivals, and who might any ways stand in Competition with him for the first Honours. In the Year 1551, King Edward made several Promotions, and amongst others, the ambitious Earl of Warwick was made Duke of Northumberland;



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berland; and Henry Gray, Marquis of Dorset, Duke of Suffolk. This latter had married Frances, the Daughter of Mary, second Sister to King Henry VIII. by Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, as above-mention'd; by whom he had the Lady Jane, the Heroine of the following Song. This young Lady Northumberland look'd upon as the Step by which he must ascend to the utmost Height of Ambition; and therefore made up a Marriage between her and his fourth Son the Lord Guilford; at the same time marrying his other Children into the most powerful Families, that by their Alliances he might support his Pretensions, as unjust as they were; for Lady Jane had certainly no Title to the Crown. The Princesses Mary and Elizabeth had indeed by their Father King Henry been declar'd illegitimate, as before observ'd; but the Act of Illegitimacy had been repeal'd in his Life-time, and they by Parliament declar'd Successors to the Crown, in Default of Edward's Issue. Besides these, there was the Issue of King Henry's elder Sister, whose great Grandson King James afterwards inherited the Crown; and even the Lady Frances herself was alive, who had a prior Right to her Daughter: but all these Considerations were overlook'd by Northumberland, who was determin'd at any rate to compass his Ends. Some Historians will tell us, that the first thing



taken care of was, that Edward should never  
 live to have Issue; for which Reason Sir Ro-  
 bert Dudley, another of Northumberland's  
 Sons, was made one of the Six ordinary Gen-  
 tlemen of the Bed-chamber: nor did King  
 Edward (add they) long enjoy his Health  
 after he came into Waiting. Whether this be  
 Fact or no, I cannot pretend to determine;  
 certain it is, That young Monarch did not die  
 without Suspicion of Poison. Northumber-  
 land at that time was the chief, I might say,  
 the only Man in Power near him; Northum-  
 berland had a Daughter-in-Law to raise to  
 the Throne. These Reasons, join'd to the  
 general Hatred the People bore him, made  
 all the Odium of the Suspicion be cast upon  
 him. When Edward drew towards his End,  
 Letters Patents were drawn up by the Advice  
 of the Council (which the Duke ruled) ap-  
 pointing Lady Jane Successor to the Crown, in  
 default of Issue Male of the Lady Frances,  
 and these, to have a Title, must be born in  
 the King's Life-time; and the Lady Frances  
 was not only reckoned past Child-bearing, but  
 had she been half gone, 'twas impossible, from  
 his State of Health, King Edward should  
 have lived till the Term of her Delivery.  
 These Letters, sign'd by the King and the  
 Council, were dated the 21<sup>st</sup> of June 1553,  
 and the King died the 6<sup>th</sup> of July following  
 at Greenwich: His Death was kept secret  
 two Days, whilst Northumberland made the  
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*necessary Preparations to oppose any Measures the Princess Mary might take; but in vain, the People join'd with her, and her Friends at Court contrived, that Northumberland himself should march against her: So that the Nobility and City being no longer under any Restraint from his Presence, declar'd for Queen Mary. Northumberland seeing what Turn Affairs were like to take, proclaimed Queen Mary himself at Cambridge, but 'twas too late; he was taken, arraign'd, condemn'd, and executed. The Duke of Suffolk, Lady Jane's Father, was imprison'd in the Tower, but within four Days after receiv'd a Pardon from Queen Mary. On the 13th of November the Lord Guilford and Lady Jane were also condemn'd, but repriev'd by the Queen, who certainly did intend to save their Lives, had not her own Father made it impossible; for the very beginning of the Year following, the ungrateful Suffolk, who had so lately receiv'd a Pardon, appear'd in Arms again, and had stirred up such Discontents amongst the People upon the Queen's approaching Marriage with Prince Philip of Spain, that this Rebellion had almost prov'd fatal to her; but he was defeated, and afterwards betray'd by his Servant. Queen Mary seeing how precarious her Title was whilst Lady Jane was living, signed the Dead Warrant, as well for her as her Husband. The Lord Guilford upon this, desir'd*

to see his Wife, but she refus'd it, thinking their Meeting too great a Shock to bear ; but she had Courage enough to see him from her Window go towards the Hill, and saw the headless Trunk brought back again. About two Hours after, the same Day, (12th of February ) she was beheaded within the Tower, pitied and lamented by all ; for her Crime was not her own, and committed much against her Will : She would have refus'd the Crown, but her Parents forc'd her to accept it ; and when she was obliged to take the Regalia, she publickly wept. Her Reign lasted but ten Days, and when stripped of her Royal Robes, she appeared much better pleased than when forced to put them on. She was a beautiful young Lady, had a great Share of Learning, being, amongst other things, extremely well vers'd in the Greek and Latin Tongues, which she not only read, but writ with ease : She was an Example of Piety and conjugal Love, and Mistress of a Discretion far greater than could be expected in one of her Age, being at the time of King Edward's Death but sixteen Years old.

**W**hen as King Edward left this Life,  
 In young and blooming Years,  
 Began such deadly Hate and Strife,  
 That filled *England* full of Tears.  
 Ambition in those ancient Days,  
 More than Ten thousand, thousand, thousand  
 Troubles did arise.

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*Northumberland* being made a Duke,  
Ambitiously did seek the Crown,  
And *Suffolk* for the same did look,  
To put *Queen Mary's* Title down;  
That was *King Henry's* Daughter bright,  
And *Queen of England, England, England,*  
And *King Edward's* Heir by right.

*Lord Guilford* and the Lady *Jane*  
Were wedded by their Parents Wills;  
The Right from *Mary* so was ta'en,  
Which drew them on to farther Ills:  
But mark the End of this Misdeed,  
*Mary* was crowned, crowned, crowned,  
And they to Death-decreed.

And being thus adjudg'd to die,  
For these their Parents haughty Aims,  
That thinking thus to mount on high,  
Their Children King and Queen proclaims:  
But in such Aims no Blessings be,  
When as Ten thousand, thousand, thousand,  
Their shameful Endings see.

Sweet Princes they deserv'd no Blame,  
That thus must die for Father's Cause,  
And bearing of so great a Name,  
To contradict our *English* Laws.  
Let all Men then conclude in this,  
That they are hapless, hapless, hapless,  
Whose Parents do amiss.

Now who more great than they of late?  
Now who more wretched than they are?  
And who more losty in Estate,  
Thus suddenly consum'd with Care?  
Then Princes all set down this rest,  
And say the golden, golden, golden  
Mean is always best.

Prepar'd, at last drew on the Day,  
 Whereon the Princes both must die;  
 Lord *Guilford Dudley* by the way,  
 His dearest Lady did espy,  
 Whilst he unto the Block did go,  
 She in her Window weeping, weeping, weeping,  
 Did lament her Woe.

Their Eyes that look'd for Love e'er-while,  
 Now blubber'd were with pearled Tears,  
 And every Glance and Lover's Smile,  
 Were turn'd to Dole and deadly Fears:  
 Lord *Guilford's* Life did bleeding lye,  
 Expecting Angels, Angels, Angels  
 Silver Wings to mount on high.

His dearest Lady long did look,  
 When she unto the Block should go,  
 Where sweetly praying on her Book,  
 She made no Sign of outward Woe:  
 But wish'd that she had Angels Wings,  
 To see that golden, golden, golden  
 Sight of heavenly Things.

And mounting on the Scaffold then,  
 Where *Guilford's* lifeless Body lay,  
 I come, quoth she, thou Flower of Men,  
 For Death shall not my Soul dismay:  
 The Gates of Heaven stand open wide,  
 To rest for ever, ever, ever;  
 And thus those Princes dy'd.

Their Parents likewise lost their Heads,  
 For climbing thus one Step too high:  
 Ambitious Towers have slippery Leads,  
 And fearful to a wife Man's Eye:  
 For one's Amis great Houses fall,  
 Therefore take Warning, Warning, Warning,  
 By this, you Gallants all.

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XI. The lamentable Complaint of Queen Mary for the unkind Departure of King Philip, in whose Absence she fell sick and died.

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To the Tune of *Crimson Velvet*.

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*When Queen Mary came to the Crown, she was about Thirty six Years of Age, and had hitherto declined Marriage, either because she had no Inclination for a married State, or feared perhaps she might not be beloved, having no very great Share of Beauty; but now she thought it necessary to seek some powerful Alliances, at the same time hoping to leave Children behind her; for she was a staunch Catholick, and was determin'd to overturn Edward's Reformation, and reconcile the Church of England to that of Rome: but she knew her Labour would be in vain, if the Crown should ever devolve to her Sister Elizabeth, who was as zealous a Protestant. Several Matches were proposed for the Queen, but one was at length concluded between her and Prince Philip of Spain, Son to the Emperor Charles*

Charles V. This gave a great deal of Uneasiness to many of the English, who thought their Nation must be subjected to Spain, and treated by it as a conquer'd Province. This Opportunity it was, that Suffolk, Wiat, and several others laid hold on for raising a Rebellion; but being defeated, they met with the Reward of Treason. As soon as an end was put to these intestine Troubles, the Treaty of Marriage was renew'd and concluded, upon Terms no ways disadvantageous to the English Nation; and Prince Philip sailing for England, landed at Southampton the 27th of July 1554; and having rested himself a few Days, he went to Winchester, where the Queen was already, and their Marriage was solemniz'd there on the Festival of St. James, the tutelar Saint of Spain. Cardinal de la Poole coming shortly after into England with the Character of Pope's Legate, absolved the People for having liv'd (as they term'd it) in Heresy, and the English were re-united to the Church of Rome, the Queen laid by the Title of Supreme Head of the Church, and it was again given to the Pope. Upwards of two Years, this Queen reign'd very well belov'd of her People; but Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and some other hot-brain'd Priests, having too great an Influence over her, they inclined her to Persecution, which broke out about the beginning of the Year 56, and the poor Protestants were every where throughout the Kingdom

Kingdom most inhumanly butcher'd. Cram-  
 mer, Archbishop of Canterbury, with some  
 other Prelates, were burnt at Oxford; and  
 there was no Place in the Kingdom but what felt  
 the fatal Fury of the Persecutors. Princess  
 Elizabeth lived in perpetual Danger, being a  
 close Prisoner first in the Tower, afterwards at  
 Woodstock in a Lodge very near the Place  
 where Blenheim-House now stands, and af-  
 terwards in divers other Places. Her Safety  
 was owing in some measure to the unexpected  
 Death of Gardiner, but more to the Inter-  
 cession of King Philip, who had State-Reasons  
 for preserving her Life; for Queen Mary  
 enjoy'd no great Health, and the next Heir to  
 the Crown was Mary Queen of Scots, who  
 married the Dauphin of France; and, as  
 Spain and France were perpetually at War,  
 Philip was afraid lest that Kingdom should  
 be an over-Match for him, when it had the  
 Power of England to second it; since they  
 were but upon a Level even when he was  
 countenanc'd by the English. The Pope,  
 who bore the Emperor a deadly Grudge, spi-  
 rited the French up to break the Truce with  
 Spain, which they did, little expecting the  
 English would join in the Quarrel, it being  
 particularly stipulated by the Marriage Treaty,  
 that Queen Mary should not engage in any  
 Foreign War for Spain. But the Queen de-  
 termin'd to espouse her Husband's Cause, and  
 took this Opportunity of charging France  
 with

with having fomented several Rebellions in England, and assisted Northumberland, Suffolk, and Wiat, when engag'd in War against their Sovereign. Accordingly, a War with France was proclaimed on the 7th of June 1557, and King Philip went over into France, at the Head of the English and Spanish Forces, where he overthrew the French in more than one Battel: But notwithstanding this, they found an Opportunity of laying Siege to and carrying Calais, the last remaining Place the English had in France. This Loss touch'd Queen Mary to the Heart, whose Distemper visibly increas'd, and her Life appear'd to be in the utmost Danger. The first Cause of her Illness was a Mole or Swelling in the Belly, which being accompanied by other Symptoms, her Midwives and Nurses made her believe she was with Child; and she was so deluded, that she at last fancy'd herself Quick, all the necessary Preparations were made for her Lying-in, Te Deum was sung, the unborn Infant pray'd for in all Churches, and Regulations made by the Parliament for its Education. Thus by neglecting the Distemper, it grew too powerful for the Art of Physick, and her Liver being over-cooled, she fell into a Dropsy, in which she at last died. As she really loved her Husband, it was thought by those about her, that she was extremely griev'd at King Philip's Absence; but she gave ano-

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her Cause for her Sorrow, and was often wont  
to tell those about her, that they were Stran-  
gers to her Grief; but if after her Death  
they would open her, they would find Calais  
in her Heart. And indeed she was never seen  
to enjoy a Moment's Pleasure after that Loss.  
This Care, join'd to her Sickness, soon put an  
end to her, and she gave up the Ghost on the  
7th of November of the Year 1558.

**M**ary doth complain,  
Ladies be you moved

With my Lamentations,  
And my bitter Moans:

Philip King of Spain,  
Whom in Heart I loved,

From his Royal Queen  
Unkindly now is gone;

Upon my Bed I lye,  
Sick and like to die:

Help me Ladies to lament,  
For in Heart I bear,

He loves a Lady dear;  
Better can his Love content:

Oh, Philip! most unkind,  
Bear not such a Mind,

To leave the Daughter of a King  
Gentle Prince of Spain,

Come, oh come again,  
And sweet Content to thee I'll bring.

For thy Royal sake,

This my Country's Danger,  
And my Subjects Woes,

I daily do procure:

My burning Love to slake,

Noble Princely Stranger,

And the same to move,

Where it was settled sure,

Di-



Divers in this Land,  
 Against my Foes did stand,  
     Pawning their Lives therefore :  
 And for the same were slain,  
 Gentle King of *Spain*,  
     Streets ran down with purple Gore.  
 Forty thousand Men,  
 All in Armour then,  
     This noble Kingdom did provide :  
 To marry *England's* Queen,  
 Before thou should'st be seen,  
     Or I be made thy gallant Bride.

But now my great Good-will,  
     I see is not regarded,  
 And my Favours kind,  
     Are here forgotten quite :  
 My Good is paid with Ill,  
     And with Hatred rewarded,  
 I unhappy Queen,  
     Left here in woful Plight,  
 On our *English* Shore,  
 Never shall I more  
     Thy comely Personage behold,  
 For upon the Throne,  
 Gloriously he shone,  
     In purple Robes of Gold.  
 Oh my Heart is slain,  
 Sorrow, Care and Pain,  
     Dwell within my sobbing Breast :  
 Death approacheth near me,  
 Because thou wilt not cheer me,  
     Thou gallant King of all the West.

Those Jewels and those Rings,  
     And that golden Treasure,  
 First to win my Love,  
     Thou broughtest out of *Spain*;  
 Now unto me brings  
     No Delight, no Pleasure,  
 But a sorrowful Tear,  
     Which ever will remain :

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My Picture when I see,  
 Much amazeth me,  
 Cauſeth Tears a-main to flow,  
 The Subſtance being gone,  
 Pleaſures I have none,  
 But lamenting Sighs of Woe;  
 The Chair of State adorn'd,  
 Seems as if it mourn'd,  
 Binding up mine Eyes with Weeping,  
 And when that I am led  
 Into my Marriage-Bed,  
 Sorrow keeps me ſtill from ſleeping.

Come you Ladies kind,  
 Bring my Gown of Sable,  
 For I now muſt mourn,  
 The Abſence of my Lord.  
 You ſee my Love-ſick Mind,  
 Is no longer able,  
 To endure the Sting  
 Of *Cupid's* pricking Sword:  
 My dying Heart doth reſt  
 In *Philip's* Princely Breſt,  
 My Boſom keeps no Heart at all:  
 But ever will abide,  
 In ſecret by his ſide,  
 And follow him through Bower and Hall.  
 Though I live diſdained,  
 Yet my Love unfeigned  
 Shall remain both chaſte and pure,  
 And evermore ſhall prove  
 As conſtant as the Dove,  
 And thus ſhall *Mary* ſtill endure.

Ring out my dying Knell,  
 Ladies ſo renowned,  
 For your Queen muſt die,  
 And all her Pomp forſake:  
 England now farewell,  
 For the Fates have frowned,  
 And now ready ſtand,  
 My breathing Life to take:

Con:

Consume with speed to Air,  
 Fading Ghost prepare  
 With my Milk-wings to fly :  
 Where sitting on the Throne,  
 Let my Love be shown,  
 That for his sake is forc'd to die.  
 Be for ever blessed,  
 Tho' I die distressed,  
 Gallant King of high Renown.  
 The Queen now broken-hearted,  
 From this World's departed,  
 In the Heavens to wear a Crown.



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## II. The most rare and excellent History of the Dutchess of Suffolk's Calamity.

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To the Tune of *Queen Dido*.

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We now come to the History of a most unfortunate Lady, whose greatest Miseries flow'd from Causes that the Vulgar and Unbinking are apt to call Blessings; to wit, high Birth, Wealth, Power, Husband and Children. Some I have already taken notice of in the History of her eldest Daughter, the Lady Jane Grey, whom she lost at the Beginning of Mary's Reign, and a few Days after her Husband was also beheaded. These were the Miseries she suffer'd under the Reign of that Queen; for those that the Poet has made her go through in the following Song, are merely fictitious, and not so great as what she really suffer'd in the Person of her Husband and Children. I know not whether this Princess promised herself great Advantages from Queen Elizabeth's coming to the Throne; but

but if she did, she deceiv'd herself with vain Hopes: and indeed she was too near related to the Throne, to receive any Countenance from the Sovereign; it often proving of dangerous Consequence to serve those who have the least Pretension. In the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's Reign, her second Daughter the Lady Catherine Grey was married to the Earl of Pembroke, but immediately after divorced, she being with Child at the time she was forced to marry him; upon this the Queen sent her Prisoner to the Tower, where she declar'd she was married to Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford. This Match the Queen could by no means approve of, he being akin to the Royal Blood; she therefore sent for Hertford, who at the time was in France, and he immediately returning, was question'd about the Marriage, and own'd it; upon which he also was sent to the Tower, but with strict Orders that they should not see each other. Lady Catherine was deliver'd in her Confinement, and Hertford found means to bribe his Keepers, and the Lieutenant of the Tower, who permitted him to visit her, and she prov'd with Child again. Upon this the Lieutenant and several others were fined and discharged, and the Earl was order'd to be brought to his Trial in the Star-Chamber, where he was accus'd of three Crimes: 1. That he had debauch'd a Virgin of the Blood Royal in the Queen's Palace.

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Palace. 2. That he had broken Prison [in going from the Place of his Confinement to his Wife's Apartment in the Tower.] 3. That he had abused her a second time. The Earl endeavour'd to prove their Marriage, but could produce no Certificate; asserted that the Prison-Doors through which he passed were open, &c. But notwithstanding this, he was fin'd 5000 l. upon each Indictment, and sentenc'd to nine Years Imprisonment. Poor Lady Catherine continu'd many Years in the Tower, where she at last died, sending in her latest Hour to beg Pardon of the Queen for having contracted Marriage without her Knowledge, recommended her Children to her, and her Husband's Discharge. The Dutcheß's third Daughter, Lady Mary, threw herself away upon Keyes the Groom-Porter, and she herself at last married far beneath her Quality; whether to gratify her own Inclination, or whether to put herself in such a low State, as to be beneath Envy, is uncertain, but she took to Husband Adrian Stokes, a Gentleman indeed, but one in very mean Circumstances; and at length oppressed with Grief, far more than with any real Sickness, she died in the sixth Year of Queen Elizabeth's Reign.

When God had taken for our Sin,  
That prudent Prince King Edward away,  
When bloody Bonner did begin  
His raging Malice to bewray:

All

All those that did God's Word profess,  
He persecuted more or less.

Thus whilst our Lord on us did lowre,  
Many in Prison he did throw,  
Tormenting them in *Lollard's* Tower,  
Whereby they might the Truth forego:  
Then *Cranmer*, *Ridley*, and the rest,  
Were burning in the Fire, that Christ profest.

*Smithfield* was then with Faggots fill'd,  
And many Places more beside,  
At *Coventry* was *Saunders* kill'd,  
At *Worcester* eke good *Hooper* dy'd:  
And to escape this Bloody Day,  
Beyond-sea many fled away,

Amongst the rest that sought Relief,  
And for their Faith in Danger stood,  
Lady *Elizabeth* was chief:  
King *Henry's* Daughter, of Royal Blood,  
Which in the *Tower* Prisoner did lye,  
Looking each Day when she should die.

The Dutchess of *Suffolk* seeing this,  
Whose Life likewise the Tyrant sought;  
Who in the Hopes of heavenly Bliss,  
Within God's Word her Comfort wrought:  
For Fear of Death was forc'd to fly,  
And leave her House most secretly.

Thus for the Love of God alone,  
Her Land and Goods she left behind;  
Seeking still for that precious Stone,  
The Word and Truth so rare to find:  
She with her Nurse, Husband and Child,  
In poor Array their Sighs beguil'd.

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thus through *London* they pass'd along,  
 Each one did take a several Street,  
 Thus all along escaping Wrong,  
 At *Billingsgate* they all did meet,  
 Like People poor in *Gravesend*-Barge,  
 They simply went with all their Charge.

and all along from *Gravesend*-Town,  
 With Journeys short on Foot they went,  
 Into the Sea-Coast came they down,  
 To pass the Seas was their Intent:  
 And God provided so that Day,  
 That they took Ship and sail'd away.

and with a prosperous Gale of Wind,  
 In *Flanders* they did arrive,  
 This was to them great Ease of Mind,  
 And from their Heart much Woe did drive:  
 And so with Thanks to God on high,  
 They took their way to *Germany*.

thus as they travell'd still disguis'd,  
 Upon the Highway suddenly,  
 By cruel Thieves they were surpriz'd,  
 Assaulting their small Company:  
 And all their Treasures and their Store,  
 They took away, and beat them sore.

The Nurse, in midst of all their Fright,  
 Laid down their Child upon the Ground,  
 She ran away out of their Sight,  
 And never after that was found:  
 Then did the Dutchess make great Moan,  
 With her good Husband all alone.

The Thieves had there their Horses kill'd,  
 And all their Money quite had took,  
 The pretty Baby, almost spoil'd,  
 Was by their Nurse also forsook.  
 And they far from their Friends did stand,  
 And succourless in a strange Land.

The

The Sky likewise began to scowl,  
 It hail'd and rain'd in piteous sort,  
 The Way was long and wondrous foul,  
 This may I now full well report,  
 Their Grief and Sorrow was not small,  
 When this unhappy Chance did fall.

Sometimes the Dutchess bore the Child,  
 As wet as ever she could be,  
 And when the Lady kind and mild  
 Was weary, then the Child bore he;  
 And thus they one another eas'd,  
 And with their Fortunes seem'd well pleas'd.

And after many a weary Step,  
 All wet-shod both in Dirt and Mire,  
 After much Grief, their Hearts yet leap;  
 For Labour doth some Rest require :  
 A Town before them they did see,  
 But lodged there they could not be.

From House to House then they did go,  
 Seeking that Night where they might lie ;  
 But want of Money was their Woe,  
 And still their Babe with Cold doth cry,  
 With Cap and Knee they court'fy make,  
 But none of them would Pity take.

*Lo, here a Princess of great Blood,  
 Doth pray a Peasant for Relief,  
 With Tears bedew'd as she stood,  
 Yet few or none regard her Grief.  
 Her Speech they could not understand,  
 But some gave Money in her Hand.*

When all in vain her Speeches spent;  
 And that they could no House-room get,  
 Into a Church-Porch then they went,  
 To stand out of the Rain and Wet :  
 Then said the Dutchess to her Dear,  
*O that we had some Fire here.*

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Then did her Husband so provide,  
 That Fire and Coals they got with Speed:  
 She sat down by the Fire-side,  
 To dress her Daughter that had need:  
 And whilst she dress'd it in her Lap,  
 Her Husband made the Infant Pap.

Anon the Sexton thither came,  
 Finding them there by the Fire:  
 The drunken Knave, all void of Shame,  
 To drive them out was his Desire;  
 And spurned out the noble Dame,  
 Her Husband's Wrath he did inflame.

And all in Fury as he stood,  
 He wrung the Church-Keys out of his Hand,  
 And struck him so that all the Blood  
 His Head run down as he did stand,  
 Wherefore the Sexton presently  
 For Aid and Help aloud did cry.

Then came the Officers in haste,  
 And took the Dutchess and her Child,  
 And with her Husband thus they past,  
 Like Lambs beset with Tygers wild;  
 And to the Governor were brought,  
 Who understood them not in ought.

Then Master *Bertue* brave and bold,  
 In *Latin* made a gallant Speech,  
 Which all their Miseries did unfold,  
 And their high Favour did beseech:  
 With that a Doctor sitting by,  
 Did know the Dutchess presently.

And thereupon arising strait  
 With Words abashed at this Sight,  
 Unto them all that then did wait,  
 He thus broke forth in Words aright;  
 Behold within your Sight (quoth he)  
 Princess of most high Degree.



With that the Governor and all the rest,  
 Were much amaz'd the same to hear,  
 Who welcomed this new-come Guest,  
 With Reverence great, and Princely Cheer :  
 And afterwards convey'd they were,  
 Unto their Friend Prince *Cassimere*.

A Son she had in *Germany*,  
*Peregrine Bertue* call'd by Name,  
 Sirnam'd the good Lord *Willoughby*,  
 Of Courage great and worthy Fame :  
 Her Daughter young that with her went,  
 Was afterwards Countess of *Kent*.

For when Queen *Mary* was deceas'd,  
 The Dutcheſs home return'd again,  
 Who was of Sorrow quite releas'd,  
 By Queen *Elizabeth's* happy Reign :  
 Whose goodly Life and Piety,  
 We may praise continually.



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XIII. A  
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XIII. A joyful Song of the deserved Praises of good Queen Elizabeth, how Princely she behaved herself at Tilbury Camp in Essex, in Eighty-eight, when the Spaniards threatned the Invasion of this Kingdom.

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To the Tune of *King Henry's going to Bulloign.*

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The War between England and Spain had several Causes: The Spaniards were very jealous of Queen Elizabeth's Power, and dreaded an offensive Alliance between her and France; therefore to divert her Forces, the King of Spain, underhand, encouraged and assisted the Rebels in Ireland, and the Queen of Scots Party in Scotland. This Politicks engaged him to do, Religion persuaded as much, and the Pope excited him to do all he could for the Propagation of the Catholick Faith in the British Isles, and the Extirpation of Heresy (as they term'd it). On the other hand, the Queen took care to divert the Spanish Forces, by assisting the Netherlanders,

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landers, who had revolted from Spain. At this time the Kingdom of Portugal too falling under the Dominion of Spain, and Q. Elizabeth fearing the too great Increase of his Power, she, in the Year 1585, openly took the Netherlanders under her Protection; upon which a War directly ensued, and the Spanish made mighty Preparations for conquering England, and to that end, began to build a large Fleet, which by the Year 88, was so very powerful, that they named it the Invincible Armada. Queen Elizabeth, on the other hand, prepar'd a Fleet to oppose them, the Command of which was given to the Lord Howard of Effingham, and Sir John Drake was made Vice-Admiral. Land-Forces too were raised, and encamped in several Parts of the Kingdom; but the greatest Camp was at Tilbury in Essex, near the Mouth of the Thames, under the Command of the Lord Leicester, the Queen's Favourite; it being thought the Spaniards design'd to land thereabouts, and to march directly for London. The Armada at length set sail the 29th of May, consisting of 130 Ships on Board which were 19290 Soldiers, 8350 Mariners, 2080 Galley-Slaves, and 263 Pieces of great Ordnance. Don Alphonso Perez de Gusman, Duke of Medina Sidonia, was constituted Admiral; and John Martinez de Recalde, an experienc'd Seaman, Vice-Admiral. At their first setting

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out they met a Storm, which dispersed them; but they soon gather'd together again, and on the 16th of July they enter'd the British Channel, and were the next Day discover'd by the English Admiral, who saw them sailing ready for Battel, in Front like a Half-Moon, their Wings spreading out about seven Miles, and carrying in their Ships lofty Turrets, like Castles. On the 21st some of the Ships engaged, but the English were far inferior in Number and Strength; yet had they by much the Advantage, their Ships being low, and when they had discharg'd a Broad-side, would turn about, or sheer off with the greatest Agility. The Spanish Fleet was heavy, and so high built, that they shot over their Enemies. After a two Hours Fight, in which the Spanish receiv'd some considerable Damage, the English Admiral sail'd back into the Haven, not caring for a general Engagement, forty of his Ships not being come in to his Assistance. The same Night there was a great Confusion amongst the Spaniards upon a Ship's taking fire; in the Bustle a large Galleon was run foul of, and her Fore-mast sprung; by which being left behind, she fell into Drake's Hands, who found a great deal of Money on Board, and distributed it amongst his Men. Early on the 23d the Fight was renew'd, but with Confusion and various Success. Their third Battel was on the 25th, when the Spanish Admiral was

miserably shatter'd, and lost a great many of her Crew, and a Galleon of Portugal taken, and some others of their Fleet damaged. But the English Gentlemen and young Nobles bearing their repeated Fights, and eager to engage in the Service of their Country, hired Ships and joined the English Fleet at the time the Spaniards lay before Calais. But Queen Elizabeth thought of the properest Means for dispersing the Enemies, for she sent Orders to the Admiral to fill eight of his worst Ships with Pitch, Tar, Rosin, Brimstone, and setting them on fire, to let them drive before the Wind in the Dead of the Night upon the Spanish Fleet. This was accordingly done, and the Spaniards, in the greatest Confusion, cut their Cables. A large Galleon, with a good Quantity of Gold, broke her Rudder in the Hurry, and was the next Day taken, after a desperate Fight, in which the Captain and all the Men perish'd. The Spaniards rendezvous'd over-against Graveling, but here Drake ply'd them so briskly with his Cannon, that two large Galleons, the St. Philip and the St. Matthew were taken, and the whole Fleet put into the utmost Distress. The Spaniards by this time were tired of the Expedition, and as well as they could, got rid of the English, having spent their Provisions, and all their great Shot to no manner of purpose; and all their Ships being so torn and shatter'd,

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that few of them were capable of engaging again. 'Twas the last Day of July they fled, so that in one Month's time was defeated that great Armada which had been three whole Years preparing, at vast Expence. There was a very great Slaughter amongst the Spaniards, but the English lost but few Men. The King of Spain bore the Defeat with wonderful Patience, and publickly return'd Thanks that it was no greater. Mean while, Queen Elizabeth encourag'd her Officers, by receiving them with all possible Marks of Esteem: They were rewarded, as were the Sailors too, and those who were disabled in the Fight provided for. At this time too it was that the Queen visited the Camp at Tilbury, and rode through all the Troops, sometimes with a martial Air; sometimes in a manner more suitable to her Sex; and the Writers of that Age tell us, 'tis incredible what a Spirit of Bravery she infus'd into the Officers and Soldiers, by her Presence and Direction. I need not observe to my Readers that this Song was written during the Reign of King James I.

I Sing a noble Princess,  
 England's late commanding Mistress,  
 King Henry's Daughter fair Elizabeth:  
 She was such a Maiden Queen,  
 As the like ne'er was seen,  
 Of any Woman-kind upon the Earth.

F 4

Her

Her Name in golden Numbers,  
 May written be with Wonders,  
 That liv'd below'd Four and forty Years:  
 And had the Gifts of Nature all  
 That to a Princess might befall,  
 As by her noble Virtues well appears.

With Majesty admir'd,  
 Her Subjects she requir'd,  
 That Love for Love might equally be shown;  
 Preferring more a publick Peace,  
 Than any private Man's Increase,  
 That quietly we still may keep our own.

When Embassies did come,  
 From any Prince in *Christendom*,  
 Her Entertainment was so Princely sweet:  
 She likewise knew what did belong  
 To every Language, Speech and Tongue,  
 Where Grace and Virtue did together meet.

No Princess more could measure,  
 Her well befeeming Pleasure,  
 In open Court among her Ladies fair:  
 For Musick, and for portly Gate,  
 The World afforded not her Mate:  
 So excellent her Carriage was and rare.

Kingly States oppressed,  
 And such as were distressed,  
 With Means and Money daily she reliev'd.  
 As Law of Nations did her bind,  
 To Strangers she was ever kind;  
 And such as with Calamities were griev'd.

And when into this Kingdom,  
 Bloody Wars did threatening come,  
 Her Highness would be ready with Good-will,  
 As it in Eighty-eight was seen:  
 When as this thrice renowned Queen,  
 Gave noble Courage to her Soldiers still.

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This more than worthy Woman,  
Like to a noble *Amazon*,  
In Silver-plated Armour bravely went  
Unto her Camp at *Tilbury*,  
With many Knights of Chivalry,  
Couragiously her Army to content.

But being there arrived,  
With noble Heart she strived,  
To give them all what they desir'd to have:  
A lovely Grace and Countenance,  
Smiling with Perseverance,  
To whom so sweet a Countenance she gave.

Upon the Drum-head sitting,  
As it was well befitting,  
For such a Royal Princess thus to speak:  
A Soldier I will live and die,  
Fear shall never make me fly,  
Nor any Danger leave to undertake.

With that amidst the Battel  
The Musketeers did rattle  
A Peal of Powder flaming all in Fire;  
The Cannons they did loudly play,  
To please her Majesty that Day,  
Which she in Heart did lovingly desire.

Her Highness thus delighted,  
She royally requited  
The noble Captains and the Soldiers all;  
For golden Angels flew amain,  
Round about the warlike Train,  
Each one rewarded was both great and small.

With that in noble Manner,  
To *England's* Fame and Honour,  
The thund'ring Shot began to play again;  
And for this Royal Princess sake,  
Rattling made the Ground to shake,  
In spite of all their Enemies of *Spain*.

The more to be commended,  
 She graciously befriended  
 Full many a worthy Gentleman that Day,  
 By Knighting them in noble sort,  
 As it had been in *England's* Court,  
 Such gallant Graces had she every way.

So freely, kind and loving,  
 She was by her approving,  
 To rich and Poor that came unto her Grace;  
 Not any one but found her still  
 A Friend to Good, a Foe to Ill,  
 And every Virtue sweetly would embrace.

But now in Heaven's high Palace,  
 She lives in Joy and Solace,  
 Committing all her Charge unto the King;  
 Of whose admired Majesty,  
 Ruling us so quietly,  
 Rejoicingly we Subjects all do sing.



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XIV. A lamentable Ditty on the Death  
of *Robert Devereux*, Earl of *Essex*,  
who was beheaded in the Tower of  
*London* on *Ash-Wednesday*, 1601.

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To the Tune of *Well-a-day*.

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*This unhappy Nobleman seems to owe his Fate to Nature, who had given him a rough and impatient Temper. He was indeed every way qualify'd for a Soldier, but the most unfit Man in the World for a Courtier. When his Father died in Ireland, he left this Youth behind him, who was very young, and who scarce seems to be taken notice of till the Year 1589, a Twelvemonth after the Destruction of the Armada; at which time he hired some Ships and bore Drake Company in an Expedition he was going upon. In 91 he began to grow into Favour, and he was that Year sent to the Assistance of the King of France, with some Forces under his Command. I cannot forbear observing (though it be not to my Purpose) how ill-grounded are the*

*the*



the several Aspersions on the Queen, in relation to this Man; for he was never taken particular Notice of at Court till the Queen was turn'd of Fifty-seven; at which time Essex was about Twenty-five. Some time he serv'd in France, and got himself Fame, in-somuch that in 97 he was sent Admiral of an Expedition into America. Essex found himself high in the Queen's Favour, and grew so insolent upon it, as often to contradict her; but this never so arrogantly as in the Year 98, when the Queen consulted with three or four Counsellors about sending a Super-intendant of the Affairs of Ireland into that Kingdom: The Queen had Thoughts of Sir William Knowles, Uncle to Essex; but he as strenuously stood up for Sir George Carew; which when the Queen, after a long Dispute, absolutely refused to comply with, he, in a very contemptuous Manner, turn'd his Back upon her; which she as heinously resenting, started up in a Passion, and hitting him a Box o'the Ear, bid him go hang himself. The Earl, violently transported, laid his Hand upon his Sword; but the others interposing, it went no further. Essex withdrew from Court, but upon Submission, was again receiv'd into Favour: however, he was not so highly esteemed as before; and this Quarrel bred a great deal of ill Blood on both Sides. The Rebellion in Ireland growing to a greater Head, and the Lord Deputy  
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being dead, divers were propos'd to be sent there ; but Essex, who had Ambition, hinted he should be glad of that Command : his Friends seconded his Wishes, and his Enemies at Court made Interest to get him that Post, thinking it was sending him to certain Destruction ; nor were they deceived. Essex marched with a large Army, and an unlimited general Commission ; but his private Instructions were to appoint certain Persons Leaders of the Army under him, and to march against Tir-Owen, the most formidable of the Rebels : But he, directly contrary to these Instructions, appointed the Earl of Southampton General of the Army, and spent the whole Summer in pursuing some Rebels of little Note. This obliged the Queen to send him some very sharp Letters, which he highly resented. At length he marched against Tir-Owen, but instead of coming to a Battel, he held a private Parley with that Rebel, and concluded a Truce with him for six Weeks, renewable at the end of that time for six Weeks more, and so on. But finding his Conduct disliked in England, he hasten'd thither, leaving Ireland without Orders ; upon which he was put into Custody at the Lord Keeper's House. But after six Months Confinement, he was suffer'd with an Officer to go home to his own House ; and the Queen, to proceed as mildly as possible against him, would not suffer him to be impeach'd in the Star-Chamber,

ber, lest they should accuse him of High-Treason, or fine him considerably; but appointed a select Commission to try him at the Lord Keeper's; where, after a long Hearing they determin'd he should lose his Places, and remain in Confinement during the Queen's Pleasure. Had his Behaviour after this answer'd the Mildness with which he was treated, he might again have been restored to Favour; but he was too hot-headed, and those about him gave him very ill Counsel. Amongst other Favours conferr'd upon him, he had the Farm of the Wines at a very easy rate; but the Grant being almost expired, he sued to have it renew'd; but the Queen not caring to grant it too easily, sent him but a rough Answer, and still refused to see him. Upon this his Counsellors told him, that the Ministers were his great Enemies, and since he could not by fair Means, he ought to remove them by Force: And he was rash enough to form a Design of seizing upon the Palace, and in it the Queen and her Council; as also upon the Tower and the City of London; but being suspected, he was summon'd before the Council, and refused to appear, under a Pretence of Indisposition; but finding his Measures entirely broken, he sent for all his Friends about him. Hereupon, the 8th of February 1600, being Sunday, betimes in the Morning, he had got some Noblemen and about Three hundred Gentlemen with

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him. The News of this being brought to the Queen, she sent the Lord-Keeper, with three more of the Council, to learn the Meaning of so tumultuous a Convention; but instead of answering them, he put them into Custody, till he could go into the City, expecting every Body there would rise for him. But in this he was entirely deceiv'd, not a Man taking up Arms. Mean while, he was proclaimed a Traytor, and a Party of the Queen's meeting him near St. Paul's, there was a Skirmish, in which some few were kill'd, and Essex was oblig'd to get back Home by Water, and he began to fortify his House, but in vain: The great Ordnance was brought against him, and after a short Defence, in which some were kill'd; he was oblig'd to surrender, and on the 19th was brought to his Trial, with Southampton, before his Peers, impeached of High-Treason, convicted and condemn'd: The latter was saved, but Essex on the 25th (Ash-Wednesday) was privately executed in the Tower. This, and the Life of Southampton, being the only Favours he could ask of the Queen, who 'twas thought might easily have been prevail'd upon to save his Life, considering his natural Rashness and his Age, he being then but in his 34th Year. Both the following Songs were written the same Year, and as well for their Antiquity, as for their Story, justly claim a Place here.

Sweet

Sweet England's Prize is gone,  
*Welladay, Welladay,*  
 Which makes her sigh and groan  
*Evermore still:*

He did her Fame advance,  
 In *Ireland, Spain, and France,*  
 And by a sad Mischance  
 Is from us ta'en.

He was a virtuous Peer,  
*Welladay, &c.*  
 And was esteemed dear,  
*Evermore still.*

He always lov'd the Poor,  
 Which makes 'em sigh full sore,  
 His Death they did deplore  
 In every Place.

Brave Honour grac'd him still,  
*Gallantly, gallantly,*  
 He ne'er did Deed of Ill,  
*Well it is known:*  
 But Envy, that foul Fiend,  
 Whose Malice ne'er doth end,  
 Hath thus brought Virtue's Friend  
 Unto this Thrall.

At Tilt he did surpass,  
*Gallantly, &c.*  
 All Men that is and was,  
*Evermore still.*

One Day as it was seen,  
 In Honour of the Queen,  
 Such Deeds have seldom been,  
 As he did do.

Abroad and eke at Home,  
*Gallantly, &c.*  
 For Valour there was none,  
 Like him before:

For *Ireland*  
 Still fear'd  
 But *England*  
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For *Ireland, France and Spain,*  
 Still fear'd great *Essex's* Name,  
 But *England* lov'd the same,  
 In every Place.

But all would not avail,  
*Welladay, Welladay,*  
 His Deeds did not prevail,  
 More was the Pity :  
 He was condemn'd to die,  
 For Treason certainly,  
 But God that sits on high,  
 Knoweth all Things.

That *Sunday* in the Morn,  
*Welladay, &c.*  
 That he to the City came,  
 With all his Troops ;  
 Did first begin the Strife,  
 And caus'd his Loss of Life,  
 And others did the like,  
 As well as he.

Yet her Princely Majesty,  
*Graciously, graciously,*  
 Hath Pardon given free  
 To many of them ;  
 She hath releas'd them quite,  
 And given them their Right :  
 They did pray Day and Night  
 God to defend her.

*Shrove-Tuesday* in the Night,  
*Welladay, &c.*  
 With a heavy-hearted Spight,  
 As it is said :  
 The Lieutenant of the *Tower,*  
 Who kept him in his Power,  
 At Ten a-Clock that Hour,  
 To him did come.

And

And said unto him there,  
*Mournfully, &c.*  
 My Lord you must prepare,  
 To die To-morrow.  
 God's Will be done, quoth he,  
 Yet shall you strangely see,  
 God strong in me to be,  
 Tho' I am weak.

I pray you pray for me,  
*Welladay, &c.*  
 That God may strengthen me  
 Against that Hour.  
 Then straightway he did call  
 To the Guard under the Wall,  
 And did intreat them all  
 For him to pray;

For To-morrow is the Day,  
*Welladay, &c.*  
 That I a Debt must pay,  
 Which I do owe;  
 It is my Life I mean,  
 Which I must pay the *Queen*,  
 Even so hath Justice given,  
 That I must die.

In the Morning was he brought,  
*Welladay, &c.*  
 Where the Scaffold was set up,  
 Within the *Tower*,  
 Many Lords were present then,  
 With other Gentlemen,  
 Which were appointed then,  
 To see him die.

You noble Lords, quoth he,  
*Welladay, &c.*  
 That must the Witness be,  
 Of this my Dream:

Know I ne'e  
 But still did i  
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I have a Sin  
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Know I ne'er lov'd Papistry  
 But still did it defy,  
 And thus doth *Essex* die,  
 Here in this Place.

I have a Sinner been,  
*Welladay, &c.*  
 Yet never wrong'd my Queen,  
 In all my Life:  
 My God I did offend,  
 Which grieves me at my End:  
 May all the rest amend,  
 I them forgive.

To the State I ne'er meant ill,  
*Welladay, &c.*  
 Neither wish'd the Commons ill  
 In all my Life:  
 But lov'd with all my Heart,  
 And always took their part,  
 Whene'er they were desert,  
 In any Place.

Then mildly did he crave,  
*Mournfully, &c.*  
 He might the Favour have,  
 Private to pray.  
 He then pray'd heartily,  
 And with great Fervency,  
 To God that sits on high,  
 For to receive him.

And then he pray'd again,  
*Mournfully, &c.*  
 God to preserve his Queen  
 From all her Foes,  
 And send her long to reign,  
 True Justice to maintain,  
 And not to let proud *Spain*  
 Once to offend her.

His

His Gown he stript off then,  
*Welladay, &c.*  
 And put off his Hat and Band,  
 And hung them by,  
 Praying still continually,  
 To God that sits on high,  
 That he might patiently  
 There suffer Death.

My Headsman that must be,  
 Then said he chearfully,  
 Let him come here to me,  
 That I may see him.  
 Who kneeled to him then ;  
 Art thou, quoth he, the Man  
 Who art appointed now,  
 My Life to free ?

Yes, my Lord, he did say,  
*Welladay, &c.*  
 Forgive me, I you pray,  
 For this your Death :  
 I here do thee forgive,  
 And may true Justice live,  
 No foul Crimes to forgive,  
 Within this Place :

Then he kneel'd down again,  
*Welladay, &c.*  
 And was requir'd by some,  
 There standing by,  
 To forgive his Enemies,  
 Before Death clos'd his Eyes,  
 Which he did in hearty-wise,  
 Thanking them for't.

That they would remember him,  
*Welladay, &c.*  
 That he would forgive all them  
 That had him wrong'd :

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He laid his  
*Welladay*  
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Now I take my Leave,  
 Sweet Christ my Soul receive,  
 Now when you will prepare,  
 I am ready.

He laid his Head on the Block,  
*Welladay, &c.*

But his Doublet lett the Stroke,  
 Some there did say:

What must be done, quoth he,  
 Shall be done presently;

Then his Doublet off put he,  
 And laid down again:

The Headsman did his Part,  
 Cruelly, cruelly,

He was not seen to start,  
 For all the Blows:

His Soul is now at rest,  
 In Heaven among the Bless'd,

Where God send us to rest,  
 When it shall please him.







XV. A lamentable Ballad on the Earl  
of *Essex's* Death,

---

To the Tune of *Essex's Last Good-night*.

---

**A**LL you that cry O Hone, O Hone,  
Come now and sing O Hone with me,  
For why our Jewel is from us gone,  
The valiant Knight of Chivalry:  
Of Rich and Poor belov'd was he,  
In time an honourable Knight,  
When by our Laws condemn'd to die,  
*He lately took his last Good-night.*

Count him not like to *Champion*,  
Those traiterous Men of *Babington*,  
Nor like the Earl of *Westmoreland*,  
By whom a Number were undone:  
He never yet hurt Mother's Son,  
His Quarrel still maintains the Right,  
With the Tears my Face down run,  
*When I think on his last Good-night.*

The *Portugals* can Witness be,  
His *Dagger* at *Lisbon* Gate he flung,  
And like a Knight of Chivalry,  
His Chain upon the Gates he hung:

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The Nobles  
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I would to God that he would come,  
To fetch them back in order right,  
Which thing was by his Honour done,  
*Yet lately took his last Good-night.*

The *Frenchmen* they can testify,  
The Town of *Gourney* he took in,  
And march'd to *Rome* immediately,  
Not caring for his Foes a Pin :  
With Bullets then he pierc'd his Skin,  
And made them fly from his Sight :  
He there that time did credit win,  
*And now hath ta'en his last Good-night.*

And stately *Cales* can Witness be,  
E'en by his Proclamation right,  
And did command them all straitly,  
To have a care of Infants Lives,  
And that none should hurt Man or Wife,  
Which was against their Right :  
Therefore they pray'd for his long Life,  
*Which lately took his last Good-night.*

Wou'd God he ne'er had *Ireland* known,  
Nor set one Foot on *Flanders* Ground,  
Then might we well enjoy'd our own,  
Where now our Jewel will not be found,  
Which makes our Eyes still abound ;  
Trickling with salt Tears in our Sight,  
To hear his Name in our Ears to sound,  
*Lord Devereux took his last Good-night.*

*Wednes*-*Wednesday*, that dismal Day,  
When he came forth his Chamber-Door ;  
Upon a Scaffold there he saw  
His Headsman standing him before :  
The Nobles all they did deplore,  
Shedding salt Tears in his sight,  
He said farewell to Rich and Poor,  
*At his Good-morrow and Good-night.*

My

My Lords, said he, you stand but by,  
 To see Performance of the Law :  
 'Tis I that have deserv'd to die,  
 And yield my self unto the Blow ;  
 I have deserv'd to die I know,  
 But ne'er against my Country's Right,  
 Nor to my Queen was ever Foe,  
*Upon my Death at my Good-night.*

Farewel *Elizabeth*, my gracious Queen,  
 God blefs thee, with thy Council all ;  
 Farewel my Knights of Chivalry,  
 Farewel my Soldiers stout and tall :  
 Farewel the Commons great and small,  
 Into the Hands of Men I light,  
 My Life shall make amends for all,  
*For Essex bids the World Good-night.*

Farewel dear Wife, and Children three,  
 Farewel my kind and tender Son :  
 Comfort your selves, mourn not for me,  
 Altho' your Fall be now begun :  
 My time is come, my Glass is run,  
 Comfort your self in former Light,  
 Seeing by my Fall you are undone,  
*Your Father bids the World Good-night.*

*Derick*, thou know'st at *Cales* I sav'd  
 Thy Life, lost for a Rape there done,  
 As thou thy self can'st testify,  
 Thine own Hand Three and twenty hung ;  
 But now thou see'st my self is come,  
 By Chance into thy Hands I light,  
 Strike out thy Blow, that I may know,  
*Thou Essex lov'd at his Good-night.*

When *England* counted me a Papist,  
 The Works of Papists I defy,  
 I ne'er worshipp'd Saint nor Angel in Heav'n,  
 Nor the Virgin *Mary*, I ;

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But to Christ, which for my Sins did die,  
Trickling with salt Tears in his sight,  
Spreading my Arms to God on high,  
Lord Jesus receive my Soul this Night.



## XVI. The Life and Death of Queen ELIZABETH.

To the Tune of *The Ladies Fall.*

Having enter'd upon some of the most remarkable Actions of this great Princess, we now come to a general Ballad on her Life and Death. But I cannot pretend to give any Detail of it; for her Reign was so long and there are so many great and glorious Occurrences in it, that a bare Catalogue of them would be sufficient to fill up my whole Volume. When she came to the Throne she was about Twenty-five Years of Age, and her People hoped she would marry, and leave a Race of Monarchs; but she disappointed them, though no Woman had better Offers made her. In the first Year of her Reign King Philip, her late Sister's Husband sought her in Marriage; but she found Pretences to put him off, as she did all her Lovers; for she never gave any of them an absolute Denial. Afterwards Charles Duke of Austria, Erick King of Sweden, Henry Ear







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of Arundel, and Robert Dudley, (a younger Son of the late Duke of Northumberland, who was beheaded, and who was so much in favour, that he was afterwards created Earl of Leicester, and held several important Offices) all enter'd the Lists at once; but the Man who bid fairest for her some time after, was the Duke of Anjou, who twice came over to England, and was extremely well receiv'd; and once the Queen went so far, as to take a Ring off her Finger, and give him; but she found Means to put him off too. One of her Reasons was, she could not brook a Rival or Partner in the supreme Power. Another was the Religion of those amongst her Lovers she probably might have thought it most her Interest to take; for 'twas with Difficulty she had abolish'd the Roman Worship, which her Sister Mary had again introduced in England; and planted the Protestant Religion, which she very well knew a Catholick Husband would endeavour to destroy. And this Zeal of the Queen's for the Protestant Cause often put her Life in the utmost Danger; for Pope Pius V. thunder'd out a Bull of Excommunication, in which he declar'd that she had forfeited her Title to the Crown, and absolv'd her Subjects of their Oath of Allegiance. Embolden'd by this, many of the Papists plotted against her Life, and scarce ever a Year past, but several Conspiracies were discover'd; so watchful

was Providence of this great Queen, seeming to reserve her for the most glorious Works. For besides domestick Troubles, the Rebels in Ireland were always in Arms; the Scotch were restless and troublesome, the Spaniards her declar'd Enemies, and the Roman Catholicks every where her secret ones; yet did she live to quiet her own Subjects, to subdue the Irish, to model the Scotch Government, and see the Protestant Religion settled there; to defeat the Pride of Spain, and give their Navy such dreadful Shocks, that they never will recover themselves; and, spite of all Opposition, she propagated the Reformation amongst the Netherlanders, whom she took under her immediate Protection: And 'tis in this Action, giving Audience to their Deputies, that I have chosen to have her represented. The Death of Mary Queen of Scots, the Crime which her Enemies lay to her Charge, she was in no wise guilty of. As this Princess had taken the Arms of England, and done several other things in Opposition to Queen Elizabeth, she certainly did not love her; but she detain'd her in Prison, as well to prevent what the Papists might undertake for her in England, as to give the Protestants time to strengthen themselves in Scotland: And when Queen Mary had enter'd into a Conspiracy with some Catholicks, she granted a Commission for her Trial, on purpose to deter her from such Practices for the future;

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but the *Dead Warrant* was signed not only without her Knowledge, but directly against her Intentions ; and one *Queen* was executed before the other heard of such a Design. But I shall grow too particular and tedious. *Queen Elizabeth* having reigned Forty-four Years and four Months ; and being enter'd into the Seventieth Year of her Age, fell ill and died, having named King *James VI.* of Scotland, Son to *Queen Mary*, her Successor.

IN *England* reigned once a King,  
Eighth *Henry* call'd by Name,  
Which made fair *Anno* of *Bullen* Queen  
Of *England* in great Fame :  
Who brought unto this Country Joy,  
And to her King Delight ;  
A Daughter that in *England* made  
God's Gospel shine most bright.

At *Greenwich* was the Princess born,  
That gallant Place in *Kent*,  
A House belov'd of Kings and Queens ;  
A House of sweet Content.  
E'en in her Childhood she began,  
So stor'd with heav'nly Grace,  
That all Estates both high and low,  
Her Virtues did embrace.

None like *Elizabeth* was found,  
In Learning so divine,  
She had the perfect skilful Art,  
Of all the Muses nine :  
In *Latin*, *Greek* and *Hebrew* she  
Most excellent was known,



To foreign Kings Ambassadors,  
The same was daily shown.

Th' *Italian, French* and *Spanish* Tongue,  
She well could speak or read,  
The *Turkish* and *Arabian* Speech  
Grew perfect at her Need.  
The Musick made her wonderful,  
So cunning therein found,  
The Fame whereof about the World,  
In Princes Ears did sound.

Yet when her Royal Parents Lives  
By Death were ta'en away,  
And her dear Brother *Edward* turn'd  
To Clods of Earth and Clay :  
Her cruel Sister *Mary* sought  
Her lasting Grief and Woe,  
Regarding not the Gifts which God  
Upon her did bestow.

A bloody Reign *Queen Mary* liv'd,  
A Papist in Belief,  
Which was unto *Elizabeth*  
A great Heart-breaking Grief.  
A faithful Protestant she was,  
At which *Queen Mary* spighted,  
And in *Elizabeth's* Mishaps  
She daily much delighted.

Poor Maiden by the Bishops Wills  
In Prison she was put,  
And from her Friends and Comforters  
In cruel manner shut.  
Much hoping she would turn in time,  
And her true Faith forsake :  
But firm she was, and patiently  
Did all these Troubles take.

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Her Sister forthwith did command  
 Her Diet to be small,  
 Her Servants likewise very few,  
 Yea almost none at all :  
 And also would have ta'en her Life,  
 But that King *Philip* said,  
 O Queen, thy Country will report,  
 Thou hast the Tyger plaid.

The Lord thus put the King in mind  
 His chosen Saint to save,  
 And also to Queen *Mary's* Life  
 A sudden ending gave :  
 And so *Elizabeth* was fetch'd  
 From Prison to a Crown,  
 Which she full Four and forty Years  
 Possess'd with great Renown.

She Popery first of all suppress'd,  
 And in our *English* Tongue,  
 Did cause God's Bible to be read ;  
 Which Heaven continue long !  
 Pure Preaching likewise she ordain'd,  
 With Plenty in this Land,  
 And still against the Foes thereof  
 Most zealously did stand.

The Pride of *Rome* this Queen abates,  
 And spiteful *Spain* keeps under,  
 And succour'd much Low Country States,  
 Whereat the World did wonder,  
 That such a worthy Queen as she,  
 Should work such worthy things,  
 And bring more Honour to this Land,  
 Than all our former Kings.

The Gold still brought from *Spanish* Mines,  
 In spite of all our Foes,  
 Throughout all Parts of *Christendom*,  
 Her brave Adventure shows:

Her Battels fought upon the Seas  
 Refounded up to Heaven,  
 Which to advance her Fame and Praise,  
 Had Victory still given.

The *Spanish* Power in Eighty-eight,  
 Which thirsted for her Blood,  
 Most nobly, like an Amazon,  
 Their Purposes withstood;  
 And boldly in her Royal Camp,  
 In Person she was seen :  
 The like was never done, I think,  
 By any *English* Queen.

Full many a Traytor since that time  
 She hath confounded quite,  
 And not the bloodiest Mind of all  
 Her Courage could affright :  
 For Mercy join'd with Majesty  
 Still made her Foes her Friends,  
 By pardoning many which deserv'd  
 To have untimely Ends.

*Tyrone* with all his *Irish* Rout  
 Of Rebels in that Land,  
 Though ne'er so desperate, bold and stout,  
 Yet fear'd her great Command.  
 She made them quake and tremble fore  
 But for to hear her Name :  
 She planted Peace in that fair Land,  
 And did their Wildness tame.

Tho' Wars she kept with Dangers great,  
 In *Ireland*, *France* and *Spain* ;  
 Yet her true Subjects still at home  
 In Safety did remain :  
 They joy'd to see her Princely Face,  
 And would in Numbers run  
 To meet her Royal Majesty,  
 More thick than Moats in Sun.

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But Time that brings all Things to end,  
 A swift Foot-course did run :  
 And of this Royal Maiden Queen,  
 A woful Conquest won.  
 Her Death brought Fear upon the Land,  
 No Words but Tales of Woe  
 In Subjects Ears resounded then,  
 Where-ever Men did go.

But Fear exchange'd to present Joys,  
 Sweet Comforts loud did ring,  
 Instead of Queen, the People cry'd,  
 Long live our Royal King :  
 Which Name of King did seem most strange,  
 And made us for to muse ;  
 Because full many a Year the Name  
 Of King we did not use.

Yet such a noble King is he,  
 And so maintains our Peace,  
 That we in that may daily wish  
 His Life may never cease.  
 Our hopeful and most Royal Prince,  
 Good Angels still defend,  
 This is my Muse's chief Desire,  
 Her Melody to end.



XVII. A short and sweet Sonnet made  
by one of the Maids of Honour, up-  
on the Death of *Queen Elizabeth*,  
which she sewed upon a Sampler of  
Red Silk.

---

To the Tune of *Philida flouts me*.

---

**G**One is *Elizabeth*,  
Whom we have lov'd so dear,  
She our kind Mistress was  
Full Four and forty Year.  
*England* she govern'd well  
Not to be blamed,  
*Flanders* she govern'd well,  
And *Ireland* famed.  
*France* she befriended,  
*Spain* she had toiled,  
*Papists* rejected,  
And the *Pope* spoiled.  
To Princes powerful,  
To the World virtuous,  
To her Foes merciful,  
To Subjects gracious.  
Her Soul is in Heaven,  
The World keeps her Glory;  
Subjects her good Deeds,  
And so ends my Story,

XVIII.





XVIII. An excellent Song made of the  
Successors of King *Edward* the IVth.

---

To the Tune of *O Man in Desperation.*

---

*The Author of the following Song, who wrote in the time of King James I. had no other View but to shew us that Monarch's Title to the Crown, by his Descent from the united Families of York and Lancaster, tho' he has not done it in the most clear manner he might. As I have in the Three Vol. often spoke of the Divisions of these two Houses, and more than once of the Union, I think I ought not to conclude my whole Collection without taking notice of the first Rise of this Quarrel, and the Justice of the several Claims. To do this, we must look back to King Edward the 3d, who had seven Sons: Edward commonly called the Black Prince, dy'd in his Father's Life-time, and left one Son behind him who inherited the Crown, this was Richard the 2d, who was afterwards depos'd. King Edward's second Son William died without Issue. Of Lionel the third Son I shall*

shall rather chuse to speak anon. The Fourth Son was John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, Father of Henry Duke of Hereford, who having been banish'd by King Richard the second, as before related, returned at a convenient time into England, and made himself Master of the Kingdom and Crown by deposing this Richard; and the latter dying without Issue, Henry could have no Competitor's but the Off-spring of Lionel, his Father's Elder Brother, who were not at that time in a Condition to give him the least Uneasiness. The Fifth Son of the great Edward was Edmund Duke of York; the other Two are foreign of my purpose.

To return to Lionel the Third Son of Edward, he left but one Daughter named Philippa, who marry'd Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, and had Issue two Sons and two Daughters, but both the former and one of the latter died without Issue. Anne, the sole Heiress of that House was Married to Richard, Earl of Cambridge, Son of Edmund Duke of York, Fifth Son of this Edward; by whom she had Richard Duke of York, Father to Edward Earl of March. In spite of this prior Claim the Lancastrian Family seem'd very quietly seated in the Throne. Henry IV. had destroy'd all his Enemies. Henry V. to divert the restless English, and to make himself belov'd, carry'd his Arms into France, and made a Conquest of that Kingdom; but

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leaving his Son an Infant, that Conquest was soon lost; and this Prince wanting his Father's Courage when he grew up, and instead of the prudent and wholesome Counsels of his Uncles, listning to the selfish Advice of a few blood-thirsty Prelates, so lost the Hearts of the English, that the Earl of March thought it a most proper Opportunity of asserting his prior Right; and assisted by the famous Earl of Warwick, and a great many other brave and experienc'd Soldiers, he began to wage open War with Henry. At this time it was the Nation felt all the Fury of Civil Broils, for many a bloody Battel was fought, in which Henry was at last defeated, and Edward won the Crown. The Death of this Edward's two Sons in the Tower, the short Reign of Richard III<sup>d</sup>, the Arrival of Earl Richmond, who was proclaim'd King by the Name of Henry VII. his uniting the two Families by marrying the Heiress of the House of York, the Succession of his Son, also of his Grand-Children, Edward VI. Mary and Elizabeth, need no repeating. The last of these dying without Issue, they were forced to look for the Offspring of Henry the 7<sup>th</sup>'s Female Issue. Margaret, his eldest Daughter was married to the King of Scotland, and bore him a Son who reigned there by the Name of James the V<sup>th</sup>. This Monarch left an only Daughter Mary, afterwards Queen of Scots, Mother to K. James VI.

VI. *by whose Accession to the English Throne  
the Kingdoms also were united.*

**W**Hen as the King of *England* dy'd,  
*Edward* the Fourth by Name;  
 He had two Sons of tender Years,  
 For to succeed the same:  
 Then *Richard* Duke of *Glocester*  
 Desiring Kingly sway,  
 Devis'd by Treason how to make  
 His Nephews both away.

He with the Duke of *Buckingham*  
 Did closely then contrive  
 How he unto the *English* Crown  
 Might happily atchieve:  
 Betwixt them both they laid a Plot,  
 And both together went  
 To *Stony-Stratford*, where they met  
 Our King incontinent.

This sweet young King did entertain  
 His Uncle lovingly,  
 Not thinking of their secret Drift,  
 And wicked Treachery;  
 But when the Duke of *Buckingham*  
 To set abroad the thing,  
 Began a Quarrel for the once,  
 With them that kept the King.

And there they did arrest Lord *Gray*,  
 The Brother to the Queen,  
 Her other Brother Lord *Rivers*,  
 In durance then was seen:  
 Sir *Thomas Vaughan* they likewise  
 Did then and there arrest;  
 Thus was the King of all his Friends  
 On sudden dispossest.

The King doth for his Uncles plead,  
 And would their Sureties be:  
 But both these Dukes would in no Case  
 To his Request agree.  
 In brief, these Noblemen were sent  
 To *Pomfret-Castle* soon,  
 Where secretly and suddenly  
 They there to Death were doom.

Then forth they brought the King alone,  
 To *London* with great speed,  
 Using Persuasions in such sort,  
 Not to dislike their Deed:  
 But when to *London* he was come,  
 For him they had prepar'd  
 The Bishop's Palace there to hold,  
 But safely under Guard.

And then Duke *Richard* takes on him  
 The keeping of the King,  
 Naming himself Lord Protector,  
 His Purpose about to bring:  
 Devising how to get in hold  
 The other Brother too,  
 The which the Cardinal undertook  
 Full cunningly to do.

The Cardinal then all in haste  
 Unto the Queen did come,  
 Using Persuasions in such sort,  
 He got the other Son:  
 And then they both incontinent  
 Unto the *Tower* were sent,  
 After which time they ne'er came forth,  
 For Death did them prevent.

Duke *Richard* having found the Means  
 To work these Princes Death,

Did



Did cause *James Tirril's* hired Men  
Full soon to stop their Breath:  
*Miles Forrest* and *James Diggins* both,  
These wicked cruel Men,  
Were made the Instruments of Blood,  
To work the Murther then.

These Princes lying in their Bed,  
Being sweetly Arm in Arm,  
Not thinking of this vile Intent,  
Or meaning any Harm:  
These Villains in their Feathered-beds  
Did wrap them up in haste,  
And with the Cloaths did smother them,  
Till Life and Breath was past.

But when they were so murdered,  
Where laid no Man did know:  
But mark, the Judgment of the Lord  
Did sharp Revenge soon show.  
Betwixt the Dukes within short space,  
Such Discord there was bred,  
That *Buckingham* to please the King,  
Was forc'd to lose his Head.

Then *Richard* in his Kingly Seat,  
No Rest nor Ease could find,  
The Murther of his Nephews did  
So sore torment his Mind;  
He never could take quiet Rest,  
His Life he still did fear;  
His Hand upon his Dagger was,  
And none might come him near.

At length the Earl of *Richmond* came  
With such a puissant Hand,  
That this usurping King was forc'd  
In his Defence to stand:  
And meeting him in *Bosworth-Field*,  
They fought with Heart full fain,

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But God (for shedding Princes Blood)  
Caus'd *Richard* to be slain.

Then being dead upon a Horse,  
Naked as he was born,  
His Flesh sore cut and mangled,  
His Hair all rent and torn.  
And then Earl *Richmond* worthily,  
For this his Deed of Fame,  
Of *England* he was crowned King,  
*Henry* the Seventh by Name.

From whose most Royal Loins did spring  
That famous King of Might,  
*Henry* the Eighth, whose worthy Deeds  
Our Chronicles recte :  
Who dying left his Land and Crown  
To *Edward* his sweet Son :  
Whose Gracious Reign all *England* ru'd,  
His time so soon was run.

His Sister *Mary* did succeed,  
Next Princess in this Land,  
But in her time blind Ignorance  
Against God's Truth did stand :  
Which caused many a Martyr's Blood  
Be shed in rueful Case ;  
But God did *England's* Woes regard,  
And turn'd those Storms to Grace.

At length the other Sister came,  
*Elizabeth*, late Queen ;  
And she reliev'd her Subjects Hearts  
From Grief and Sorrow clean :  
She spent her Days in Peace and Joy,  
And dy'd God's Servant true,  
And now enjoys a Place in Heaven,  
Amongst the blessed Crew.

Next her succeeding Mighty *James*,  
Likewise of *Henry's* Race,

His

His Majesty with Royal Right,  
Deserves this worthy Place ;  
Whose Progeny God long preserve,  
This Kingdom for to sway,  
And send all Subjects Loyal Hearts,  
Their Sovereign to obey.

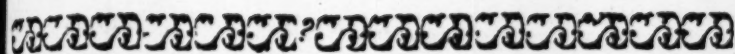


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XIX. A Servant's Sorrow, for the Loss of his late Royal Mistress Queen Anne, who deceas'd at *Hampton-Court* the 2d of *May*, 1618.

---

To the Tune of *In sad and Ashey Weeds.*

---

Anne, Daughter to Frederick II. King of Denmark, was contracted to James VI. King of Scotland, and the Marriage celebrated in the former of these Kingdoms by Proxy, in the Month of August, of the Year 1589, and the young Queen, who was scarce Sixteen at that time, set Sail for Scotland, but met with such violent Storms at Sea, that She was forced back into Norway. These Storms were raised by Witchcraft, say some of our credulous Historians; an Opinion which a Reverend Modern Author gives into, and seems firmly enough to believe. King James hearing this News, hasten'd to Norway, notwithstanding the Winter was then far advanced, and in spite of the Coldness of the Season or Climate, consummated his Marriage there: This Couple lived very happily together

gether upwards of Nine and twenty Years  
and had several Children, some of whose  
Royal Offspring still adorn the Throne. At  
length the Queen, who had some time been  
ill of a Dropsy, died at Hampton the 1<sup>st</sup>  
of March, 1618-19, according to our Com-  
putation, being about 45 Years old. Her  
Body was brought from thence to Somerset-  
House, and in about a Month after, the Fu-  
neral Obsequies were perform'd at Westmin-  
ster, with a great deal of Pomp and Cere-  
mony. I need not observe to my Readers,  
that this Song was written immediately after  
her Death.

**I**N Dole and deep Distress  
Poor Soul I sighing make my moan,  
A Doom of Heaviness  
Constrains my heavy Heart to groan.  
Then hapless I  
That thus must cry  
Against those Sisters three,  
Which to my Pain,  
Her Life hath ta'ne  
That late did comfort me.

In fable Weeds I mourn,  
My Prince's Absence to condole,  
Who never can return  
Unto my sad forsaken Soul.  
Yet will I show  
The Grounds of Woe,  
Of such as Mourners be,  
For sorrowing Care  
Will be my Share,  
When none will comfort me.

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My golden Sun is fled,  
 And clearest Day beset with Clouds,  
 A hollow Sheet of Lead  
 My late beloved Princess shrouds.  
 For whose sweet sake  
 This Moan I make,  
 As all the World may see,  
 There is no Joy,  
 But in annoy;  
 Then who can comfort me?

With grief I waste away,  
 Remembring of my gracious Queen;  
 We Servants all may say,  
 And witness well what she hath been,  
 A Princess kind,  
 Of Royal Mind,  
 Adorn'd with Courtesy;  
 But now a Grave  
 Her Grace will have,  
 And none will comfort me.

Oh let my ireful Cries  
 To Sadness Court and Country move,  
 No Mourning may suffice  
 To tell my dear affecting love,  
 Nor Words of Woe  
 Cannot well show,  
 The Grievs that settled be  
 Within my Breast,  
 So much distressed,  
 That none can comfort me.

Yet Mourners there be store  
 Of Kings, of States, and Princes high,  
 Who sadly do deplore.  
 The Want of that sweet Majesty:  
 Who spent her Days  
 In virtuous Ways,

And

And doing good, we see:  
 Her liberal Hand  
 Adorn'd this Land,  
 Which much doth comfort me.

My Sovereign Lord King *James*,  
 Lamenting moans his *Turtle Dear*,  
 And Princely *Charles* out-streams  
 Full many a sad and sorrowful Tear:  
 So as that Race  
 Of Royal Grace  
 And Blooms of Majesty,  
 Conjoin in one,  
 For to make moan,  
 Yet none will comfort me.

The *Palsgrave* of the *Rhine*,  
 With *Denmark's* most true honoured King,  
 Unto sad Sorrow's Shrine,  
 Some sacrificing Tears will bring:  
*Elizabeth*  
 Thy Mother's Death  
 A mournful News will be,  
 To fill those Courts  
 With sad Reports,  
 Yet no Man comforts me.

Methinks the *Netherlands*,  
 And *German* Princes of her Kin,  
 Possess with Sorrow stand,  
 And sadly thus their Grief begin:  
 Farewel, Adieu,  
 Sweet Queen so true,  
 Thy Life much miss'd will be;  
 For Rich and Poor  
 Fed on thy Store,  
 But now none comforts me.

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Where-e're her Highness went,  
 Sweet Bounty frankly she bestow'd,  
 The Gifts that God her lent,  
 Unto the World she nobly show'd :  
 With many Ways  
 Advanc'd her Praise,  
 So full of Good was she ;  
 The which did move  
 All Men to Love,  
 But now none comforts me.

You Ladies fair and fine,  
 Attendants on this Royal Queen,  
 Her Grace is made Divine  
 On this dull Earth not to be seen.  
 Her Soul is flown  
 Up to the Throne  
 Where Angels reigning be,  
 Whilst I aspire  
 To vain Desire,  
 For now none comforts me.

Oh blessed be that Mould  
 Which shall contain so sweet a Prize,  
 Keep safe the same inroll'd,  
 Untouch'd, unseen by mortal Eyes.  
 Till from this Earth  
 A second Birth  
 Of Newness framed be,  
 And till that Hour  
 Preserve this Flower,  
 Whose Goodness comforts me.

A Queen and Mother dear,  
 A Wife, a Daughter to a King,  
 A Sister Royal here,  
 And Grandom as Renown doth ring :

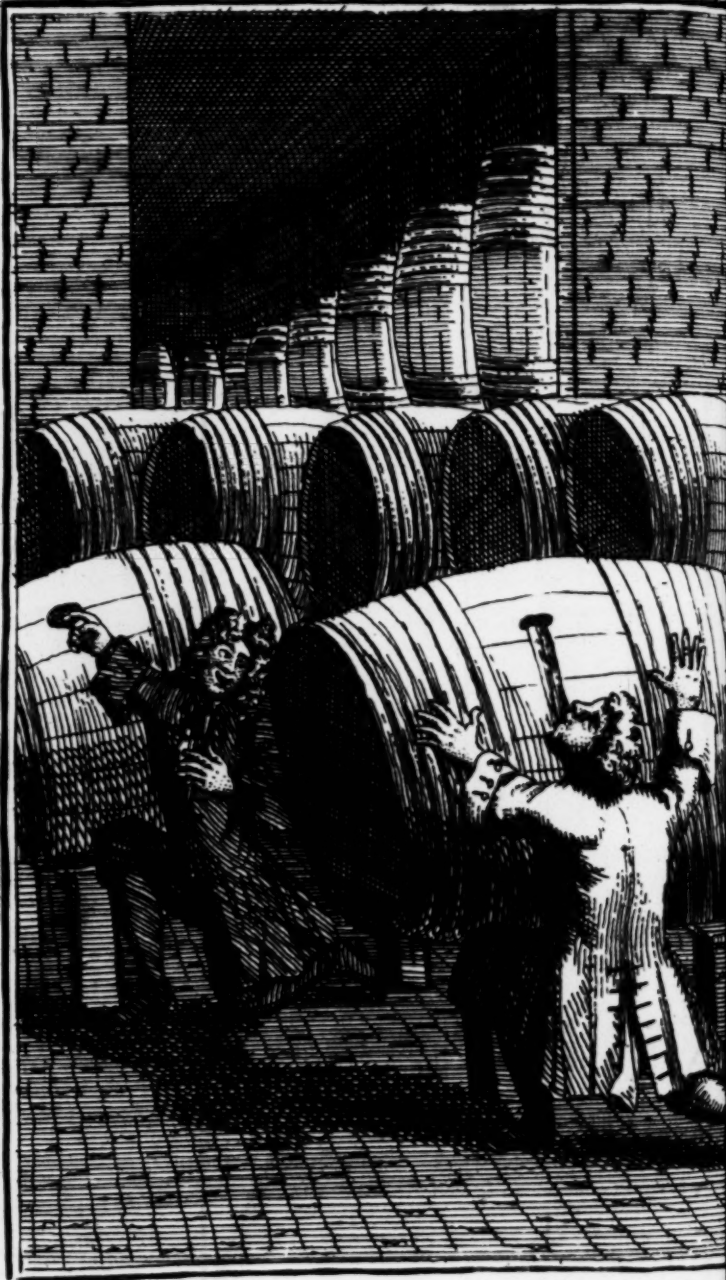
Which

Which rich born Fame  
Hath grac'd her Name,  
Though all now buried be,  
Yet after-Days  
Shall sound her Praise;  
Which greatly comforts me.









XX

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VOL. III

## XX. BACCHUS overcome.

I now come to the Drinking Songs I promised in my last Preface, but I have abridg'd Part of the Number I intended; some of my judicious Readers having desired me to be as short in these as I possibly cou'd, and to give 'em the more Historical Ballads. To diversify these Songs a little, I have not wholly confined myself to Antiquity, having thrown in two or three modern ones. I shall say nothing of any of the Songs in particular, leaving every one to judge of 'em as they think fit. And to confess the Truth, I have not that Concern for 'em that I have for the Songs which have made up the former Part of the Volume.

MY Friend and I, we drank whole Pils-pots

Full of Sack up to the Brim:

drank to my Friend, and he drank his Pot,

so we put about the Whim:

Three Bottles, and a Quart,

We swallow'd down our Throat;

but hang such puny Sips as these,

We laid us all along,

With our Mouths unto the Bung,

and we tipp'd whole Hogheads off with Ease.

I heard of a Fop that drank whole Tankards,  
 Stil'd himself the Prince of Sots;  
 But I say hang such puny Drunkards,  
 Melt their Flagons, and break their Pots;  
     My Friend and I did join  
     For a Cellar full of Wine,  
 And we drank the Vintner out of door,  
     We drank it all up,  
     In a Morning at a sup,  
 And we greedily rov'd about for more.

My Friend to me did make this motion,  
 Let us to the Vintage skip;  
 Then we sail'd upon the Ocean,  
 Where we found a *Spanish* Ship,  
     Well laden with Wine,  
     Which was superfine,  
 The Sailors swore Five Hundred Tun.  
     We drank it all at Sea,  
     E'er we came unto the Key,  
 And the Merchant swore he was quite undone.

My Friend not having quench'd his Thirst;  
 Said, let us to the Vineyards haste:  
 Then we sail'd to the *Canaries*  
 Which afforded just a Taste:  
     From thence unto the *Rhine*,  
     Where we drank up all the Wine,  
 Till *Bacchus* cry'd hold you Sots or you die;  
     And swore he never found,  
     In his universal Round,  
 Two such thirsty Souls as my Friend and I.

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     'Tis  
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Out! cries one, what a Beast he makes himself;  
He can neither stand nor go.

Out! you Beast, that's a grand mistake, Sir,  
When e'er knew you a Beast drink so?

'Tis when we drink the least,

That we drink the most like a Beast,

But when we carouse it Six in a hand,

'Tis then and only then,

That we drink the most like Men,

When we drink till we can neither go nor stand.





## XXI. CANTO, in the Praise of Sack.

**L**isten all, I pray,  
 To the Words I have to say,  
 In Memory sure insert 'em:  
 Rich Wines do us raise  
 To the Honour of Bays,  
*Quem non fecere desertum?*

Of all the Juice  
 The Gods produce,  
 Sack shall be preferr'd before 'em:  
 'Tis Sack that shall  
 Create us all,  
*Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.*

We abandon all Ale,  
 Aud Beer that is stale,  
 Rosa-folis, and damnable Rum:  
 But we will rack  
 In the Praise of Sack,  
 'Gainst *Omne quod exit in um.*

This is the Wine,  
 Which in former Time,  
 Each wise one of the Magi  
 Was wont to carouse  
 In a frolicksome blouse,  
*Raubans sub tegmine fagi.*

Let the Hope be their Bane,  
 And a Rope be their Shame:  
 Let the Gout and Cholick pine 'em,  
 That offer to shrink,  
 In taking their Drink,  
*Seu Gracum, sive Latinum.*

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Let the Glas go round,  
 Let the Quart-Pot sound;  
 Let each one do as he's done to:  
 Avaunt ye that hug  
 The abominable Jug,  
 Mongst us *Heteroclitæ sunt*.

There's no such Disease,  
 As he that doth please  
 His Palate with Beer for to shame us:  
 'Tis Sack makes us sing,  
 Hey down a down ding,  
*Musa paulo majora canamus.*

He is either mute,  
 Or doth poorly dispute,  
 That drinks ought else but Wine O:  
 The more Wine a Man drinks,  
 Like a subtle Sphinx,  
*Santum valet ille loquendo.*

'Tis true, our Souls,  
 By the lowfy Bowls  
 Of Beer that doth naught but swill us,  
 Do go into Swine,  
 (Pythagoras 'tis thine)  
*Nam vos mutastis & illas.*

When I've Sack in my Brain,  
 I'm in a merry vain,  
 And this to me a Bliss is:  
 Him that is wise,  
 I can justly despise:  
*Mecum confertur Ulysses?*

How it chears the Brains,  
 How it warms the Veins,  
 How against all Crosses it arms us!  
 How it makes him that's poor,  
 Courageously roar,  
*Et mutatas dicere formas.*

Give me the Boy,  
 My Delight and my Joy,  
 To my *tantum* that drinks his *tale* :  
 By Sack he that waxes  
 In our Syntaxis,  
*Est verbum personale.*

Art thou weak or lame,  
 Or thy Wits to blame?  
 Call for Sack and thou shalt have it.  
 'Twill make him rise,  
 And be very wise,  
*Cui vim natura negavit.*

We have frolick rounds,  
 We have merry go downs,  
 Yet nothing is done at random,  
 For when we are to pay,  
 We club and away,  
*Ad est commune notandum.*

The Blades that want cash,  
 Have credit for crash,  
 They'll have Sack whatever it cost 'em,  
 They do not pay,  
 Till another Day,  
*Manet altâ mente repostum.*

Who ne'er fails to drink,  
 All clear from the brink,  
 With a smooth and even swallow,  
 I'll offer at his shrine,  
 And call him divine,  
*Et erit mihi magnus Apollo.*

He that drinks still,  
 And ne'er hath his fill,  
 Hath a Passage like a Conduit,  
 The Sack doth inspire,  
 In Rapture and Fire,  
*Sic æther æthera fundit.*

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When you merrilly quaff,  
 If any do off,  
 And then from you needs will pass thee,  
 Give their Nose a twitch,  
 And kick them in the britch,  
*Non componuntur ab asse.*

I have told you plain,  
 And tell you again,  
 Be he furious as *Orlando*,  
 He is an Ass,  
 That from hence doth pass,  
*Nisi bibit ad ostia stando.*





## XXII. The Answer of *Ale* to the Challenge of *Sack*.

COME, all you brave Wights,  
 That are dubbed Ale-knights,  
 Now set out yourselves in Fight:  
 And let them that crack  
 In the Praises of Sack,  
 Know *Malt* is of mickle Might.

Though Sack they define  
 To be wholly divine,  
 Yet it is but natural Liquor:  
 Ale hath for its Part  
 An Addition of Art,  
 To make it drink thinner or thicker.

Sack's fiery Fume  
 Doth waste and consume  
 Men's *humidum radicale*;  
 It scaldeth their Livers,  
 It breeds burning Fevers,  
 Proves *vinum venenum reale*.

But History gathers,  
 From aged Fore-fathers,  
 That Ale's the true Liquor of Life:  
 Men liv'd long in Health,  
 And preserved their Wealth,  
 Whilst Barley-broth only was rise.

Sack quickly ascends,  
And suddenly ends,

What Company came for at first:  
And that which yet worse is,  
It empties Men's Purses  
Before it half quencheth their Thirst.

Ale is not so costly,  
Although that the most lye  
Too long by the Oil of Barley;  
Yet may they part late  
At a reasonable Rate,  
Tho' they came in the Morning early.

Sack makes Men from Words  
Fall to drawing of Swords,  
And quarrelling endeth their quaffing;  
Whilst Dagger-ale Barrels  
Bear off many Quarrels,  
And often turn chiding to laughing.

Sack's Drink for our Masters:  
All may be Ale-tasters.  
Good Things the more common the better.  
Sack's but single Broth:  
Ale's Meat, Drink, and Cloth,  
Say they that know never a Letter.

But not to entangle  
Old Friends till they wrangle,  
And quarrel for other Men's Pleasure;  
Let Ale keep his place,  
And let Sack have his grace,  
So that neither exceed the due Measure.



XXIII. The Triumph of *Tobacco* over  
*Sack and Ale.*

**N**AY, soft, by your leaves,  
Tobacco bereaves  
You both of the Garland, forbear it:  
You are two to one,  
Yet Tobacco alone  
Is like both to win it and wear it.

Though many Men crack,  
Some of Ale, some of Sack,  
And think they have reason to do it;  
Tobacco hath more,  
That will never give o'er  
The honour they do unto it.

Tobacco engages  
Both Sexes, all Ages,  
The Poor as well as the Wealthy,  
From the Court to the Cottage,  
From Childhood to Dotage,  
Both those that are sick and the healthy.

It plainly appears  
That in a few Years  
Tobacco more Custom hath gained,  
Than Sack, or than Ale,  
Though they double the tale  
Of the Times wherein they have reigned.

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And worthily too,  
For what they undo  
Tobacco doth help to regain,  
On fairer Conditions,  
Than many Physicians,  
Puts an end to much Grief and Pain:

Over It helpeth Digestion,  
Of that there's no Question,  
The Gout and the Toothach it easeth;  
Be it early or late,  
'Tis never out of date,  
He may safely take it that pleaseth.

Tobacco prevents  
Infection by Scents,  
That hurt the Brain and are heady,  
An Antidote is  
Before you're amiss,  
As well as an after Remedy.

The cold it doth heat,  
Cools them that do sweat,  
And them that are fat maketh lean:  
The hungry doth feed,  
And, if there be need,  
Spent Spirits restoreth again.

Tobacco infused  
May safely be used  
For purging and killing of Lice:  
Not so much as the Ashes  
But heals Cuts and Slashes,  
And that out of hand, in a trice.

The Poets of old,  
Many Fables have told  
Of the Gods and their *Symposia*;  
But Tobacco alone,  
Had they known it, had gone  
For their *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*.

It is not the Smack  
Of Ale, or of Sack,

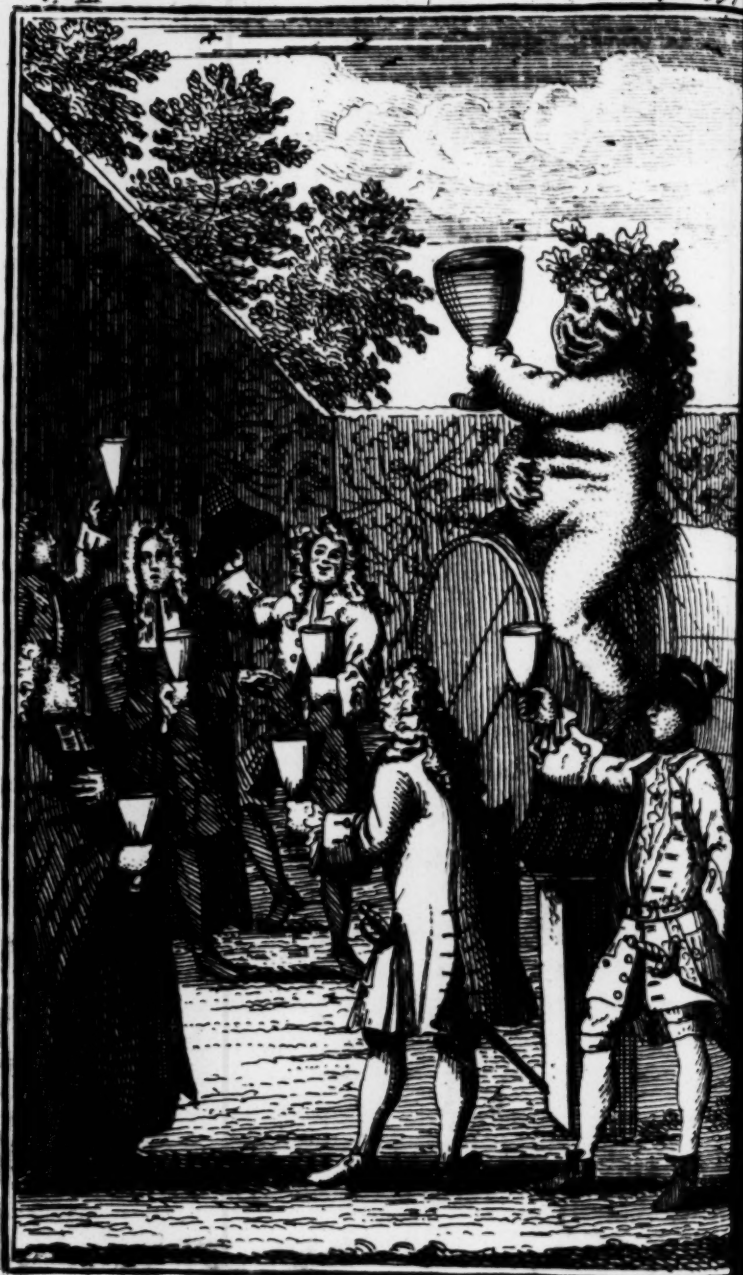
That can with Tobacco compare:  
For Taste, and for Smell,  
It bears away the Bell  
From 'em both where-ever they are.

For all their Bravado,  
It is Trinidado

That both their Noses will wipe  
Of the Praises they desire,  
Unless they conspire  
To sing to the Tune of his Pipe.







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XXIV. *BACCHUS's* Feast.

**B**ACCHUS when merry bestriding his Tun,  
 Proclaim'd a new Neighbourly Feast:  
 The first that appear'd was a Man of the Gown,  
 A Jolly Parochial Priest;  
 He fill'd up his Bowl, drank Healths to the Church,  
 Preferring it to the King,  
 Altho' he long since left both in the lurch,  
 Yet he canted like any thing.

The next was a Talkative Blade, whom we call  
 A Doctor of the Civil Law,  
 Who gussed and drank up the Devil and all,  
 As fast as the Drawers could draw:  
 But Healths to all Nobles he stiffly deny'd,  
 Tho' lustily he could swill;  
 Because still the faster the Quality dy'd,  
 It brought the more Grift to his Mill.

The next a Physician to Ladies and Lords,  
 Who eases all Sicknes and Pain,  
 And conjures Distempers away with hard Words;  
 Which he knows is the Head of his Gain:  
 He stepp'd from his Coach, fill'd his Cup to the brim,  
 And quaffing did freely agree,  
 That *Bacchus*, who gave us such Cordials to drink,  
 Was a better Physician than he.

The next was a Justice who never read Law,  
 With Twenty Informers behind;  
 On Free-cost he tippl'd, and still bid 'em draw,  
 'Till his Worship had drunk himself blind:

Then

Then reeling away they all rambled in quest  
Of Drunkards and Jilts of the Town,  
That they might be punish'd to frighten the rest,  
Except they would drop him a Crown.

The fifth was a tricking Attorney at Law,  
By Tally-men chiefly imploy'd,  
Who lengthned his Bill with Co-hy, and Maw-draw,  
And a hundred such Items beside;  
The Healths that he drank was to *Westminster-Hall*,  
And to all the grave Dons of the Gown,  
*Rependum & Petro, dorendum & Paul*,  
Such *Latin* as never was known.

The last that appear'd was a Soldier in Red,  
With his Hair doubled under his Hat,  
Who was by his Trade a fine Gentleman made,  
Tho' as hungry and poor as a Rat:  
He swore by his G-d, tho' he liv'd by his King,  
Or the help of some impudent Punk,  
That he would not depart till he had made the Butt sing,  
And himself most confoundedly drunk.



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XXV

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# XXV. The Loyal Subject, or, the Praise of *SACK*.

**C**OME let's drink, the time invites,  
Winter and cold Weather,  
For to pass away long Nights,  
And to keep good Wits together;  
Better far than Cards or Dice,  
Or *Isaac's* Ball that quaint Device.  
Made up with Fan and Feather.

Of grand Actions on the Seas,  
We will ne'er be jealous  
Give us Liquor that will please,  
And will make us braver Fellows  
Than the bold *Venetian* Fleet,  
When the *Turks* and they do meet;  
Within the *Dardonelloes*.

*Mahomet* was no Divine,  
But a senseless Wigeon,  
To forbid the Use of Wine  
Unto those of his Religion;  
Falling-sickness was his shame,  
And his Throne shall have the blame;  
For all his whispering Pigeon.

*Valentia* that famous Town,  
Stood the *French-Men's* wonder,  
Water it employ'd to drown,  
And to cut their Troops asunder,  
*Turenne* cast a helpless look,  
Whilst the crafty *Spaniards* took  
*La-Ferta* and his Plunder.

Therefore

Therefore Water we disdain,  
Mankind's Adversary;  
Once it caus'd the World's whole Frame  
In a Deluge to miscarry:  
Nay, the Enemies of Joy  
Seek with Envy to destroy,  
And murder good Canary.

Sack's the Prince's surest Guard,  
If he would but try it;  
No Rebellion e'er was heard,  
Where the Subjects soundly ply it;  
And three Constables at most,  
Are enough to quell an Host,  
That thus disturbs our Quiet.

Drink about your full brim Bowls,  
See there be no shrinking,  
For to quench your thirsty Souls,  
We of Projects are not thinking;  
But a Way will devise  
How to make our Colours rise,  
And our Noses rich with drinking.

Cause the Rubies to appear  
In their Orient Lustre;  
Pottle Pots bring up the Rear,  
For our Forces we must muster:  
*Senior Gallon* leads the Van,  
He hath taken many a Man,  
And drowns them on a Cluster.

Sack it doth inspire the Wit,  
Though the Brain be muddy:  
Some that ne'er knew nothing, yet  
By its Virtue fall to study.  
He that tipples up good Sack,  
Finds sound Marrow in the Back,  
That's wholesome for the Belly.

All the Faculties of Man  
 Are enriched by this Treasure ;  
 He that first this Bowl began,  
 Let him give to all his Measure :  
 Sack is like the *Ætherial* Fire,  
 Which doth kindle new Desire,  
 To do a Woman Pleasure.

Sack doth make the Spirit bold,  
 'Tis like the Muses *Nectar*.  
 Some that silent Tongues did hold,  
 Now can speak a learned Lecture ;  
 By the flowing of the Tub,  
 They can break *Alcides* Club,  
 And take the Crown from *Hector*.

We ne'er covet to be Rich,  
 With Commerce, or with Trading ;  
 Nor have we a zealous Itch,  
 Though *quondam* Means are fading :  
 But our Vessels and our Store,  
 And Wits are how to get more  
 Good Sack, and that's our Lading.

We that drink good Sack in Plate,  
 To make us blithe and jolly,  
 Never plot against the State,  
 To be punish'd for such Folly ;  
 But the merry Glafs and Pipe,  
 Makes our Senses quick and ripe,  
 And expels Melancholly.

See the Squibs, and hear the Bells,  
 The Fifth Day of *November*,  
 The Preacher a sad Story tells,  
 And with Horror doth remember,  
 How some dry-brain'd Traitors wrought  
 Plots, that would to Ruin brought  
 Both King, and every Member.



We that drink have no such Thoughts,  
 Blind and void of Reason,  
 We take care to fill our Vaults,  
 With good Wine at every Season,  
 And with many a chearful Cup,  
 We blow one another up,  
 And that's our only Treason.



COE

H<sup>O</sup> A

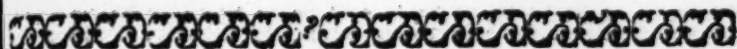
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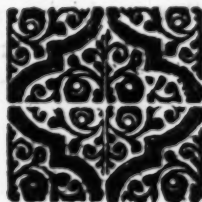


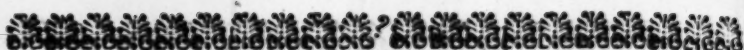
XXVI. The Advice.

**H**OLD, hold thy Nose to the Pot *Tom, Tom,*  
 And hold thy Nose to the Pot *Tom, Tom,*  
 'Tis thy Pot, and my Pot,  
 And my Pot, and thy Pot,  
 Sing hold thy Nose to the Pot *Tom, Tom.*

'Tis Malt will cure the Maw *Tom,*  
 And heal thy Distempers in *Autumn,*  
*Felix quem facient,*  
 I prithee be patient,  
*Aliena pericula cautum.*

Then hold thy Nose to the Pot *Tom, Tom,*  
 Hold, hold thy Nose to the Pot *Tom, Tom;*  
 There's neither Parson nor Vicar,  
 Bnt will toss off his Liquor,  
 Sing hold thy Nose to the Pot *Tom, Tom.*





## XXVII. The Praise of WINE.

**L** E T Soldiers fight for Prey or Praise,  
 And Money be the Miser's Wish,  
 Poor Scholars study all their Days,  
 And Gluttons glory in their Dish,  
*It's Wine, pure Wine, revives sad Souls,*  
*Therefore fill us the chearing Bowls.*

Let *Minions* marshal every Hair,  
 And in a Lovers Lock delight,  
 And artificial Colours wear,  
 We have the native red or white:  
*It's Wine, &c.*

Take Pheasant, Trout, and calver'd Salmon,  
 Or how to please your Palates think,  
 Give us the salt *Westphalia* Gammon,  
 Not Meat to eat, but Meat to drink;  
*It's Wine, &c.*

The backward Spirit it brave,  
 That lively which before was dull;  
 They prove good Fellows which were grave,  
 And kindness flows from Cups brim full:  
*It's Wine, &c.*

Some have the Phthifick, some the Rheum,  
 Some have the Palsy, some the Gout,  
 Some swell with Fat, and some consume,  
 But they are found that drink all out:  
*It's Wine, &c.*

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Some Men want Youth, and some want Wealth,  
 Some want a Wife, and some a Punk;  
 Some Men want Wit, and some want Health,  
 But they want nothing that are drunk:  
*It's Wine, pure Wine, revives sad Souls,*  
*Therefore give us the chearing Bowls.*



XXVIII. The Ex-Ale-tation of ALE

**N**OT drunken, nor sober, but Neighbour to both;  
 I met with a Friend in *Alesbury Vale*;  
 He saw by my Face, that I was in the case  
 To speak no great harm of a Pot of good Ale.

Then did he me greet, and said, since we meet,  
 (And he put me in mind of the Name of the *Dale*)  
 For *Alesbury's* sake some Pains would I take,  
 And not bury the Praise of a Pot of good Ale.

The more to procure me then did he adjure me,  
 If the Ale I drank last were nappy and stale,  
 To do it its right, and stir up up my Sprite,  
 And fall to commend a Pot of good Ale.

Quoth I, to commend it I dare not begin,  
 Lest therein my Credit might happen to fail;  
 For many Men now do count it a Sin  
 But once to look toward a Pot of good Ale.

Yet I care not a Pin, for I see no such Sin,  
 Nor any thing else my Courage to quail;  
 For this we do find, that take it in kind,  
 Much virtue there is in a Pot of good Ale.

And I mean not to taste, tho' thereby much grac'd,  
 Nor the merry-go down without pull or hale,  
 Perfuming the Throat when the Stomach's a-float,  
 With the fragrant sweet scent of a Pot of good Ale.

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Nor yet the delight that comes to the Sight,  
To see how it flowers and mantles in graile,  
As green as a Leek, with a smile in the Cheek,  
The true orient Colour of a Pot of good Ale.

But I mean the Mind, and the good it doth find;  
Not only the Body so feeble and frail;  
For Body and Soul may bless the black Bowl,  
Since both are beholden to a Pot of good Ale.

For when Heaviness the Mind doth oppress,  
And Sorrow and Grief the Heart do assail,  
No Remedy quicker than to take off your Liqueur,  
And to wash away Cares with a Pot of good Ale.

The Widow that buried her Husband of late,  
Will soon have forgotten to weep and to wail,  
And think e'ery Day twain till she marry again,  
If she read the Contents of a Pot of good Ale.

It is like a Belly-blast to a cold Heart,  
And warms, and engenders the Spirits vitale,  
To keep them from damage; all Spirits owe their Ho-  
(mage  
To the Sprite of the Buttry, a Pot of good Ale.

And down to the Legs the virtue doth go,  
And to a bad Footman is as good as a Sail,  
When it fills the Veins, and makes light the Brains,  
No Lackey so nimble as a Pot of good Ale.

The Naked complains not for want of a Coat,  
Nor on the cold Weather will once turn his Tail,  
All the way as he goes he cuts the Wind with his Nose,  
If he be but well wrapt in a Pot of good Ale.

The hungry Man takes no thought for his Meat,  
Tho' his Stomach would brook a Tenpenny Nail;  
He quite forgets Hunger, thinks on it no longer,  
If he touch but the Sparks of a Pot of good Ale.

The

The poor Man will praise it, so hath he good cause,  
That all the Year eats neither Partridge nor Quail,  
But sets up his rest, and makes up his Feast  
With a Crust of brown Bread, and a Pot of good Ale

The Shepherd, the Sower, the Thresher, the Mower  
The one with his Scythe, the other with his Flail,  
Take them out by the Poll, on the Peril of my Soul,  
All will hold up their Hands to a Pot of good Ale.

The Black-smith whose Bellows all Summer do blow,  
With the Fire in his Face still, wish'd e'er avail,  
Tho' his Throat be full dry, he will tell you no Lye,  
But where you may be sure of a Pot of good Ale.

Whoever denies it, the Pris'ners will praise it,  
That beg thro' the Grate, and lye in the Jayl,  
For even in their Fetters, they think themselves better  
May they get but a Two-penny black Pot of good Ale.

The Beggar whose Portion is always his Prayers,  
Not having a tatter to hang on his Tail,  
Is as rich in his Rags as the Churl in his Bags,  
If he once but shakes Hands with a Pot of good Ale.

It drives his Poverty clean out of mind,  
Forgetting his brown Bread, his Wallet and Mail,  
He walks in the House like a six-footed Louse,  
If once he's enrich'd with a Pot of good Ale.

And he that doth dig in the Ditches all Day,  
And wearies himself quite at the Plough-tail,  
Will speak no less things than of Queens and of Kings,  
If he touch but the Top of a Pot of good Ale.

'Tis like a Whetstone to a blunt Wit,  
And makes a supply where Nature doth fail,  
The dullest Wit soon will look quite through the Moon  
If his Temples be wet with a Pot of good Ale.

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Then *Dick* to his Dearling full boldly dares speak,  
 Tho' before (filly Fellow) his Courage did quail;  
 He gives her the Smouch with his Hand on his Pouch,  
 If he meet by the way with a Pot of good Ale.

And it makes the Carter a Courtier straitway,  
 With rhetorical Terms he will tell his Tale,  
 With Court'ies great Store, and his Cap up before,  
 Being school'd but a little with a Pot of good Ale.

The old Man whose Tongue wags faster than his Teeth,  
 (For old Age by Nature doth drivell and drale)  
 Will frisk and will fling like a Dog in a String,  
 If he warms his cold Blood with a Pot of good Ale.

And the good old Clark whose Sight waxeth Dark,  
 And ever he thinks the Print is too small,  
 He will see every Letter, and say Service better,  
 If he glaze but his Eyes with a Pot of good Ale.

And now that the Grains do work in my Brains,  
 Methinks I were able to give by Retale  
 Commodities store, a dozen and more  
 That flow to Mankind from a Pot of good Ale.

As for the Musician of any Condition,  
 It will make him reach to the top of his Scale;  
 It will clear his Pipes, and moisten his Lights,  
 If he drink *alternatim* a Pot of good Ale.

The Poet divine, that cannot reach Wine,  
 Because that his Money doth many times fail,  
 Will hit on the Vein to make a good Strain,  
 If he be but inspired with a Pot of good Ale.

For Ballads *Elderton* never had Peer,  
 How went his Wit in them, with how merry a Gale,  
 And with all the Sails up, had he been at the Cup,  
 And washed his Beard with a Pot of good Ale.

And the Power of it shows no whit less in Prose,  
 It will file one's Phrase, and set forth his Tale:  
 Fill him but a Bowl, it will make his Tongue troul,  
 For flowing Speech flows from a Pot of good Ale.

And Master Philosopher, if he drink his Part,  
 Will not trifle his time in the Husk or the Shale;  
 But go to the Kernel by the Depth of his Art,  
 To be found in the bottom of a Pot of good Ale.

Give a Scholar of *Oxford* a Pot of Sixteen,  
 And put him to prove that an Ape has no Tail,  
 And sixteen times better his Wit will be seen,  
 If you fetch him from *Bosley* a Pot of good Ale.

Thus it helps Speech and Wit; and it hurts not a whit,  
 But rather doth further the Virtues morale,  
 Then think it not much, if a little I touch  
 The good moral Parts of a Pot of good Ale.

To the Church and Religion it is a good Friend,  
 Or else our Forefathers their Wisdom did fail,  
 That at every Mile, next to the Church Stile,  
 Set a Consecrate House to a Pot of good Ale.

The Churches much owe, as we all do know;  
 For when they be dropping and ready to fall,  
 By a *Whitson* or Church-Ale up again they shall go,  
 And owe their Repairing to a Pot of good Ale.

Truth will do it right, it brings Truth to Light,  
 And many bad Matters it helps to reveal;  
 For they that will drink, will speak what they think:  
*Tom-tell-Truth* lies hid in a Pot of good Ale.

And next I alledge, it is Fortitude's Edge:  
 For a very Coward, that shrinks like a Snail,  
 Will Swear and will Swagger, and out goes his Dagger  
 If he be but arm'd with a Pot of good Ale.

And

And sure it will make a Man suddenly wise,  
 E'er while was scarce able to tell a right Tale;  
 He will open his Jaw, he will tell you the Law,  
 As made right a Bencher of a Pot of good Ale.

Or he that will make a Bargain to gain,  
 In buying or setting his Goods forth to Sale,  
 Must not plod in the Mire, but sit by the Fire,  
 And seal up his Match with a Pot of good Ale.

They talk much of State both early and late,  
 But if *Gascoign* and *Spain* their Wine shou'd but fail,  
 No Remedy then with us *Englishmen*,  
 But the State it must stand by a Pot of good Ale.

And they that sit by it are good Men and quiet,  
 No dangerous Plotters in the Commonweal  
 Of Treason or Murther; for they go no further  
 Than to call for, and pay for a Pot of good Ale.

The *North* they will praise it, and praise it with Passion,  
 Where every River gives Name to a Dale:  
 There Men are yet living that are of the old Fashion,  
 No *Nectar* they know but a Pot of good Ale.

Like *ab alendo*, thou Liquor of Life!  
 That I had but a Mouth as big as a Whale!  
 For mine is too little to touch the least tittle  
 That belongs to the Praise of a Pot of good Ale.

Thus I trow, some Virtues I've marked you out,  
 And never a Vice in all this long trail,  
 But that after the Pot there cometh a Shot,  
 And that's th'only Blot of a Pot of good Ale.

With that my Friend said, That Blot will I bear,  
 You have done very well, it is time to strike fail,  
 I'll have six Pots more, tho' I die on the score,  
 To make all this good of a Pot of good Ale.



XXIX. The *Greenland* VOYAGE;  
The Whale-Fisher's Delight: Being  
a full Description of the Manner  
the taking of Whales on the Coast  
*Greenland*.

---

To the Tune of, *Hey to the Temple, &c.*

---

*At a Time when the World is wholly taken  
with Discourses upon Whale-Fishery, and that  
we are all expecting what Success one of  
greatest Companies in Europe will meet with  
in this Part of their Commerce, I think  
can do nothing better than to present my Readers  
with an old Song written on this Subject.  
The Poetry I am sure is good, and those who  
are skill'd in that Art tell me the Terms are  
just, and every Part of it equally beautiful.*

**W**HY stay we at home, now the Season is come;  
Jolly Lads, let us liquor our Throats;  
Our Interest we wrong, if we tarry too long,  
Then all Hands, let us fit out our Boats;  
Let each Man prepare  
Of the Tackling his Share,  
By Neglect a good Voy'ge may be lost.  
Come, I say, let's away,  
Make no Stay nor Delay,  
For the Winter brings Whales on the Coast.

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Harry, Will, Robin, Ned, with bold Tom in the Head,  
 And Sam in the Stern bravely stands,  
 As rugged a Crew (if we give them their due)  
 As ever did take Oars in their Hands:

Such Heroes as these  
 Will with Blood stain the Seas,  
 When they join with their resolute Mates,  
 Who with Might, void of Fright,  
 With Delight, boldly fight  
 Mighty Whales, as if they were but Sprats.

Come, coyl in the Warp, see the Hatchets be sharp,  
 And make ready the Irons and Launce;  
 Each Man ship his Oar, and leave nothing on Shoar  
 That is needful the Voy'ge to advance;

See the Buoy be made right,  
 And the Drug fitted right,  
 So that nothing be wanting anon:  
 Never doubt, but look out  
 Round about; there's a Spout,  
 Come away Boys, let us lanch if we can.

The Suff runs too high, 'twill be down by and by,  
 Take a Slatch to go off, now 'twill do;  
 Huzza! lanch amain, for the Sea grows again,  
 Pull up briskly a stroke (Boys) or two;

Ha, well row'd! 'tis enough,  
 We are clear of the Suff,  
 A yare Hand, heave out Water apace;  
 There's the Whale, that's her Back  
 That looks black; there's her Wake,  
 Pull away, Boys, let's give her a Chase.

Ha! well row'd, jolly Trouts; pull away, there she  
 And we gain of her briskly, I find; (spouts,  
 We're much about her ground, let's take a Dram round;  
 And her rising besure let us mind:

She's here, just a head,  
 Stand up Tom, pull up Ned,

We are fast, back a stern what ye may ;  
 Hold on Lad, I'm afraid  
 She's a Jade, she's so mad ;  
 She's a Scragg, for your Lives cut away.

Though we have met with Misfortune already,  
 'Tis Courage must do, for the Proverb you know,  
 A faint Heart never won a fair Lady.

Come, this is no Disgrace ;  
 Pull up, Lads, another Chase,  
 Our Mates will be fast without doubt :  
 So, what Chear ? We are near,  
 She is there ; No, she's here,  
 Just a stern ; jolly Hearts, pull about.

Pull briskly ; for there she's risen very fair,  
 Back a stern, it is up to the Strap ; (row'd,  
 Well done *Tom*, bravely throw'd, chearly Lads, bravely  
 'Tis not always we meet with Mishap ;  
 Veer our Warp, let her run,  
 She will quickly have done.

Well done, Mate ; 'twas a brave second Stroke ;  
 Now she jerks, who can work ?  
 Veer our Warp, she tows sharp ;  
 Hang the Black-smith, our Launce it is broke.

Pull a head, hale in Warp, for she tows not so sharp,  
 But's beginning to flounce and to strike ;  
 Fit a Launce, let us try, if we can by and by  
 Give her one gentle touch to the quick :

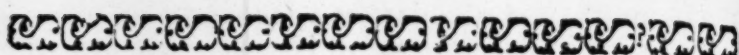
Bravely throw'd, jolly Lad,  
 She's nothing nigh so mad  
 As she was ; t'other Launce may do good :  
 Well done *Tom*, that was home  
 To her Womb, makes her foam,  
 She's sick at the Heart, she spouts Blood.



The business is done, launce no more, let's alone,  
 'Tis her flurry, she is as dead as a Herring;  
 Let's take her in a Tow, and all Hands stoutly row;  
 And Mate *Sam*, prithee mind well thy steering,  
 The Wind begins to blow,  
 And the Seas bigger grow,  
 Ev'ry Man put his Strength to his Oar:  
 Leave to prate, now 'tis late,  
 Well row'd, Mate; hey for *Kate*,  
 She's a ground, cut away, let's a Shoar.

Come turn up the Boats, let's put on our Coats,  
 And to *Ben's* there's a chirping Cup;  
 Let's comfort our Hearts, e'ry Man his two Quarts,  
 And to morrow all Hands to cut up;  
 Betimes leave your Wives,  
 Bring your Hooks and your Knives,  
 And let none lie a-bed like a Lubber;  
 But begin with the Sun,  
 To have done before Noon,  
 That the Carts may come down for the Blubber.





### XXX. The Farmer's Daughter of *Wakefield*.

**D**OWN in the *North* Country,  
 As ancient Reports do tell,  
 There lies a famous Country Town,  
 Some call it *Merry Wakefield*;  
 And in this Country Town,  
 A Farmer there did dwell,  
 Whose Daughter would to Market go,  
 Her Treasure for to sell.

As she was travelling along,  
 Over Hills and Mountains high,  
 It was her Chance to lose her Way,  
 Where a Shepherd she did spy;  
 O Shepherd! O Shepherd! quoth she,  
 Many Days to you God send;  
 I am a Maid, and shall be undone,  
 Unless you stand my Friend.

Over Hills and Mountains high,  
 E'er since the Break of Day,  
 I have been travelling many a Mile,  
 And I cannot find my Way:  
 Come, sit thee down by me,  
 The Shepherd reply'd with a Smile,  
 And I'll show thee a nearer Way  
 Than this by a full long Mile.

The Shepherd fate him down,  
 The fair Maid she drew nigh,  
 He pull'd out his Bagpipes wond'rous sweet,  
 And play'd melodiously:

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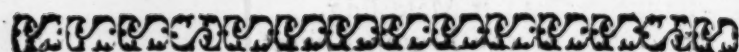
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He play'd her such a Tune,  
That he made this fair Maid sing,  
O! the Musick of thy Bagpipes sweet,  
Makes all my Nerves to ring.

O Shepherd! O Shepherd! quoth she,  
If the Time would but permit it,  
I pray now play it me o'er again,  
For fear I should forget it:  
He play'd it over again,  
As he had done before,  
And gave this fair Maid much Delight,  
It pleas'd her more and more.

*My dearest Swain, quoth she,  
A Thousand times adieu;  
And, if ever I chance to lose my Way,  
To find it, I'll come to you.*





# XXXI The Baffled Knight, or the Lady's Policy.

**T**HERE was a Knight was drunk with Wine,  
A riding along the Way, Sir,  
And there he did meet with a Lady fine,  
And among the Cocks of Hay, Sir.

One Favour he did crave of her,  
And ask'd her to lay her down, Sir;  
But he had neither Cloth nor Sheet,  
To keep her from the Ground, Sir.

There is a great Dew upon the Grass,  
And if you shou'd lay me down, Sir,  
You would spoil my gay clothing,  
That has cost me many a Pound, Sir.

I have a Cloak of Scarlet-red,  
I'll lay it under thee, Love,  
So you will grant me my Request,  
That I shall ask of you, Love.

And if you'll go to my Father's Hall,  
That is moated all round about, Sir;  
There you shall have your Will of me,  
Within, Sir, and without, Sir.

Oh! yonder stands my Milk-white Steed,  
And among the Cocks of Hay, Sir;  
If the King's Penner should chance to come,  
He'll take my Steed away, Sir.

I have a Ring upon my Finger,  
It's made of the finest Gold, Love,

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And it shall serve to fetch your Steed  
Out of the Pinner's Fold, Love.

And if you'll go to my Father's House,  
Round which there's many a Tree, Sir,  
There you shall have your Chamber free,  
And your Chamberlain I'll be, Sir.

He fate her on a Milk-white Steed,  
Himself upon another;  
And then they rid along the way,  
Like Sister and like Brother.

But when she came to her Father's House,  
Which was moated all round about, Sir,  
She slipp'd herself within the Gate,  
And she lock'd the Knight without, Sir.

I thank you, kind Knight, for seeing me here,  
And bringing me home a Maiden, Sir;  
But you shall have two of my Father's Men,  
For to set you as far back again, Sir.

He drew his Sword out of his Scabbard,  
And whet it upon his Sleeve, Sir,  
Saying, Curfed be to ev'ry Man  
That will a Maid believe, Sir.

She drew her Handkerchief out of her Pocket,  
And threw it upon the Ground, Sir,  
Saying, Thrice curfed be ev'ry Maid  
That will believe a Man, Sir.

We have a Tree in our Garden,  
Some call it of Rosemary, Sir;  
There's Crowing-cocks in our Town.  
That will make a Capon of you, Sir.

We have a Flower in our Garden,  
Some call it a Marygold, Sir;

And

And



And he that would not when he might,  
He shall not when he would, Sir.

But if you chance for to meet a Maid,  
A little below the Town, Sir,  
You must not fear her gay Cloathing,  
Nor the wrinkling of her Gown, Sir.

And if you chance for to meet a Maid  
A little below the Hill, Sir,  
You need not fear her screeking out,  
For she quickly will lye still, Sir.

The baff'd Knight was by the Lads  
Ingeniously out-witted;  
And since that time, it came to pass  
He was again well fitted.

As he was riding cross a Plain,  
In Boots, Spurs, Hat and Feather,  
He met that Lady fair again,  
They talk'd a while together.

He said, tho' you did serve me so,  
And cunningly decoy me;  
Yet now, before you further go,  
I must and will enjoy thee.

'Twas near a spacious River's Side,  
Where Rushes green were growing,  
And Neptune's silver Streams did glide,  
Four Fathom Waters flowing.

The Lady blush'd like Scarlet-red,  
And trembling at this Stranger;  
How shall I guard my Maiden-head  
From this approaching Danger?

With a lamenting Sigh, said she,  
To die I now am ready:

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Must this Dishonour fall on me?  
A most unhappy Lady!

He from his Saddle did a-light,  
In gaudy rich Attire;  
And cry'd, I am a Noble Knight,  
Who do your Charms admire.

He took the Lady by the Hand,  
Who seemingly consented;  
And wou'd no more disputing stand,  
She had a Plot invented,

How she might baffle him again,  
With much Delight and Pleasure;  
And eke unspotted still remain  
With her pure Virgin Treasure.

Look yonder, good Sir Knight, I pray,  
Methinks I do discover,  
Well mounted on a Dapple grey,  
My true entire Lover.

The Knight, he standing on the Brink  
Of the deep floating River;  
Thought she, thou now shalt swim or sink,  
Chuse which thou fancy rather.

Against his Back the Lady run,  
The Waters strait he sounded:  
He cry'd out, Love! What have you done?  
Help! help! or I am drowned.

Said she, Sir Knight, farewell, adieu,  
You see what comes of fooling:  
That is the fittest Place for you,  
Whose Courage wanted cooling.

Love, help me out, and I'll forgive  
This Fault which you've committed:

No

Must

No, no, says she, Sir, as I live,  
I think you're finely fitted.

She rid home to her Father's House  
For speedy expedition;  
While the gay Knight was soak'd like Souce,  
In a sad wet Condition.

When he came mounted to the Plain,  
He was in rich Attire;  
Yet when he back return'd again,  
He was all Muck and Mire.

A solemn Vow he there did make,  
Just as he came from swimming,  
He'd love no Lady, for her sake,  
Nor any other Women.

The baff'd Knight was fool'd once more,  
You'll find by this pleasant Ditty,  
For she whose Charms he did adore  
Was wonderful sharp and witty.

Returning from her Father's Park,  
Just close by a Summer Bower,  
She chanc'd to meet her angry Spark,  
Who gave her a frowning lower.

The Thoughts of what she twice had done,  
Did cause him to draw his Rapier,  
And at the Lady then he run,  
And thus he began to vapour:

You chous'd me at your Father's Gate,  
Then tumbl'd me into the River,  
I seek for satisfaction straight;  
Shall I be a Fool for ever?

He came with Resolution bent  
That Evening to enjoy her;

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And if she did not give Consent,  
That Minute he would destroy her.

I pray Sir Knight, and why so hot  
Against a young silly Woman?  
Such Crimes as these might be forgot,  
For merry Intrigues are common.

What do you count it Mirth he cry'd;  
To tumble me in and leave me?  
What if I drowned there had dy'd,  
A dangerous Jest, believe me.

Well, if I pardon you this Day  
Those Injuries out of measure,  
It is because without delay  
I mean to enjoy the Pleasure.

Your Suit, she said, is not deny'd,  
But think of your Boots of Leather;  
And let me pull them off, she cry'd,  
Before we lye down together.

He set him down upon the Grass,  
And Violets so sweet and tender;  
Now by this means it came to pass,  
That she did his purpose hinder.

For having pull'd his Boots half way,  
She cry'd, I am now your betters;  
You shall not make of me your Prey,  
Sit there like a Thief in Fetters.

Now finding she had serv'd him so,  
He rose and began to grumble;  
Yet he could neither stand nor go,  
But did like a Cripple tumble.

The Boots stuck fast, and would not stir,  
His folly she soon did mention,

And

And

And laughing said, I pray, kind Sir,  
How like you my new Invention?

My laughing Fit you must excuse,  
You are but a stingless Nettle;  
You'd ne'er a stood for Boots or Shoes,  
Had you been a Man of Mettle.

Farewel, Sir Knight, 'tis almost Ten,  
I fear neither Wind nor Weather;  
I'll send my Father's Serving-Men  
To pull off your Boots of Leather.

She laugh'd outright, as well she might,  
With merry Conceits of Scorning,  
And left him there to sit all Night,  
Until the approaching Morning.

The fourth Part of the baff'd Knight,  
The Lady hath fairly acted;  
She did his Love and Kindness slight,  
Which made him almost distracted.

She left him in her Father's Park,  
Where nothing but Deer could hear him;  
While he lay rolling in the Dark,  
There's never a Soul came near him,

Until the Morning Break of Day,  
And being warm Summer-Weather,  
A Shepherd chanc'd to come that Way,  
Who pull'd on his Boots of Leather.

Then mounting on his Milk-white Steed,  
He shaking his Ears was ready,  
And whip and spur he rid with speed  
To find out this crafty Lady.

If once this Lady I come nigh,  
She shall be releas'd by no Man;

Why



Why should so brave a Knight as I,  
Be fool'd by a silly Woman?

Three times she has affronted me,  
In Crimes which I cannot pardon;  
But if I an't reveng'd, said he,  
Let me not be worth a Farthing.

I value not her Beauty fair,  
Tho' once I did dote upon her;  
This trusty Sword shall now repair  
My baffled, blasted Honour.

Unto her Father's House he came,  
Which every side was moated;  
The fair sweet youthful charming Dame,  
His angry Brows she noted.

Thought she, I'll have the other bout,  
And tumble him in the River,  
And let the Devil help him out,  
Or there he shall soak for ever.

He will not let me live at rest,  
Although I have often foil'd him;  
Therefore, once more I do protest,  
With flattering I'll beguile him.

The Bridge was drawn, the Gates lock'd fast,  
So that he could no ways enter;  
She smil'd to him, and cry'd at last,  
Sir Knight, if you please to venture.

A Plank lies over the Moat hard by,  
Full seventeen Foot in Measure,  
There's no body now at home but I,  
Therefore we'll take our Pleasure.

This

This Word she had no sooner spoke,  
But straight he was tripping over;  
The Plank was saw'd, and snapping broke;  
He prov'd an unhappy Lover.



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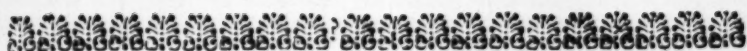
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# XXXII. A Song on *Nothing*.

I'LL sing ye a Song that ne'er was in Print,  
'Tis truly and newly come out of the Mint,  
I'll tell you before-hand you'll find *Nothing* in't.

On *Nothing* I think, on *Nothing* I write,  
'Tis *Nothing* I court, yet *Nothing* I flight,  
Nor care I a Pin if I get *Nothing* by't.

Fire, Air, Earth, and Water, Beasts, Birds, Fish, and  
(Men,

Did start out of *Nothing*, a Chaos, a Den;  
And *all Things* shall turn into *Nothing* agen.

'Tis *Nothing* sometimes makes many things hit,  
As when Fools among wise Men silently fit,  
A Fool that says *Nothing* may pass for a Wit.

Your Lad that makes Love to a delicate smooth Thing,  
And thinks to gain her with Sighs and Soothing,  
Most frequently makes much ado about *Nothing*.

At last when his Patience and Purse is decay'd,  
He may to the Bed of a Whore be betray'd,  
But she that has *Nothing* must needs be a Maid.

Your flashing and clashing, and flashing of Wit,  
Doth start out of *Nothing* but Fancy and Fit,  
'Tis little or *Nothing* what e'er has been writ.

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When first by the Ears we together did fall,  
Then *Something* got *Nothing*, and *Nothing* got all,  
From *Nothing* it came, and to *Nothing* it shall.

The Party that seal'd to a Covenant in haste,  
Who made our three Kingdoms and Church lie waste,  
Their Project and all came to *Nothing* at last.

They rais'd an Army of Horse and of Foot  
To tumble down Monarchy Branch and Root,  
They thunder'd and plunder'd, yet *Nothing* would do't.

In several Factions we fight and we brawl,  
Dispute and contend, and to fighting we fall,  
I'll lay all to *Nothing* that *Nothing* wins all.

The wisest great Prince were he never so stout,  
Tho' he conquer the World, and give Mankind a Rout,  
Did bring *Nothing* in, and shall bear *Nothing* out.

The nimble-tongu'd Lawyer that pleads for his pay,  
When Death shall arrest him and bear him away,  
At the general Bar will have *Nothing* to say.

If any Man tax me for Weakness of Wit,  
And say that on *Nothing*, I *Nothing* have writ,  
I shall answer, *Ex nibilo Nihil fit*.

Yet let his Discretion be never so tall,  
This very Word *Nothing* shall give it a Fall,  
For writing of *Nothing*, I comprehend all.

Let every Man give the Poet his due,  
'Cause then 'twas with him, as now 'tis with you,  
He study'd it when he had *Nothing* to do.

This very Word *Nothing*, if took the the right way,  
May be of Advantage; for what would you say,  
If the Vintner should cry there's *Nothing* to pay.



### XXXIII. Time's Alteration.

---

To the Tune of *I'll never be drunk again.*

---

**W**HEN this old Cap was new,  
 'Tis since two Hundred Year,  
 No Malice then we knew,  
 But all Things plenty were:  
 All Friendship now decays,  
 (Believe me, this is true)  
 Which was not in those Days,  
*When this old Cap was new.*

The Nobles of our Land  
 Were much delighted then,  
 To have at their Command  
 A Crew of lusty Men,  
 Which by their Coats were known  
 Of Tawny, Red, or Blue,  
 With Crests on their Sleeves shown,  
*When this old Cap was new.*

Now Pride hath banish'd all,  
 Unto our Land's reproach,  
 When he whose Means is small,  
 Maintains both Horse and Coach:  
 Instead of an Hundred Men,  
 The Coach allows but two;  
 This was not thought on then,  
*When this old Cap was new.*

Good Hospitality  
 Was cherish'd then of many:

Now



Now poor Men starve and die,  
And are not help'd by any ;  
For Charity waxeth cold,  
And Love is found in few :  
This was not in time of old,  
*When this old Cap was new.*

Where ever you travell'd then,  
You might meet on the way  
Brave Knights and Gentlemen,  
Clad in their Country Gray,  
That courteous would appear,  
And kindly welcome you :  
No Puritans then were,  
*When this old Cap was new.*

Our Ladies in those Days  
In civil Habit went,  
Broad-Cloth was then worth Praise,  
And gave the best Content :  
*French* Fashions then were scorn'd,  
Fond Fangles then none knew,  
Then Modesty Women adorn'd,  
*When this old Cap was new.*

A Man might then behold,  
At *Christmas*, in each Hall,  
Good Fires to curb the Cold,  
And Meat for great and small :  
The Neighbours were friendly bidden,  
And all had welcome true,  
The Poor from the Gates were not chidden,  
*When this old Cap was new.*

Black Jacks to every Man  
Were fill'd with Wine and Beer,  
No Pewter Pot nor Can  
In those Days did appear :  
Good Cheer in a Nobleman's House  
Was counted a seemly shew,

We

We wanted no Brawn nor Soufe,  
*When this old Cap was new.*

We took not such delight  
In Cups of Silver fine,  
None under the degree of a Knight,  
In Plate drunk Beer or Wine:  
Now each mechanical Man  
Hath a Cup-board of Plate for a shew,  
Which was a rare thing then,  
*When this old Cap was new.*

Then Bribery was unborn,  
No Simony Men did use,  
Christians did Usury scorn,  
Devis'd among the *Jews*.  
The Lawyers to be fee'd,  
At that time hardly knew,  
For Man with Man agreed,  
*When this old Cap was new.*

No Captain then carous'd,  
Nor spent poor Soldier's Pay,  
They were not so abus'd,  
As they are at this Day:  
Of seven Days they make Eight,  
To keep from them their due;  
Poor Soldiers had their right,  
*When this old Cap was new.*

Which made them forward still  
To go, altho' not prest:  
And going with good Will,  
Their Fortunes were the best.  
Our *English* then in fight  
Did foreign Foes subdue,  
And forc'd them all to flight,  
*When this old Cap was new.*

God save our gracious King,  
 And send him long to live,  
 Lord, Mischief on them bring,  
 That will not their Alms give:  
 But seek to rob the Poor  
 Of that which is their due:  
 This was not in time of yore,  
*When this old Cap was new.*



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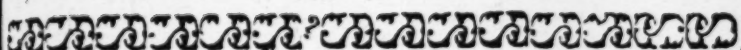
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## XXXIV. The Old SOLDIERS.

OF old Soldiers, the Song you would hear,  
 And we old Fiddlers have forgot who they were;  
 But all we remember shall come to your Ear,  
*That we are old Soldiers of the Queen's,*  
*And the Queen's old Soldiers.*

With the *Old Drake*, that was the next Man  
 To *Old Francisco*, who first it began  
 To sail through the *Streights of Magellan*,  
*Like an old Soldier, &c.*

That put the proud *Spanish Armado* to wreck,  
 And travell'd all o'er the old World, and came back  
 In his old Ship laden with Gold and old Sack;  
*Like, &c.*

With an *Old Candish* that seconded him,  
 And taught his old Sails the same Passage to swim,  
 And did them therefore with Cloth of Gold trim;  
*Like, &c.*

Like an *Old Raleigh*, that twice and again  
 Sail'd over most Part of the Seas, and then  
 Travell'd all o'er the old World with his Pen;  
*Like, &c.*

With an *Old John Norris*, the General,  
 That old *Gaunt*, made his Fame Immortal,  
 In spite of his Foes, with no Loss at all;  
*Like, &c.*

Like old *Brest Fort*, an invincible Thing,  
When the old *Queen* sent him to help the *French*  
King,  
Took from the proud *Fox*, to the World's wond'ring;  
*Like, &c.*

Where an old stout *Friar*, as goes the Story,  
Came to push of Pike with him in vain Glory,  
But he was almost sent to his own Purgatory;  
*By this old Soldier, &c.*

With an old *Ned Norris* that kept *Ostend*,  
A Terror to Foe, and a Refuge to Friend,  
And left it impregnable to his last End;  
*Like, &c.*

That in the old unfortunate Voyage of all,  
March'd o'er the old Bridge, and knock'd at the  
(Wall,  
Of *Lisbon* the Mistress of *Portugal*;  
*Like, &c.*

With an old *Tim Norris*, by the old *Queen* sent,  
Of *Munster* in *Ireland*, Lord President,  
Where his Days and his Blood in her Service he  
(spent;  
*Like an old Soldier, &c.*

With an old *Harry Norris* in Battel wounded  
In his Knee, whose Leg was cut off, and he said,  
You have spoil'd my Dancing, and dy'd in his Bed;  
*Like, &c.*

With an old *Will Norris*, the oldest of all,  
Who went voluntary, without any Call,  
To th' old *Irish* Wars, to's Fame immortal;  
*Like, &c.*

With



With an old *Dick Wenman*, the first in his Prime,  
That over the Walls of old *Cales* did climb,  
And there was knighted, and liv'd all his Time;  
*Like, &c.*

Like an old *Nando Wenman*, when *Brest* was o'er-  
(thrown,  
Into the Air, into the Seas, with Gunpowder blown,  
Yet bravely recovering, long after was known;  
*For an Old, &c.*

With an old *Tom Wenman*, whose bravest Delight  
Was in a good Cause for his Country to fight,  
And dy'd in *Ireland*, a good old Knight;  
*And an Old, &c.*

With a young *Ned Wenman*, so valiant and bold  
In the Wars of *Bohemia*, as with Old,  
Deserves for his Valour to be enroll'd;  
*An Old, &c.*

And thus of old Soldiers ye hear the Fame,  
But ne'er so many of one House and Name,  
And all of old *John Lord Viscount of Thame*;  
*An old Soldier of the Queen's,*  
*And the Queen's old Soldier.*





## XXXV. The Hunter's Song.

**L**ONG e'er the Morn,  
 Expects the Return  
 Of *Apollo* from th' Ocean Queen;  
 Before the Creek  
 Of the Crow, and the Break  
 Of the Day in the Welkin seen,  
 Mounted he'd hallow,  
 And chearfully follow  
 To the Chace with his Bugle clear.  
 Eccho doth he make,  
 And the Mountains shake,  
 With the Thunder of his Career.

Now bonny Bay  
 In his soine waxeth Gray,  
 Dapple-grey waxeth Bay in his Blood;  
 White Lilly stops  
 With the Scent in her Chaps,  
 And Black-Lady makes it good:  
 Poor filly *Wat*  
 In this wretched State,  
 Forgets these Delights for to hear;  
 Nimble she bounds  
 From the cry of the Hounds,  
 And the Musick of their Career.

Hills with the heat  
 Of the Gallopers sweat,  
 Reviving their frozen Tops,  
 The Dale's purple Flowers,  
 That drop from the Showers,

That



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That down from the Rowels drops.  
 Swains their repast,  
 And Strangers their haste  
 Neglect, when the Horns they do hear :  
 To see a fleet  
 Pack of Hounds in a Sheet,  
 And the Hunter in his Career.

Thus he Careers  
 Over Heaths, over Meers,  
 Over Deepes, over Downs, over Clay ;  
 Till he hath won  
 The Noon from the Morn,  
 And the Evening from the Day.  
 His sport then he ends,  
 And joyfully wends  
 Home again to his Cottage, where  
 Frankly he feasts  
 Himself and his Guests,  
 And carouses in his Career.







## XXXVI. The Hunting of the GODS.

SONGS of Sonnets and rustical Roundelays,  
Forms of Fancies are whill'd on Reeds,  
Songs to solace young Nymphs upon Holidays,  
Are too unworthy for wonderful Deeds;

*Phæbus* ingenious,

With witty *Silenus*,

His haughty *Genius* taught to declare,

In Words better coin'd,

And Verse better join'd,

How Stars divin'd the Hunting the *Hare*.

Stars enamour'd with Pastimes Olympical,

Stars and Planets yet beautiful shone,

Would no longer endure that mortal Men only

Should swim in Pleasures, while they but look on.

Round about horned

*Iucina* they swarmed,

And her informed, how minded they were,

Each God and Goddess,

To take human Bodies,

As Lords and Ladies, to follow the *Hare*.

Chaste *Diana* applauded the Motion,

And pale *Proserpina* sat in her Place,

Which guides the *Welkin*, and governs the *Ocean*,

While she conducted her Nephews in Chase;

Till by her Example,

Their Father to trample,

The Earth old and ample, leave they the Air;

*Neptune* the Water,

And Wine *Liber Pater*,

And *Mars* the Slaughter, to follow the *Hare*.

Young

Young God *Cupid* mounted on *Pegasus*,  
 Beloved of Nymphs, with Kisses and Praise;  
 Strong *Alcides* upon cloudy *Caucasus*,  
 Mounted a Centaur, which proudly him bare;  
     Postilion of the Sky,  
     Swift-footed *Mercury*,  
 Makes his Course fly, fleet as the Air;  
     Yellow *Apollo*  
     The Kennel doth follow,  
 With Whip and Hallow after the *Hare*.

Young *Amintas* thought the Gods came to breathe  
 After their Battel, themselves on the Ground,  
*Thirsis* did think the Gods came here to dwell be-  
     (neath,

And that hereafter the World would go round.

*Corydon* aged,  
     With *Phillis* engaged,  
 Was much enraged with jealous Despair;  
     But Fury was faded,  
     And he was persuaded,  
 When he found they applauded the Hunting the  
     *Hare*.

Cunning *Melampus*, and fortunate *Laelaps*,  
*Fowler*, and *Tyger*, and *Harper*, the Skies  
 Rend with Roaring, while Hunter-like *Hercules*  
 Winds his plentiful Horn to their Cries:  
     Till with Varieties,  
     To solace their Deities,  
 Their weary *Pisties* refreshed  
     We Shepherds were seated,  
     Whilst we repeated,  
 How we conceited the Hunting the *Hare*.

Stars but Shadows were, Joys were but Sorrows,  
 They without Motion, these wanting Delight;  
 Joys are jovial, Delights are the Marrows  
 Of Life and Motion, the Axle of Might.

Pleasure depends,  
 Upon no other Friends,  
 But still freely lends to each Virtue a share ;  
 Alone is Pleasure,  
 The measure of Treasure ;  
 Of Pleasure, the Treasure is hunting the *Hare*.

Drowned *Narcissus* from his *Metamorphosis*,  
 Rowzed by *Æcho* new Manhood did take :  
 And snoring *Somnus* up started from *Cimmery*,  
 The which this Thousand Year was not awake,  
 To see club-footed  
 Old *Mulciber* booted,  
 And *Pan* promoted on *Corydon's* Mare ;  
 Proud *Pallas* pouted,  
 And *Æolus* shouted,  
 And *Momus* flouted, yet followed the *Hare*.

*Hymen* ushers the Lady *Astrea*,  
 The Jest takes hold of *Minerva* the old,  
*Ceres* the Brown, with bright *Cytherea*,  
 With *Tbetis* the wanton, *Bellona* the bold,  
 Shamefac'd *Aurora*,  
 With witty *Pandora*,  
 And *Maia* with *Flora* did company bear :  
 But *Juno* was staid,  
 Too high to be mated,  
 Altho' she hated not hunting the *Hare*.

Three broad Bowls to th' Olympical Rector,  
 The *Tray* born *Deu* presents on his Knee,  
*Jove* to *Phæbus* carouses in Nectar,  
 And *Phæbus* to *Hermes*, and *Hermes* to me :  
 Wherewith infused,  
 I piped and mused,  
 In Language unused, their sports to declare,  
 Till the House of *Jove* ;  
 Like the Spheres round do move,  
 Health to all those that love the Hunting of the *Hare*.



# XXXVII. Fair *Maudlin*: Or, the Merchant's Daughter of *Bristol*.

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To the Tune of *The Maiden's Joy*.

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*Though I do not profess myself an Admirer of the following Song; yet considering its title to Antiquity, it may justly claim a place here; and several of my Readers have earnestly desired to have it inserted. There is one passage in it which petty Criticks have very much carp'd at, and that is the Time Maudlin's Lover lay under Condemnation; but if they had consider'd that he was in one of the Inquisition Prisons, where People sometimes lay several Years, they would have found their Cavil very unjust. I must own, I cannot so easily answer another Objection, and that is the Mercy shewn by the Judges to the Three Prisoners, those very pious Men never having since the first Foundation of that Court given another Instance of it.*

**B**ehold the Touchstone of true Love,  
*Maudlin* the Merchant's Daughter of *Bristol*  
 (Town,

Whose firm Affection nothing could move,  
 Her favour bears the lovely brown.

K 5

A gallant

A gallant Youth was dwelling by,  
Which long had born this Maiden great good Will,  
She loved him most faithfully,  
But all her Friends withstood it still.

The young Man now perceiving well,  
He could not get the Favour of her Friends,  
The Force of Sorrow to expel,  
And view strange Countries he intends.

And now to take his last Farewel  
Of his true Love, his fair and constant *Maudlin*,  
With Musick sweet that did excel,  
He play'd under her Window then.

Farewel (quoth he) mine own true Love,  
Farewel, the dear and chiefest Treasure of my Heart;  
Thro' Fortune's Spite, that false did prove,  
I am enforc'd from thee to part,

Into the Land of fair *Italy*:  
There will I wail and weary out my Life in Woe,  
Seeing my true Love is kept from me,  
I hold my Life a mortal Foe.

Fair *Bristol* Town therefore adieu,  
For *Padua* shall be my Habitation now,  
Although my Love doth rest in you,  
To whom alone my Heart I vow.

With tickling Tears thus did he sing,  
Sighs and Sobs descending from his Heart full sore,  
He said, when he his Hands did wring,  
Farewel, sweet Love, for evermore.

Fair *Maudlin* from a Window high,  
See her true Love with Musick where he stood,  
But not a word she did reply,  
Fearing her Parents angry Mood.



In Tears she spent that woful Night,  
 Wishing herself, tho' naked, with her faithful Friend;  
 She blames her Friends, and Fortune's Spite,  
 That wrought her Love such luckless End;

And in her Heart she made a Vow,  
 To forsake her Country and Kindred all,  
 And for to follow her true Love,  
 To abide all Chance that might befall.

The Night is gone, and the Day is come,  
 And in the Morning very early did she rise,  
 She gets her down into a lower Room,  
 Where sundry Seamen she espies:

A gallant Master among them all,  
 The Master of a great and goodly Ship was he,  
 Who there was waiting in the Hall  
 To speak with her Father, if it might be.

She kindly takes him by the Hand,  
 Good Sir, said she, Would you speak with any here?  
 Quoth he, Fair Maid, and therefore I do stand.  
 Then, gentle Sir, I pray draw near:

Into a pleasant Parlour by,  
 Hand in Hand she brings the Seaman all alone,  
 Sighing to him most piteously,  
 She thus to him did make her moan:

She falls upon her bended Knee,  
 Good Sir, (said she) pity a Woman's Woe,  
 And prove a faithful Friend to me,  
 That I to you my Grief may show.

Sith you repose your Trust (he said)  
 In me unknown, and eke a Stranger here,  
 Be you assur'd, most beauteous Maid,  
 Most faithful still I will appear.

I have

I have a Brother (then quoth she)  
Whom as my Life I love, and favour tenderly,  
In *Padua*, alas! is he,  
Full Sick, God wot, and like to die.

Full fain I would my Brother see,  
But that my Father will not yield to let me go:  
Therefore, kind Sir, be kind to me,  
And unto me this Favour show:

Some Ship-boy's Garment bring to me,  
That I disguis'd may go unknown,  
And unto Sea I'll go with thee,  
If thus much Favour might be shown.

Fair Maid (quoth he) take here my Hand,  
I will fulfil each thing that you desire,  
And see you safe in that same Land,  
And in the Place that you require.

She gave to him a tender Kiss,  
And said, Your Servant, Master, I will be,  
And prove your faithful Friend for this;  
Sweet Master, then forget not me.

This done, as they had both agreed,  
Soon after that, by break of Day,  
He brings her Garments then with speed,  
Therein herself she did array:

And e'er her Father did arise,  
She meets her Master as he walked in the Hall,  
She did attend on him likewise,  
Until her Father did him call.

But here the Merchant made an end  
Of those his weighty Matters all that Day,  
His Wife came weeping in with speed,  
Saying, Our Daughter's gone away.

The Merchant then amaz'd in Mind,  
 Yonder vile Wretch intic'd my Child away :  
 But I well wot I shall him find,  
 In *Italy* at *Padua*.

With that bespake the Master brave,  
 Worshipful Merchant, thither goes this Youth,  
 And any thing that you would crave,  
 He will perform, and write the Truth.

Sweet Youth (quoth he) if it be so,  
 Bear me a Letter to the *English* there,  
 And Gold on thee I will bestow,  
 My Daughter's welfare I do fear.

Her Mother took her by the Hand,  
 Fair Youth, if e'er thou dost my Daughter see,  
 Let me soon thereof understand,  
 And there is twenty Crowns for thee.

Thus through the Daughter's strange disguise,  
 Her Mother knew not when she spoke unto her  
 (Child,

Then after her Master, straight she hies,  
 Taking her leave with Countenance mild:

Thus to the Sea sweet *Maudlin* is gone,  
 With her gentle Master, God send fair Wind:  
 Where we a while must leave them all alone,  
 Till you the second Part do find.

**W**elcome, sweet *Maudlin*, from the Sea,  
 Where bitter Storms and Tempests do arise,  
 The pleasant Banks of *Italy*,  
 You may behold with mortal Eyes.

Thanks, gentle Master (then said she)  
 A faithful Friend in Sorrow thou hast been;

If Fortune once do smile on me  
My gratitude shall soon be seen.

Blest be the Land that feeds my Love,  
Blest be the Place wherein he doth abide,  
No tryal will I stick to prove,  
Whereby my true Love may be try'd:

Now will I walk with joyful Heart,  
To view the Town wherein he doth remain,  
And seek him out in every Part,  
Until his Sight I do obtain.

And I (quoth he) will not forsake  
Sweet *Maudlin* in her Sorrows up and down,  
In Wealth or Woe thy Part I'll take,  
And bring thee safe to *Padua* Town:

And after many weary Steps,  
In *Padua* they arrived at the last,  
For very Joy her Heart it leaps,  
She thinks not on her Sorrows past.

Condemn'd he was to die, alas!  
Except he would from his Religion turn,  
But rather than he would to Mass,  
In fiery Flames he vow'd to burn.

Now doth sweet *Maudlin* weep and wail,  
Her Joy is turn'd to Sorrow, Grief and Care,  
For nothing could her plaints prevail,  
For Death alone must be his share:

She walks under the Prison Walls  
Where her true Love did languish in Distress,  
Then wofully for Food he calls,  
When Hunger did his Heart oppress!

He

He sighs and sobs, and makes great moan,  
 Farewel, Sweet-heart, he cry'd for evermore,  
 And all my Friends that have me known,  
 In *Bristol* Town with Wealth and Store.

But most of all, farewel (quoth he)  
 My own sweet *Maudlin*, whom I left behind,  
 For never more thou wilt me see,  
 Woe to thy Father most unkind.

How well I were if thou wert here,  
 With thy fair Hands to close my wretched Eyes,  
 My Torments easy would appear,  
 My Soul with Joy would scale the Skies.

When *Maudlin* heard her Lover's Moan,  
 Her Eyes with Tears, her Heart soon filled was,  
 To speak with him no means was found,  
 Such grievous doom did on him pass.

Then she put off her Lad's Attire,  
 Her Maiden-weeds upon her seemly set,  
 At the Judge's House she did enquire,  
 And there she did a Service get.

She did her Duty there so well,  
 And eke so well herself she did behave,  
 With her in Love her Master fell,  
 His Servant's favour he doth crave:

*Maudlin* (quoth he) my Heart's delight,  
 To whom my Soul is so inclin'd,  
 Breed not my Death through thy despight,  
 A faithful Friend thou shalt me find.

Grant me thy Love, fair Maid, quoth he,  
 And then desire what thou canst devise,  
 And I will grant it unto thee,  
 Whereby thy Credit may arise.



I have a Brother, Sir, she said,  
For his Religion is condemn'd to dye,  
In loathsome Prison he is laid,  
Oppress'd with Grief and Misery:

Grant me my Brother's Life, she said,  
And now to you my Love and Liking will I give.  
That may not be, quoth he, fair Maid,  
Except he turn he cannot live.

An *English* Friar there is, she said,  
Of Learning great, and passing pure of Life,  
Let him to my Brother be sent,  
And he will finish soon the Strife.

Her Master granted her request,  
The Mariner in Friar's Weeds she did array:  
And to her Love that lay distrest,  
She did a Letter soon convey:

When he had read these gentle Lines,  
His Heart was ravish'd with pleasant Joy,  
Where now she is full well he knew,  
The Friar likewise was not coy.

But did declare to him at large,  
The Enterprize his Love had taken in hand:  
The young Man did the Friar charge,  
His Love should straight depart the Land.

Here is no place for her, he said,  
But woful Death and Danger of her Life,  
Professing Truth I was betray'd,  
And fearful Flames must end the strife.

For e'er I will my Faith deny,  
And swear myself to follow damned Atheist,  
I'll yield my Body for to dye,  
To live in Heaven with the Highest.

O, Sir, the gentle Friar said,  
 Consent thereto, and end the strife:  
 A woful match, quoth he, is made  
 Where Christ is left to gain a Wife.

give.  
 When she had us'd all means she might,  
 To save his Life yet all would not be,  
 Then of the Judge she claim'd her right,  
 To dye the Death as well as he.

When no Persuasion could prevail,  
 Nor change her Mind in any thing she said,  
 She was with him condemn'd to die,  
 And for them both one Fire was made :

Yea, Arm in Arm most joyfully,  
 These Lovers twain unto the Fire did go,  
 The Mariner most faithfully,  
 Was likewise partner of their Woe.

But when the Judges understood,  
 The faithful Friendship did in them remain,  
 They sav'd their Lives, and afterwards  
 To *England* sent them back again.

Now was their Sorrow turn'd to Joy,  
 And faithful Lovers have their Hearts desire,  
 Their Pains so well they did employ,  
 God granted that they did desire.

And when they did to *England* come,  
 And in merry *Bristol* arrived at the last,  
 Great Joy there was to all and some,  
 That heard the Dangers they had past.

Her Father he was dead, God wot,  
 And her old Mother was joyful at her sight,  
 Their Wishes she denied not,  
 But wedded them to Hearts delight.

Her

Her gentle Master he desired  
 To be her Father, and at Church to give her then,  
 It was fulfilled as she required;  
 To the Joy of all good Men.



XXXVII.

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XXXVIII. The dying Lovers last farewell : Or the Tragical Downfall of *Marcellus* and *Arminda*.

To the Tune of *Stone Walls cannot a Prison make.*

*I have inserted the Three following Songs for the Sake of those amongst my Readers, who profess themselves Lovers, that they may learn to be Faithful, and to dread the Curses that attend Inconstancy and broken Vows.*

ONE Night when in the Village slept,  
*Marcellus* sought Despair,  
 The wand'ring Shepherd waking kept  
 To tell the Woods his Care:  
 Begone, said he, fond Thoughts begone,  
 Eyes give your Sorrows o'er;  
 Why should you waste your Tears for one  
 That thinks on you no more?

Yet all the Birds, the Flocks, and Powers  
 That dwell within the Grove,  
 Can tell how many tender Hours  
 We here have past in Love:  
 Ye Stars above, my cruel Foes,  
 Can tell how she has sworn  
 A Thousand Times, that like to those,  
 Her Flames should ever burn.

I thought

I thought the Rocks could sooner move  
 Than she her Faith betray,  
 I was transported so with Love,  
 My Senses fled away :  
 When Hand in Hand we us'd to walk,  
 No Joy was like to this,  
 She told me that I had her Heart,  
 And seal'd it with a Kiss.

But faithless she will ever be,  
 I to my Sorrow find ;  
 Or else, perhaps, prove so to me,  
 And to some other kind.  
 But sure the God of Love will shower  
 Down Vengeance in the End,  
 And punish by his mighty Power  
 Those that his Laws offend.

How happy should I count myself  
 For to receive one Smile  
 From her that stole my Heart away,  
 And did me so beguile ;  
 My drooping Spirits would revive,  
 And I should be at ease,  
 And promise to myself good Days  
 My Fancy for to please.

But since she's gone, O let me have  
 My Wish, and quickly die.  
 In this cold Bank I'll make my Grave,  
 And there forgotten lie ;  
 Sad Nightingales the watch shall keep,  
 And kindly there complain,  
 Then down the Shepherd lay to sleep  
 And never 'wak'd again.

*Arminda* coming through the Grove  
 To ease him of his Grief,  
 And finding that her wronged Love  
 Was dead, past all Relief ;

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Unto the Gods she did complain,  
 With Senses all amaz'd,  
 And sobbed out these Words in vain,  
 As on his Grave she gaz'd :

Oh! why ye only Powers above  
 Would you so cruel be,  
 For to deprive me of my Love  
 E'er I his Face could see?  
 Unhappy I whose deep Disdain  
 Makes me thus sadly cross'd,  
 For when I thought to love again  
 I found that I was lost.

O let me strive with all my Art,  
 Thy Breath for to relieve,  
 That thou may'st know my Love-sick Heart  
 Doth for my Shepherd grieve :  
 With open Eyes behold my Woe,  
 That am with Sorrow slain,  
 Since that I prov'd thy deadly Foe  
 To kill thee with Disdain.

But Oh! alas, I know grim Death  
 He will not bribed be,  
 For to restore his latest Breath  
 To see my Misery :  
 No Sorrow e'er was like to mine,  
 Come help me now to mourn,  
 That I in Tears of watry Brine  
 May to a Deluge turn.

You Birds that warble in the Woods,  
 And Beasts so fierce and fell,  
 Bear witness of my dying Words,  
 And weep my funeral Knell :  
 Since he is to Elizium gone,  
 Who was to me so kind,  
 No longer can I live alone,  
 Nor stay one Hour behind.

I come,

I come, dear Love, I come, she cry'd,  
 Make thy *Arminda* room,  
 Since that for Love *Marcellus* dy'd,  
 Unto the Shades I come:  
 Then fetching of a dying Groan,  
 Her tender Heart it broke,  
 And falling on her Lover's Grave  
 She never after spoke.



XXXI  
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XXXIX. The Lovers Tragedy: Or,  
the wronged Lady's Lamentation and  
untimely Death.

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To the Tune of *No more cruel Nymph.*

---

S I R *William* a Knight of Six thousand a Year,  
He courted fair *Susan* of *Somersetshire*,  
The beautifull't Creature that ever was seen,  
A Lady by birth, though her Fortune was mean :  
What passed between them I'll tell you in brief,  
Who hear it may sigh with a Heart full of Grief.

To her he pretended the greatest of Love,  
And held her in hand for three Months and above,  
Inviting her often to feast at his Hall,  
At length he to wanton Embraces would fall,  
Which when she perceiv'd, she sighing would say,  
Don't ruin an innocent Lady, I pray.

O talk not of Ruin, thou Joy of my Heart,  
So long as we live, Love, we never will part,  
So sure as I give thee this amorous Kifs ;  
Then let me arrive to the Rapture of Bliss,  
If ever I'm false or disloyal to thee,  
May God's Divine Vengeance then fall upon me.

The innocent Lady then struck with surprize,  
Besought him with sorrowful Tears in her Eyes,  
That he would not tempt her to any such thing,  
The which without question her Ruin would bring ;  
Yet still with new Arguments her he assail'd,  
Tho' long she resisted, at length he prevail'd.

He

He having obtained his earnest Request,  
 She proved with Child; then with Sorrows oppress,  
 He left her whom once he did seem to adore,  
 And all his rash Vows he regarded no more;  
 No Creature so false and deceitful as he  
 That swears to be true, and yet perjur'd will be.

The innocent Lady with Sorrows oppress,  
 With Tears in her Eyes, and with sobs from her Breast  
 She cry'd there's no Sorrow, no Sorrow like mine,  
 O why had Sir *William* so base a Design!  
 Before I consented, O that I had dy'd!  
 I'm ruin'd, I'm ruin'd, I'm ruin'd, she cry'd.

Against you, Sir *William*, I needs must exclaim,  
 You courted for Love, and have cloath'd me with shame,  
 A Sorrow which I am unable to bear,  
 My Honour is gone, I will die in despair,  
 And haunt you by Night with my wand'ring Ghost,  
 That you may not have any reason to boast.

You shall have no Pleasure, but constantly find,  
 The Cries of your Conscience, the Trouble of Mind,  
 Both sleeping and waking, where-ever you go,  
 For seeking my Ruin and sad Overthrow,  
 And breaking the Vows that you solemnly made  
 Before you my innocent Virtues betray'd.

Retir'd from Friends, her close Chamber she kept,  
 Where for her Misfortune she bitterly wept,  
 And finding her Folly she no ways could hide,  
 With Grief she miscarry'd, in Sorrow she dy'd,  
 Whose wand'ring Ghost then did often affright  
 Her false-hearted Lover, and treacherous Knight.

Sometimes to his Chamber at Midnight she came,  
 The Room being fill'd with a fiery Flame,  
 Her trembling Ghost near the Curtains would stand,  
 With either a Dagger or Sword in her Hand,  
 As if she would stab her false Knight where he lay,  
 And then with a Shriek she would vanish away.

But

But once above all a strange Groaning he heard,  
 And strait with a Child in her Arms she appear'd,  
 Which then on his Bed she lay close on his side,  
 It frighted him so, that he sickn'd and dy'd  
 Within a Week after the same he beheld;  
 To all that he told it, with Wonder were fill'd.

Now as in a frightful Condition he lay,  
 To all his dear Friends he was pleas'd to say,  
 I wrong'd a Lady, I needs must confess,  
 And brought her to Sorrow, to Shame and Distress,  
 And now since the Glas of my Life is near run,  
 I'm going to answer for what I have done.

I was false to my Love, and my Oath I have broke,  
 And Death he stands ready with one fatal stroke,  
 To send me away, but I cannot tell where.  
 I have done amiss and must die in Despair:  
 Let me be a Warning to all that shall hear  
 Of my Death, for being so false to my Dear.







XL. *William and Margaret.*

WHEN all was wrapt in dark Midnight,  
And all were fast a-sleep,  
In glided *Marg'et's* grimly Ghost,  
And stood at *William's* Feet.

Her Face was like the *April* Morn,  
Clad in a wintry Cloud,  
And Clay cold was her Lilly Hand,  
That held her sable Shrowd.

So shall the fairest Face appear,  
When Youth and Years are flown;  
Such is the Robe that Kings must wear,  
When Death has rest their Crown.

Her Bloom was like the springing Flow'r,  
That sips the Silver Dew;  
The Rose was budded in her Cheek;  
And opening to the View.

But Love had like the Canker-Worm,  
Consum'd her early Prime:  
The Rose grew pale and left her Cheek;  
She dy'd before her Time.

Awake, she cry'd, thy true Love calls,  
Come from her Midnight Grave;  
Now let thy Pity hear the Maid,  
Thy Love refus'd to save.

This

This is the mirk and fearful Hour,  
 When injur'd Ghosts complain;  
 Now dreary Graves give up their dead,  
 To haunt the faithless Swain.

Bethink thee *William* of thy Fault,  
 Thy Pledge, and broken Oath,  
 And give me back my Maiden Vow,  
 And give me back my Troth.

How could you say my Face was fair,  
 And yet that Face forsake?  
 How could you win my Virgin Heart,  
 Yet leave that Heart to break?

How could you promise Love to me,  
 And not that Promise keep?  
 Why did you swear mine Eyes were bright,  
 Yet leave those Eyes to weep?

How could you say my Lip was sweet,  
 And made the Scarlet pale?  
 And why did I, young witlefs Maid,  
 Believe the flattering Tale?

That Face alas! no more is fair;  
 These Lips no longer red,  
 Dark are mine Eyes now clos'd in Death,  
 And ev'ry Charm is fled.

The hungry Worm my Sister is;  
 This Winding-Sheet I wear,  
 And cold and weary lasts our Night,  
 Till that last Morn appear.

But hark! the Cock has warn'd me hence:  
 A long and last ADIEU!  
 Come see, false Man, how low she lies,  
 That dy'd for Love of you.

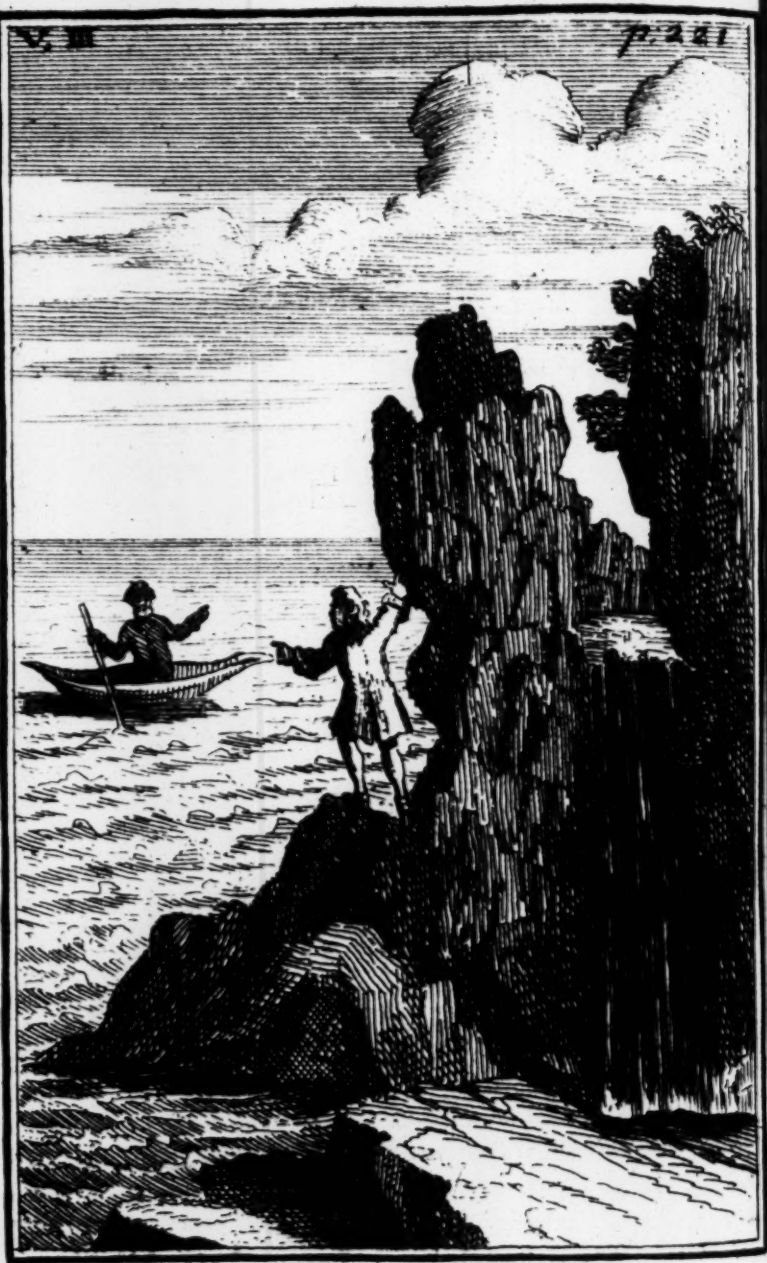
Now Birds did sing and Morning smile,  
 And shew her glistering Head,  
 Pale *William* shook in ev'ry Limb  
 Then raving left his Bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal Place,  
 Where *Margaret's* Body lay,  
 And stretch'd him on the green Grafs Turf,  
 That wrapt her breathless Clay.

And thrice he call'd on *Margaret's* Name,  
 And thrice he wept full fore,  
 Then laid his Cheek to the cold Earth,  
 And Word spake never more.







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# XLI. The Factor's GARLAND.

To the Tune of, *The Wand'ring Lady.*

**B**Ehold here's a Ditty, 'tis true and no Jest,  
Concerning a young Gentleman in the East,  
Who by his great gaming came to Poverty,  
And afterwards went many Voyages to Sea.

Being well educated and one of great Wit,  
Three Merchants of *London* they all thought it fit  
To make him their Captain and Factor also,  
And for them to *Turky* a Voyage he did go.

And walking along in the Streets there he found,  
A poor Man's dead Carcass lying on the Ground;  
He asked the Reason what made him there lye;  
Then one of the Natives made him this Reply,

That Man was a Christian, Sir, when he drew Breath,  
The Duties not being paid he lies above Earth.  
Why, what is your Duty the Factor he cry'd?  
It is Fifty Pound, Sir, the *Turk* he reply'd.

That is a great Sum, said the Factor, indeed;  
To see him lye here makes my Heart for to bleed:  
So then by this Factor the Money was paid,  
And then under Earth his dead Carcass was laid.

When having gone farther he chanc'd to espy  
A beautiful Creature just going to die,  
A young Waiting-Maiden who strangled must be,  
For nothing but striking a *Turkish* Lady.

To think of her dying with dread she was fill'd;  
 And Rivers of Tears then like Water distill'd,  
 Like a Stream or Fountain from her Eyes flow'd down  
 Her red rosy Cheeks, and from thence to the Ground.

Hearing what the Crime was, he to end the Strife,  
 Said, What must I give for this young Creature's Life?  
 The Answer returned was a Hundred Pound,  
 The which for her Pardon he freely laid down.

He said, come fair Creature, thy Weeping refrain,  
 And be of good comfort thou shalt not be slain;  
 Behold I have purchas'd thy Pardon, Wilt thee  
 Be willing to go into *England* with me?

She cry'd Sir, I thank you who freed me from Death,  
 I am bound to pray for you as long as I've Breath,  
 And if you are willing to *England* I'll go,  
 And due respects to you until Death I will show.

He brought her to *London* where, as it is said,  
 He set up House-keeping, and she was his Maid,  
 For to wait upon him; and finding her just,  
 With the Keys of his Riches he did her intrust.

At length this young Factor was hir'd once more  
 To cross the proud Waves and Billows which roar,  
 And into that Country his Course was to steer,  
 Which by his Maid's Father was govern'd we hear.

Being a hot Country this Man did prepare,  
 To get fine light Robes for that Country-wear.  
 He bought a Silk Waist-coat which, as it is told,  
 His Servant flourish'd with Silver and Gold.

She said unto him, Master, I do understand,  
 You are going Factor unto such a Land,  
 And if you that Prince's Court do enter in,  
 Be sure that you let this flourish'd Garment be seen.

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He said, unto that Prince's Court I must go,  
 The meaning of thy Words I long to know.  
 Sir, I'll not tell you, there's some reason you'll find.  
 With that he reply'd, I will fulfil thy Mind.

Then away he sailed and came to the Port,  
 The Factor he went to the Emperor's Court;  
 For it was the usual custom of that Place,  
 For to present some noble thing to his Grace.

His Gift was accepted, and as he stood by,  
 On this flower'd Garment the Prince cast an Eye,  
 Which caused him to colour, and thus he did say,  
 Friend, who flower'd that Robe, tell me now I pray.

If please your Grace my last Voyage was to *Turkey*,  
 Where I saw a Creature that strangled must be,  
 And to save her Life, I gave an Hundred Pound,  
 And carry'd her home with me to fair *London* Town.

There she is my House-keeper while I'm in this Land,  
 And when of my coming she did understand,  
 She flower'd this Robe, and gave charge unto me,  
 To let it be seen by your great Majesty.

The Prince cry'd, behold Friend, this Robe that I wear  
 Is of the same Flower and Spot I dare swear,  
 Thy Maid wrought them both, and 'tis my darling dear,  
 I have not heard from her till now this three Year.

To pay a visit to some young neighbouring Prince,  
 I sent her into a Ship, and ne'er see her since,  
 And I was afraid the Sea had prov'd her Grave,  
 But I hear to *Turky* she was taken a Slave.

For loss of my Child who I thought had been dead,  
 A Well full of Tears in my Court has been shed;  
 My Princess her Mother for her could not rest,  
 And her Groans drew Millions of Sighs from my Breast.

Thy Ship shall be richly laden with speed,  
 And I'll send a Ship for thy Convoy indeed;  
 And because thou savedst my Child's Life,  
 Bring her alive home, I'll make her thy Wife.

And if you should not live to bring her to me,  
 That Man that brings her home his Bride she shall be,  
 And a Hundred Thousand a Year he shall have,  
 Therefore take care my dear Child's Life to save.

The Ship being laden their Anchor was weighing,  
 And he and his Convoy came over the Main,  
 To fair *London* City and home he did go,  
 And gave this young Princess these Tydings to know.

He said noble Lady I have good News to tell,  
 The old Prince your Father and Mother are well,  
 And your noble Parents this thing have design'd,  
 In the Bands of Wedlock we both shall be join'd.

Perhaps noble Lady you will not be free,  
 To marry a poor Man especially me.  
 Sir, were you a Beggar, I would be your Wife,  
 Because when just dying you saved my Life.

I ne'er shall forget that great Token of Love,  
 Of all Men now breathing I prize you above,  
 And since it is so order'd I am pleas'd I vow,  
 And glad my Father this thing doth allow.

Pray sell off your Goods that you have now in store,  
 And give all the Money to those that are poor,  
 And let us be jogging with speed o'er the Main,  
 For I long to see my Parents again.

This thing was soon done and she sail'd away,  
 In that Ship her Father sent for his Convoy.  
 But mark what was acted on the Ocean wide,  
 To deprive this Factor of his Royal Bride.

That

That Captain that convoy'd him over the deep,  
 One Night as the Factor was laid in his sleep,  
 Being under sail, Over-board did him throw,  
 Saying now I shall have this young Creature I know.

There happen'd to be a small Island at hand,  
 To which this Factor swam as I understand,  
 And there I will leave him some time for to mourn,  
 And unto his Ship now again will I turn.

Next Morning as soon as Day-light did peep,  
 He waked this young Princess out of her Sleep,  
 And said noble Lady the Factor's not here,  
 He's fall'n over-board and drowned I fear.

To hear this sad News then her Eyes they did flow.  
 He said noble Lady now since it is so,  
 There's none here can help it, don't troubled be,  
 In two or three Days you your Parents shall see.

And when that she came to the desired Port,  
 This Princess went weeping to her Father's Court,  
 Who gladly receiv'd her with Joy and great Mirth;  
 Saying, where is the Man that freed thee from Death?

The Captain reply'd, as we lay fast asleep,  
 He fell over-board and was drown'd in the deep;  
 Your Grace said that Man that home did her bring  
 Shou'd have her, and I hope you'll perform the thing.

Yes, that was my Promise the Prince he reply'd,  
 What say'st thou my Daughter wilt thou be his Bride?  
 She said, yes dear Father; but first if you please,  
 For him that sav'd my Life I'll mourn Forty Days.

Then into close Mourning this Lady she went,  
 For loss of this good Friend in Tears to lament;  
 And there I will leave her to mourn for a while,  
 And turn to the Factor who is left on the Isle.



In this defart Island the Façtor he lay,  
In floods of Tears weeping a Night and a Day,  
At length on the Ocean appear'd to his view,  
A little old Man paddling in a Canoe.

The Façtor call'd to him, which caus'd him to stay,  
And drawing near to him the Old Man did say,  
Friend, how cam'st thou here? Then with Eyes that did  
(flow,  
He told him his Secrets, and where he would go.

The Old Man said to him if here thou dost lye,  
With Grief and great Sorrow in short time thou wilt  
(dye,  
What wilt thou give, and to Court I'll be thy Guide?  
I have nothing to give you this Façtor reply'd.

If thou wilt but promise and be true to me,  
To give me the first Babe that's born unto thee,  
When Thirty Months old, to that Court I'll thee  
(bring,  
I'll not release you without that very thing.

The Façtor consider'd that thing would cause Grief,  
And without it for him there was no Relief;  
He cry'd Life is sweet, and my Life to save,  
Carry me to that Palace, your Will you shall have.

So then he was carry'd to the Court, and when  
Come under the Gate he saw his Lady then  
Looking out at her Window, who seeing him there  
From Sorrow to great Joy transported she were.

He unto the Court was with great Joy receiv'd,  
Where this Lady met him, who for him had griev'd,  
And said, my dear Jewel, my Joy and my Dear,  
Oh! Where have you tarry'd, pray let me hear?

Where he so long tarry'd he then did relate,  
And by what means he came to her Father's Gate.

He said, I was cast over-board in my Sleep,  
I think 'twas the Captain threw me in the deep.

With that the Captain was sent for with speed,  
And hearing the Factor was come there indeed,  
To show himself guilty like a cruel Knave,  
Leap'd into the Ocean, which proved his Grave.

Next Day with great Triumph and Joy as we find,  
This Factor and Lady in Marriage were join'd:  
And within the Compass and Space of two Years,  
They had a fine Son and a Daughter we hear.

The Son was first born a perfect Beauty,  
And was belov'd of the whole Family,  
When 30 Months old, came that Man for his Child,  
Who released the Father from that desert Isle.

When the Factor see him, his Eyes they did flow,  
Then he gave this Lady and her Parents to know,  
He was forced to make him that Promise, or lye  
In the Desert, till he with Hunger did die.

With a grimly Look then this Old Man appears,  
Which made the Court tremble, and fill'd them with  
Crying, what shall we do for this is no Man, (fears,  
He will have our Darling, do all what we can?

He said 'twas my promise, and I'll have my due,  
There is one Babe for me, and another for you;  
I will have your first born, come give it to me:  
With that all the Family wept bitterly.

The Babe's Mother cry'd, I am griev'd to the Heart,  
To think I with such a dear Infant must part,  
To one that will carry it the Lord knows where,  
And perhaps in pieces my darling will tear.

With that she embrac'd it, and down the Tears fell,  
And when having kiss'd it she bid it farewell;  
Saying,

Saying, 'tis for the Sake of my Husband and I,  
We part with our first born, tho' for it we die.

So then this grim Ghost to her Husband did say,  
Sir, do you remember in *Turky* one Day,  
You saw a dead Body lying on the Ground,  
And to have it buried gave Fifty Pound.

Sir, I am the Spirit of that dead Body,  
I saved your Life for that great Love shown to me,  
You may keep your Child, so the Lord bless you all;  
Then away he vanished out of the Hall.

Being gone, the old Prince and his Princess likewise,  
The Babe's tender Parents with Tears in their Eyes,  
With Joy they embrac'd that darling their Son,  
Crying Child hadst thou left us we had been undone.

Now I will leave the Court full of Joy and much Mirth,  
To love one another while God gives them Breath:  
And now on the Factor we may see indeed,  
No Mortal can prevent what the Fates have decreed.





## XLII. IO, Or the Metamorphosis.

*The Story, or rather the Fable of IO, we owe to Ovid. She was the Daughter of Inachus, a handsome Wench, whom Jupiter meeting in his way, as he was rambling upon Earth, persuaded her to walk with him out of the heat of the Sun into a shady Grove, where, when he had got her, he rais'd a thick black Cloud round 'em, & — Rapuit Pudorem, says our Poet. Juno seeing the Cloud, suspected this was one of her Husband's tricks, for he had a pretty many of 'em, and dispell'd the Cloud; but before she could do it, Jupiter to conceal his Love, changed her into a Cow. Juno wou'd not be thus disappointed of her Revenge, but commended the beautiful Heifer much, and had a fancy to her, and Jupiter durst not, as he valued his Quiet, refuse her; the jealous Goddess deliver'd her over to the Custody of Argus, who watch'd her very carefully, and was very capable of doing it, for he had a Hundred Eyes, and never less than Fifty of 'em open at once. Here follows in Ovid the Description of her Surprise and Fear, when she saw the Metamorphosis of her Person, and heard her Voice, which our Poet has describ'd in the 7th, 8th, 9th, and*

and 10th Stanzas. Jupiter, not able to see her confined so close as Argus kept her, employ'd Mercury, who had the honour of being his Pimp General, to deliver her : Mercury disguised himself in a Shepherd's Habit, and finds means to get acquainted with Argus ; he told him some fine long Stories, sung Songs, and play'd upon his Pipe, till he lull'd every Eye to sleep, and then he slew him ; but Juno in compassion changed him into a Peacock, and placed the Eyes upon his Tail. Mean while poor uxorious Jupiter wheedled his Wife till he had got her into a good humour, and then begg'd that IO might be restored to her former Shape, which was at last granted, after the God had swore by Styx, and all the bloody Oaths he could think of, that he wou'd not have any thing more to say to her. The Nymph proved with Child, and at her delivery was freed from those Terrors she was under, lest instead of being got with Child, she was got with Calf ; for this is not the Invention of our Country-Man : Ovid tells us, Inachus was under the same Apprehension when he cry'd, Nunc de Grege Natus habendus ; and in due time she was deliver'd of Epaphus. Thus much for the Fable : As to the Song it self, 'tis unnecessary to say any thing of it ; those who have any relish for true Humour, will think it wants no Commendation. As for those who have not, I shall use but one Argument to convince 'em of its Beauty, and



*and that's our old Academical Proof; Ipse dixit; for I have often heard it commended as an excellent Song, by the best Judge in England.*

**Y**OU Maidens fair draw nigh and hear,  
For a wonderful Story I'll tell you now,  
How *Inachus* lost his Daughter dear:  
Poor Girl she was turned into a Cow.  
*With a fal lal la, &c.*

This Virgin's Name it was *IO* hight,  
As the Clark in the Parish-Book does say,  
A Maiden so fair, so fine and so bright;  
You shall not see in a Summer's Day.  
*With a fal lal la, &c.*

Her Father was one of the *River Gods*,  
And the Waters of *Severn* he only look'd after;  
But better it had been for him by odds,  
This once to have watch'd his Daughter's Water.  
*With a fal lal la, &c.*

For she was the Off-spring of a River,  
As most of our ancient Records tell;  
And the best Commendation that they could give her,  
Was that she made Water wond'rous well.  
*With her fal lal la, &c.*

At which one Day when *Jupiter* found her,  
A Whoreson very much given to the Vice,  
He took her and laid her as flat as a Flounder,  
And whip'd off her Maidenhead in a trice.  
*With his fal lal la, &c.*

And to hide it from *Juno* his Wife,  
As arrant a Scold as ever was born;  
What did he do for a quiet Life,  
But poor *IO* into a Cow did transform.  
*With a fal lal la, &c.*

The

The first thing that troubled her was her Pallat,  
 So mightily chang'd she could not tell how;  
 For nothing would down with her now but a Sallet,  
 And she could eat Grass as well as a Cow.  
*With a fal, &c.*

Then finding a rumbling in her Belly,  
 And letting a Fart as loud as a Gun,  
 Her Trouble impossible 'tis for to tell you,  
 She fancied poor Maid she was quite undone,  
*With a fal lal la, &c.*

Alas poor Maid, and more beguil'd  
 Than ever was Virgin sure by half;  
 O' my Conscience, instead of getting me with Child,  
 This rascally Rogue he has got me with Calf.  
*With his fal lal la, &c.*

And then letting drop a something behind,  
 And turning herself about for to see't,  
 Instead of the Calf she expected to find,  
 'Twas as flat a Cow-t-d as ever was sh-t.  
*With a fal lal la, &c.*

And now you Maidens all beware,  
 Whether of City, Country, or Court;  
 Of this to take especial Care,  
 And see that you be not Cow'd at the Sport.  
*With your fal lal la, &c.*

And for the marry'd Woman she well,  
 Of this my Counsel will allow;  
 Rather to make her Husband a Bull,  
 Than suffer her Husband to make her a Cow.  
*With his fal lal la, &c.*





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### XLIII. The Fiddle.

**Y**OU Lads, and you Lasses, that live at *Long Lete*,  
Where they say, there's no end of good Drink,  
(and good Meat;  
Where the Poor fill their Bellies, and the Rich receive  
(Honour;  
So great and so good is the Lord of that Mannor,  
(*Derry down, &c.*

You Nymphs and you Fauns that inhabit this Place,  
I pray you give Ear to a Fiddle's hard Case:  
It is of a Fiddle, sweet Fiddle, I sing;  
But sweeter and softer sure never wore String,  
(Derry, &c.

*Melpomene*, lend me the Aid of thine Art,  
While I, the sad Fate of a Fiddle impart;  
For never poor Fiddle had Fortune so bad,  
Which shews the best Things, the worst Fortune have  
(had, *Derry*, &c.

But first, I must sing of this Fiddle's Country;  
'Twas born and bred up in fair *Italy*,  
In a Town where a Marechal of *France* did mishap,  
*Fortune de la Guerre*, to be caught in a Trap, *Derry*, &c.

And now I have sung of this Fiddle's high Birth,  
I must sing of the Fingers which made so much Mirth.  
But Fingers so strait, so swift and so small,  
Should be sung by a Poet, or not sung at all, *Derry, &c.*

But I am nought else but a poor Country Swain,  
And cannot indite in so lofty a Strain;

## But



But the best I can say, I tell you once more,  
Such Hands, and such Fingers, I ne'er saw before.  
(Derry, &c.

These Hands and these Fingers, and Fiddle together,  
Wou'd make heavy Hearts grow as light as a Feather;  
Such a sight for to see, and Musick to hear,  
It delighted the Eye, while it ravish'd the Ear.  
(Derry, &c.

And now I have sung of this Fidd'e I trow,  
You will hold it but meet, I should sing of the Bow;  
The Bow was of *Ebon*, whose Virtue was such,  
That it wounded the Heart, while the Ear it did touch.  
(Derry, &c.

*Cupid* fain would have changed his Bow for a while,  
To whom the coy Nymph did reply with a Smile;  
Quoth she, mine is better than yours I'll appeal;  
Yours only can kill, mine can both kill and heal.  
(Derry, &c.

This Fiddle of Fiddles, when it came to be tried,  
Was as sweet as a Lark, and as soft as a Bride;  
But oh; when I shall its Catastrophe sing,  
Your Hearts they will bleed, and your Hands you will  
(wring. Derry, &c.

This Fiddle by chance, it was laid in a Chair,  
Taking all for its Friends that its Musick did hear;  
When in came a swinging huge Masculine Bum,  
I wish the De'il had it to make him a Drum.  
(Derry, &c.

Then woe to the Bum that the Fiddle demolish'd,  
Which has all our Pleasures and Pastime abolish'd;  
May it never want Birch to be swig'd and be slash'd,  
May it ever be itching, but never be scratch'd.  
(Derry, &c.

For

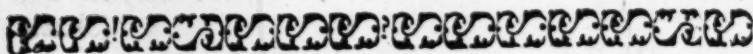
For e'ery Bum scape may this bear the blame,  
And ne'er shew its bare Face, without Sorrow and  
(Shame.

May it never find Cushion its Anguish to ease,  
While all is too little my Wrath to appease,  
(Derry, &c.

May it never break Wind in the Cholick so grievous,  
A Penance too small for a Crime so mischievous:  
May it never mount Horseback without loss of Leather,  
Which brings me almost to the end of my Tether.  
(Derry, &c.

Now should some grave Critick of deep Penetration,  
Fall upon my poor Ballad with wise Annotation;  
Let the Fop be told this, without speaking a Riddle,  
Let him first make a better, or kiss my Bum-Fiddle.  
*Derry Down, Down, and hey Derry Down.*





## XLIV. The Broom of Cowdenknow.

**H**OW blyth ilk Morn was I to see,  
 The Swain come o'er the Hill?  
 He skipt the Burn, and flew to me  
 I met him with good Will.

*O the Broom, the bonny, bonny Broom,  
 The Broom of Cowdenknows;  
 I wist I were with my dear Swain,  
 With his Pipe and my Ewes.*

I neither wanted Ewe nor Lamb,  
 While his Flock near me lay;  
 He gather'd in my Sheep at Night,  
 And chear'd me a' the Day.  
*O the Broom, &c.*

He tun'd his Pipe and Reed sae sweet,  
 The Birds stood listning by;  
 Even the dull Cattle stood and gaz'd,  
 Charm'd with his Melody.  
*O the Broom, &c.*

While thus we spent our Time by Turns,  
 Betwixt our Flocks and Play;  
 I envy'd not the fairest Dame,  
 Tho' ne'er sae rich and gay.  
*O the Broom, &c.*

Hard Fate that I should banish'd be,  
 Gang heavily and mourn,  
 Because I lov'd the kindest Swain  
 That ever yet was born,  
*O the Broom, &c.*

He

He did oblige me ev'ry Hour,  
 Could I but faithfu' be?  
 He staw my Heart, cou'd I refuse  
 What e'er he ask'd of me?  
*O the Broom, &c.*

My Doggie and my little Kit  
 That held my wee Soup Whey,  
 My Plaidy, Broach and crooked Stick,  
 May now lye usefess by.  
*O the Broom, &c.*

Adieu, ye *Cowdenknows*, adieu,  
 Farewel a' Pleasures there,  
 Ye Gods restore to me my Swain,  
 Is a' I crave or care.  
*O the Broom, the bonny, bonny Broom,*  
*The Broom of Cowdenknows;*  
*I wish I were with my dear Swain,*  
*With his Pipe and my Ewes.*



XLV. *Muirland Willie.*

**H**Arken and I will tell you how  
 Young *Muirland Willie* came to woo,  
 Tho' he cou'd neither say nor do,  
 The Truth I tell to you.  
 But ay, he cries, what e'er betide,  
*Maggy* I'fe ha'e her to be my Bride,  
*With a fal dal, &c.*

On his gray Yad as he did ride,  
 With Durk and Pistol by his Side,  
 He prick'd her on wi' mikle Pride,  
 Wi' mikle Mirth and Glee.  
 Out o'er yon Moss, out o'er yon Muir,  
 Till he came to her Dady's Door,  
*With a fal dal, &c.*

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,  
 I'm come your Doghter's Love to win,  
 I care not for making mikle Din,  
 What Answer gi' ye me?  
 Now Wooer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,  
 I'fe gi'e might Doghter's Love to win,  
*With a fal dal, &c.*

Now Wooer fin ye are lighted down,  
 Where do ye won, or in what Town,  
 I think my Doghter winna gloom,  
 On fiken a Lad as ye.  
 The Wooer he stepp'd up the House,  
 And wow but he was wond'rous crouse,  
*With a fal, &c.*

I have



I have three Owfen in a Pleugh,  
Twa good gan Yads and Gear enough,  
The Place they ca' it *Cadeneugh*,

I scorn to tell a Lie.

Besides I had frae the great Laird,  
A Peat Pat and a Lang-kail Yard,  
*With a fal, &c.*

The Maid pat on her Kirtle brown,  
She was the brawest in a' the Town,  
I wat on him she did na gloom,

But blinkit bonnillie.

The Lover he stended up in haste,  
And gripit her hard about the Waist,  
*With a fal, &c.*

To win your Love, Maid, I'm come here,  
I'm young and hae enough o' Gear,  
And for my fell ye need na fear,

Troth try me whan ye like.

He took aff his Bonnet and spat in his Chew,  
He lighted his Gab and he pri'd her Mou'  
*With a fal, &c.*

The Maiden blusht and bing'd fu' law,  
She had na Will to say him na,  
But to her Dady she left it a',

As they twa could agree.

The Lover he ga'e her the tither Kifs,  
Syne ran to her Dady and tell'd him this,  
*With a fal, &c.*

Your Doghter wad na say me na,  
But to your sel she has le't it a'  
As we could gree between us twa,

Say what'll ye gi' me wi' her.

Now Wooer, quo' he, I ha'e no Mikle,  
But siks I ha'e ye's get a Pikle,  
*With a fal, &c.*

A Kilnsu'

A Kilnfu' of Corn I'll gi'e to thee,  
Three Soums of Sheep, twa good Milk Ky,  
Ye's ha'e the Wadding Dinner free,  
Troth I dow do na Mair.  
Content, quo' he, a Bargain be't,  
I'm far frae hame, make haste let's do't,  
*With a fal, &c.*

The Bridal Day it came to pass,  
Wi' mony a blythsome Lad and Lads,  
But sicken a Day there never was,  
Sic Mirth was never seen.  
This winson Couple straked Hands,  
Mefs *John* ty'd up the Marriage Bands,  
*With a fal, &c.*

And our Bride's Maidens were na few,  
Wi' Tap-Knots, a' in blew,  
Frae Tap to Tae they were braw new,  
And blinked bonnilie.  
Their Toys and Mutches were sae clear,  
They glanced in our Ladses Een,  
*With a fal, &c.*

Sic Hirdum, Dirdum, and sic Din,  
Wi' he o'er her and she o'er him,  
The Minstrels they did never blin,  
Wi' mikle Mirth and Glee.  
And ay they bobit and ay they beckt,  
And ay their Wames together met,  
*With a fal, &c.*



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## XLVI. The Lafs of *Peatie's* Mill.

**T**HE Lafs of *Peatie's* Mill,  
 So bonny, blyth and gay,  
 In spite of all my Skill,  
 Hath stole my Heart away.  
 When tedding of the Hay  
 Bare-headed on the Green,  
 Love 'midst her Locks did play,  
 And wanton'd in her Een.

Her Arms white, round and smooth,  
 Breasts rising in their Dawn,  
 To Age it would give Youth,  
 To press 'em with his Hand.  
 Thro' all my Spirits ran  
 An Extasy of Blifs,  
 When I such Sweetness fand  
 Wrapt in a balmy Kiss.

Without the Help of Art,  
 Like Flowers which grace the Wild,  
 She did her Sweets impart,  
 When e'er she spoke or smil'd.  
 Her Looks they were so mild,  
 Free from affected Pride,  
 She me to Love beguil'd,  
 I wish'd her for my Bride.

VI. O had I all that Wealth  
 Hopmann's high Mountains fill,  
 Vol. III. M

Insur'd

Insur'd long Life and Health,  
 And Pleasures at my Will;  
 I'd promise and fulfil,  
 That none but bonny she,  
 The Lass of *Peatie's* Mill  
 Shou'd share the same wi' me.



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XLVII



## XLVII. *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray*.

O *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,  
 They are twa bonny Lassies,  
 They bigg'd a Bower on yon Burn brae,  
 And theek'd it o'er wi' Rasches.  
 Fair *Bessy Bell* I loo'd Yestreen,  
 And thought I ne'er could alter;  
 But *Mary Gray*'s twa pawky Een,  
 They gar my Fancy falter.

Now *Bessy*'s Hair like a Lint Tap,  
 She smiles like a *May* Morning.  
 When *Phœbus* starts frae *Thetis*' Lap,  
 The Hills with Rays adorning:  
 White is her Neck, fast is her Hand,  
 Her Waste and Feet's fow genty,  
 With ilka Grace she can command,  
 Her Lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And *Mary*'s Locks are like the Crawl,  
 Her Eye like Diamonds glances,  
 She's ay sa clean, red up and braw,  
 She kills whene'er she dances:  
 Blyth as a Kid, with Wit at Will,  
 She blooming tight and tall is;  
 And guides her Airs sae gracefu' still,  
 O *Jove*! she's like thy *Pallas*.

Dear *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,  
 Ye unco' fair opprefs us:  
 Our Fancies jee between you twa,  
 We are sic bonny Lassies:



Wae's me! for baith I canna get,  
To ane by Law we're stented;  
Then I'll draw Cuts, and take my Fate,  
And be with ane contented.

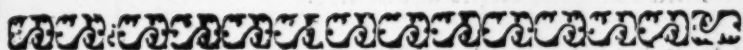


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XLVIII. Bonny *CHRISTY*.

**H**OW sweetly smells the Simmer green?  
 Sweet taste the Peach and Cherry;  
 Painting and Order please our Ee,  
 And Claret makes us merry:  
 But finest Colours, Fruits and Flowers,  
 And Wine, tho' I be thirsty,  
 Lose a' their Charms and weaker Powers,  
 Compar'd with those of *Christy*.

When wandring o'er the flow'ry Park,  
 No nat'ral Beauty wanting;  
 How lightsome is't to hear the Lark,  
 And Birds in Consort chanting:  
 But if my *Christy* tunes her Voice,  
 I'm rap't in Admiration,  
 My Thoughts with Extasies rejoice,  
 And drap the hale Creation.

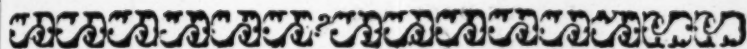
When e'er she smiles a kindly Glance,  
 I take the happy Omen,  
 And aften mint to make Advance,  
 Hoping she'll prove a Woman:  
 But dubious of my ain Desert,  
 My Sentiments I smother,  
 With secret Sighs I vex my Heart,  
 For fear she love another.

Thus sang blate *Edie* by a Burn,  
 His *Christy* did o'erhear him,  
 She doughtna let her Lover mourn,  
 But e'er he wist drew near him.  
 She spake her Favour with a Look,  
 Which left nae Room to doubt her.

He wisely this white Minute took,  
And flang his Arms about her.

My *Chrissy*! — witness, bonny Stream,  
Sic Joys frae Tears arising,  
I wish this may na be a Dream; —  
O Love the maist surprizing!  
Time was too precious now for Tauk,  
This Point of a' his Wishes,  
He wadna with set Speeches bauk,  
But wair'd it a' on Kisses.



XLIX. Scornfu' *NANSY*.

**N** *Ansy's* to the *Green Wood* gane,  
 To hear the *Gowdspinks* chatring,  
 And *Willie* he has followed her,  
 — To win her Love by flatt'ring :  
 But a' that he could say or do,  
 She geck'd and scorned at him,  
 And ay when he began to woo,  
 She bad him mind wha got him.

What ails ye at my Dad, quoth he,  
 My Minny or my Aunty,  
 With Crowdy Moudy they fed me,  
 Lang-Kail and Ranty Taunty :  
 With Bannocks of good Barly Meal,  
 Of thae there was right Plenty,  
 With chapped Stocks fou' butter'd well,  
 And was not that right dainty.

Although my Father was nae Laird,  
 'Tis Dafine to be vaunty,  
 He keepit ay a good Kail Yard,  
 A Ha' House and a Pantrie ;  
 A good blue Bonnet on his Head,  
 An Owrlay 'bout his Cragy,  
 And ay until the Day he died,  
 He rade on good Shanks Nagy.

Now wae and Wander on your Snout,  
 Wad ye ha'e bony *Nansy*,  
 Wad ye compare ye'r sel to me,  
 A Docken till a Tanfie.

M 4

I have

I have a Wooer of my ain,  
 They ca' him souple *Sandy*,  
 And well I wat his bony Mou'  
 Is sweet like Sugar-Candy.

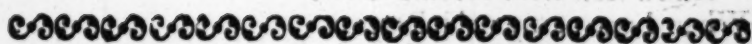
Wow *Nansy* what needs a' this Din,  
 Do I not ken this *Sandy*?  
 I'm sure the chief of a' his Kin  
 Was *Rab* the Beggar Randy:  
 His Minny *Meg* upo' her Back  
 Bare baith him and his *Billy*;  
 Will ye compare a nasty Pack  
 To me your winsome *Willy*.

My Gutchex left a good braid Sword,  
 Though it be auld and rusty,  
 Yet ye may take it on my Word,  
 It is baith stout and trusty;  
 And if I can but get it drawn,  
 Which will be right uneasy,  
 I shall lay both my Lugs in Pawn,  
 That he shall get a Heezy.

'Then *Nansy* turn'd her round about,  
 And said did *Sandy* hear ye,  
 Ye wadna mis to get a Clout,  
 I ken he disna fear ye:  
 Sae had ye're Tongue and say nae mair,  
 Set somewhere else your Fancy;  
 For as lang's *Sandy's* to the fore  
 Ye never shall get *Nansy*.

L. Slighted





# L. Slighted NANSY.

To the Tune of *The Kirk wad let me be.*

'TIS I have seven braw new Gowns,  
 And ither seven better to mak,  
 And yet for a' my new Gowns,  
 My Wooer has turn'd his Back.  
 Besides I have seven Milk Ky,  
 And *Sandy* he has but three;  
 And yet for a' my good Ky,  
 The Laddie winna ha'e me.

My Dady's a Delver of Dikes,  
 My Mither can Card and Spin,  
 And I am a fine sodgel Lafs,  
 And the Siller comes linkin in:  
 The Siller comes linkin in,  
 And it is fou fair to see,  
 And fifty Times wow! O wow!  
 What ails the Lads at me.

When ever our *Bauty* does bork,  
 Then fast to the Door I rin,  
 To see gin ony young Spark  
 Will light and venture but in:  
 But never a ane will come in,  
 Tho' mony a ane gaes by,  
 Syne far Ben the House I rin,  
 And a weary Wight am I.

When I was at my first Pray'rs,  
 I pray'd but ane

as i' the Year,  
 M 5

I wish'd

I wish'd for a handsome young Lad,  
And a Lad with muckle Gear.

When I was at my nodd Prayers,

I pray'd but now and than,

I fash'd na my Head about Gear,

If I gat a handsome young Man.

Now when I'm at my last Prayers,

I pray on baith Night and Day,

And O if a Beggar wad come,

With that same Beggar I'd gae.

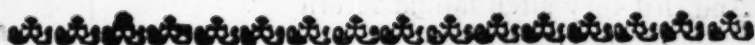
And O and what'll come o'me,

And O and what'll I do,

That sic a braw Laffie as I

Shou'd die for a Wooer I trow.





## LI. Down the Burn *Davie*.

**W**HEN Trees did bud and Fields were green,  
 And Broom bloom'd fair to see:  
 When *Mary* was complete fifteen,  
 And Love laugh'd in her Eye,  
 Blyth *Davie's* Blinks her Heart did move  
 To speak her Mind thus free,  
*Gang down the Burn Davie, Love,*  
*And I shall follow thee.*

Now *Davie* did each Lad surpass  
 That dwelt on this Burnside,  
 And *Mary* was the bonniest Lass,  
 Just meet to be a Bride;  
 Her Cheeks were rosie red and white,  
 Her Een were bonny blue;  
 Her Looks were like *Aurora* bright,  
 Her Lips like dropping Dew.

As down the Burn they took their way,  
 What tender Tales they said;  
 His Cheeks to hers he aft did lay,  
 And with her Bosom'play'd,  
 Till baith at length impatient grown,  
 To be mair fully blest,  
 In yonder Vale they lean'd them down;  
 Love only saw the rest.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless Play,  
 And naething sure unmeet;

For,

For, ganging hame, I heard them say,  
 They lik'd a wa'k sae sweet ;  
 And that they aften should return  
 Sic Pleasure to renew.  
 Quoth *Mary*, Love, I like the Burn,  
 And ay shall follow you.



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## LII. The Bush aboon *Traquair*.

**H**E A R me, ye Nymphs, and every Swain,  
 I'll tell how *Peggy* grieves me,  
 'Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,  
 Alas, she ne'er believes me.  
 My Vows and Sighs lik silent Air,  
 Unheeded never move her;  
 At the bonny Bush aboon *Traquair*,  
 'Twas there I first did love her.

That Day she smil'd, and made me glad,  
 No Maid seem'd ever kinder,  
 I thought myself the luckiest Lad,  
 So sweetly there to find her.  
 I try'd to sooth my am'rous Flame,  
 In Words that I thought tender:  
 If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,  
 I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flies the Plain,  
 The Fields we then frequented,  
 If e'er we meet, she shews Disdain,  
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.  
 The bonny Bush bloom'd fair in *May*,  
 Its Sweets I'll ay remember;  
 But now her Frowns make it decay,  
 It fades as in *December*.

Ye Rural Powers, who hear my Strains,  
 Why thus should *Peggy* grieve me?

Oh!



Oh! make her Partner in my Pains,  
 Then let her Smiles relieve me.  
 If not, my Love will turn Despair,  
 My Passion no more tender;  
 I'll leave the Bush aboon *Traquair*,  
 To lonely Wilds I'll wander.



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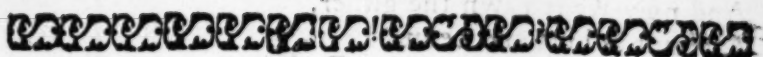
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LIII. *Maggie's Tocher.*


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To its ain Tune.

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**T**HE Meal was dear short syne,  
 We buckl'd as a' the gither;  
 And *Maggie* was in her Prime,  
 When *Willy* made Courtship till her.  
 Twa Pistals charged beguets,  
 To gi'Ve the courting Shot;  
 And syne came ben the Lafs,  
 Wi' Swats drawn frae the Butt,  
 He first speer'd at the Guidman,  
 And syne at *Giles* the Mither,  
 And ye wad gi's a bit Land,  
 We'd buckle us een the gither, Jo.

My Daughter ye fall hae,  
 I'll g'you her be the Hand;  
 But I'll part wi' my Wife be my Fae,  
 Or I part wi' my Land.  
 Your Tocher it fall be good,  
 There's nane fall ha'e its Maik,  
 The Lafs bound in her Snood,  
 And *Crummie* wha kens her Stake:  
 With auld Bedden o' Claiths,  
 Was left me be my Mither,  
 They're jet black o'er wi' Fleas,  
 Ye may cuddle in them the gither, Jo.

Ye speak right well, Guidman,  
 But ye maun mend your Hand,  
 And think o' Modesty,  
 Gin ye'll no quat your Land:

We are but young ye ken,  
 And now we're gawn the gither,  
 A House is butt and benn,  
 And *Crummie* she'll want her Fother.  
 The Bairns are coming on,  
 And they'll cry O their Mither,  
 We ha'e nowther Pot nor Pan,  
 But four bare Legs the gither, Jo.

Your Tocher's be good enough,  
 For that ye need na fear,  
 Twa good Stilts to the Pleugh,  
 An ye your sell maunsteer:  
 Ye fall ha'e twa good Pocks,  
 That anes were o' the Tweel,  
 The tane to had the Grots,  
 The ither to had the Meal.  
 With an auld Kist made o' Wands,  
 And that fall be your Coffer,  
 W' Aiken Woody Bands,  
 And that may had your Tocher, Jo.

Consider well, Guidman,  
 We ha'e but borrow'd Gear,  
 The Horse that I ride on  
 Is *Sandy Wilson's* Mear:  
 The Saddle's nane o' my ain,  
 And thae's but borrow'd Boots,  
 An whan that I gae hame  
 I maun tak me to my Coots.  
 The Cloak is *Geordy Watts*,  
 That makes me look fae croufe;  
 Come fill us a Cog o' Swats,  
 We'll mak na mair toom Ruse, Jo.

I like ye well young Lad,  
 For telling me fae plain,  
 I marry'd when little I had  
 O' Gear that was my ain.

But

But sin that Things are sae,  
 The Bride she maun come furth,  
 Tho' a' the Gear she'll ha'e,  
 It'll be but little worth.  
 A Bargain it maun be,  
 Fy cry on *Giles* the Mither:  
 Content am I, quoth she,  
 E'en gar the *Hissie* come hither.  
 The Bride she gade till her Bed,  
 The Bridegroom he came till her,  
 The Fidler crap in at the Fit,  
 And they cuddl'd it a' the gither, Jo.





LIV. Throw the Wood Laddie.

O *Sandy*, why leaves thou thy *Nelly* to mourn?  
 Thy Presence could ease me,  
 When naithing can please me.  
 Now dowie I sigh on the Bank of the Burn,  
 Or throw the Wood Laddie until thou return.

Tho' Woods now are bonny, and Mornings are clear,  
 While Lavrocks are finging,  
 And Primroses springing;  
 Yet nane of them pleases my Eye or my Ear;  
 When throw the Wood Laddie ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken, some spare no to tell;  
 I'm fash'd wi' their Scorning,  
 Baith Evening and Morning;  
 Their Jeering gaes aft to my Heart wi' a Knell;  
 When through the Wood Laddie I wander my fell.

Then stay, my dear *Sandy*, no langer away,  
 But quick as an Arrow,  
 Haste here to thy Marrow,  
 Wha's living in Langour till that happy Day;  
 When throw the Wood Laddie we'll dance, sing, and  
 (play.



## LV. The Gaberlunzie-Man.

**T**HE pauky auld Carle came o'er the Lee,  
 Wi' many Good-e'ens and Days to me,  
 Saying, Goodwife, for your Courtesie,  
 Will ye lodge a filly poor Man.  
 The Night was cauld, the Carle was wat,  
 And down ayont the Ingle he sat;  
 My Daughter's Shoulders he 'gan to clap,  
 And cadgily ranted and sang;

O wow, quo' he, were I as free,  
 As first when I saw this Country,  
 How blyth and merry wad I be?  
 And I wad never think lang.

He grew canty, and she grew fain;  
 But little did her auld Minney ken  
 What their flee twa togither were fayn,  
 When wooing they were sa thrang.

And O, quo' he, ann ye were as black,  
 As e'er the Crown of your Dady's Hat,  
 'Tis I wad lay thee by my Back,  
 And awa wi' me thou should gang.

And O, quoth she, ann I were as white,  
 As e'er the Snaw lay on the Dike,  
 I'd clead me braw, and Lady-like,  
 And awa with thee I'd gang.

Between the twa was made a Plot;  
 They raise a wee before the Cock,  
 And wiliely they shot the Lock,  
 And fast to the Bent are they gane.

Up the Mairn the auld Wife raise,  
 And at her Leasure put on her Claiths,  
 Syne to the Servants Bed she gaes  
 To speer for the silly poor Man.

She gaed to the Bed where the Beggar lay,  
 The Strac was cauld, he was away,  
 She clapt her Hands, cry'd, Waladay,  
 For some of our Gear will be gane.  
 Some ran to Coffers, and some to Kists,  
 But nought was stown that cou'd be mist,,  
 She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praise be blest,  
 I have lodg'd a leel poor Man.

Since naithings awa, as we can learn,  
 The Kirn's to kirn, and Milk to earn,  
 Gae butt the House, Lafs, and waken my Bairn,  
 And bid her come quickly ben.  
 The Servant gade where the Daughter lay,  
 The Sheets was cauld, she was away,  
 And fast to her Goodwife can say,  
 She's aff with the Gaberlunzie-Man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,  
 And hast ye find these Traytors again;  
 For she's be burns, and he's be slain,  
 The wearyfou Gaberlunzie-Man.  
 Some rade upo' Horse, and some ran a fit,  
 The Wife was Wood, and out o'er wit;  
 She could na gang, nor yet could she sit,  
 But ay she curs'd and she ban'd.

Mean time far hind out o'er the Lee;  
 Fou snug in a Glen where nane could see;  
 The twa with kindly Sport and Glee,  
 Cut frae a new Cheese a Whang.  
 The Priving was good, it pleased them baith,  
 To loe her for ay, he gae her his Aith,  
 Quo' she, to leave thee, I will be laith,  
 My winsome Gaberlunzie-Man.

O kend

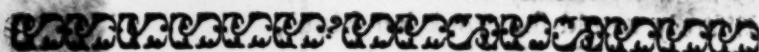
O kend my Minny I were wi' you,  
 Illfardly would she crook her Mou',  
 Sic a poor Man she'd never trow,  
 After the Gaberlunzie-Man.

My dear, quo' he, ye'r yet o'er young;  
 And ha' na learn'd the Beggar's Tongue,  
 To follow me frae Town to Town,  
 And carry the Gaberlunzie on.

Wi' Kauk and Keel, I'll win your Bread,  
 And Spindles and Whorles for them wha need,  
 Whilk is a gentle Trade indeed

To carry the Gaberlunzie—o,  
 I'll bow my Leg and crook my Knee,  
 And draw a black Clout o'er my Eye,  
 A Cripple or Blind they will ca' me,  
 While we shall be merry and sing.





## LVI. The bonny SCOT.

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To the Tune of *The Boat-Man*.

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**Y**E Gales that gently wave the Sea,  
 And please the canny Boat-Man,  
 Bear me frae hence, or bring to me  
 My brave, my bonny *Scot-Man*,  
 In haly Bands  
 We join'd our Hands,  
 Yet may not this discover,  
 While Parents rate  
 A large Estate  
 Before a faithfu' Lover.

But I loor chuse in *Highland Glens*  
 To herd the Kid and Goat—Man,  
 E'er I could for sic little Ends  
 Refuse my bonny *Scot—Man*.  
 Wae worth the Man  
 Wha first began  
 The base ungenerous *Fashion*,  
 Frae greedy *Views*  
 Love's Art to use,  
 While Strangers to *its Passion*.

Frae foreign Fields my lovely Youth,  
 Haste to thy longing Lassie,  
 Wha pants to press thy baumy Mouth,  
 And in her Bosom hawse thee.  
 Love gi'es the Word  
 Then haste on Board,  
 Fair Winds and tenty Boat-Man,  
 Waft o'er, waft o'er  
 Frae yonder Shore  
 My blyth, my bonny *Scot—Man*.

LVII.

## LVII. Genty *Tibby*, and sonfy *Nelly*.

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To the Tune of *Tibby Fowler in the Glen*.

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**T**IBBY has a Store of Charms,  
 Her genty Shape our Fancy warms,  
 How strangely can her sma white Arms  
 Fetter the Lad, wha looks but at her?  
 Frae'er Ankle to her slender Waste,  
 These Sweets conceal'd invite to dawt her,  
 Her rosie Cheek and rising Break,  
 Gar ane's Mouth gush bowt fou' o' Water.

*Nelly's* gawfy, fast and gay,  
 Fresh as the lucken Flowers in *May*,  
 Ilk ane that sees her cries *Ab bey!*  
 She's bonny, O I wonder at her!  
 The Dimples of her Chin and Cheek,  
 And Limbs sae plump, invite to dawt her,  
 Her Lips sae sweet, and Skin sae sleek,  
 Gar mony Mouths beside mine water.

Now strike my Finger in a Bore,  
 My Wyson with the Maiden shore,  
 Gin I can tell whilk I am for,  
 When these twa Stars appear the gither.  
 O Love! why dost thou gi'e thy Fires  
 Sae large, while we're oblig'd to neither?  
 Our spacious Sauls immense desires,  
 And ay be in a hankerin Swither.

*Tibby's*



Tibby's Shape and Airs are fine,  
 And Nelly's Beauties are divine;  
 But since they canna baith be mine,  
 Ye Gods give ear to my Petition,  
 Provide a good Lad for the tane,  
 But let it be with this Provision,  
 I get the other to my lane,  
 In Prospect *plano* and Fruition.



